BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

APRIL
1938

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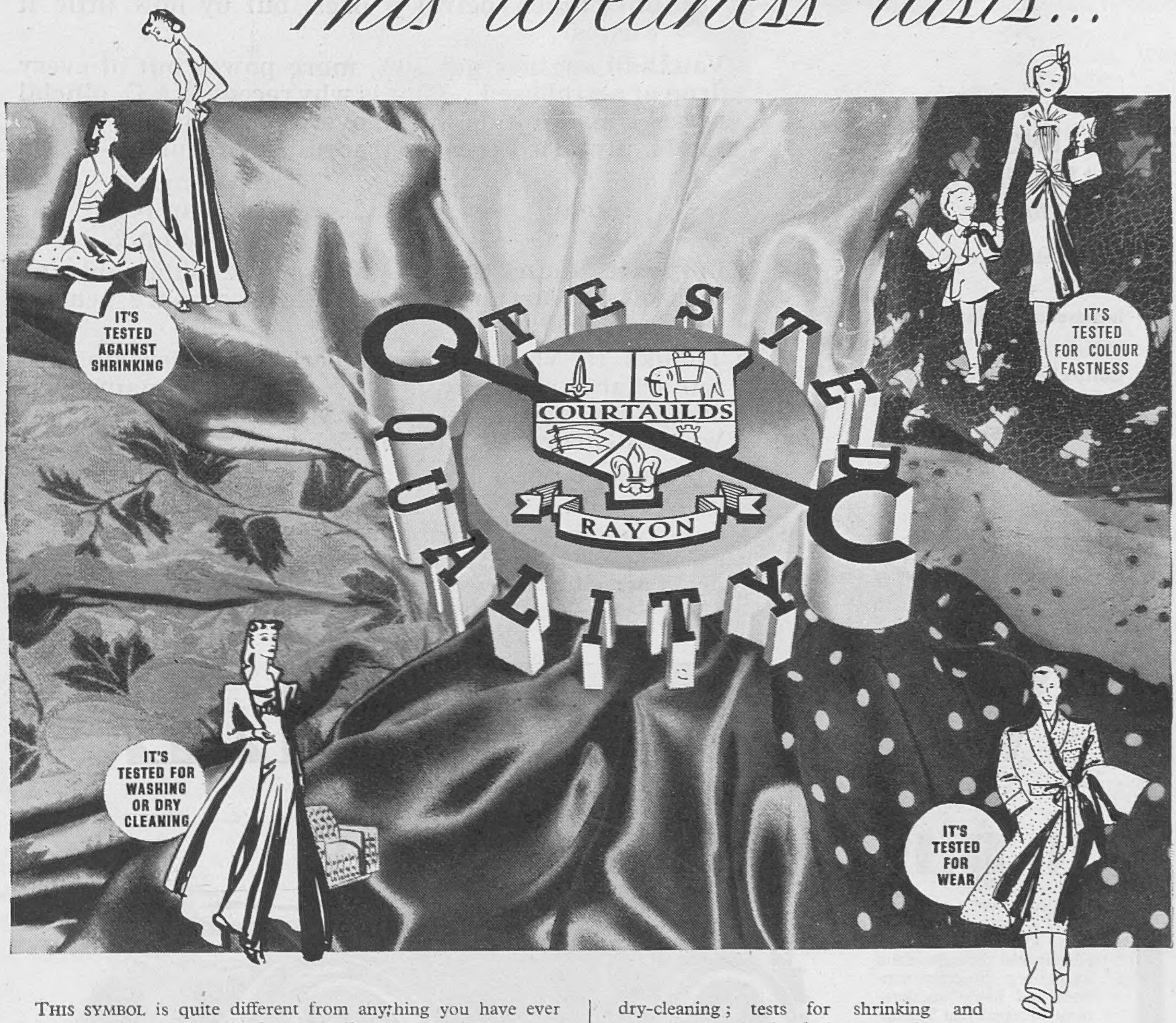
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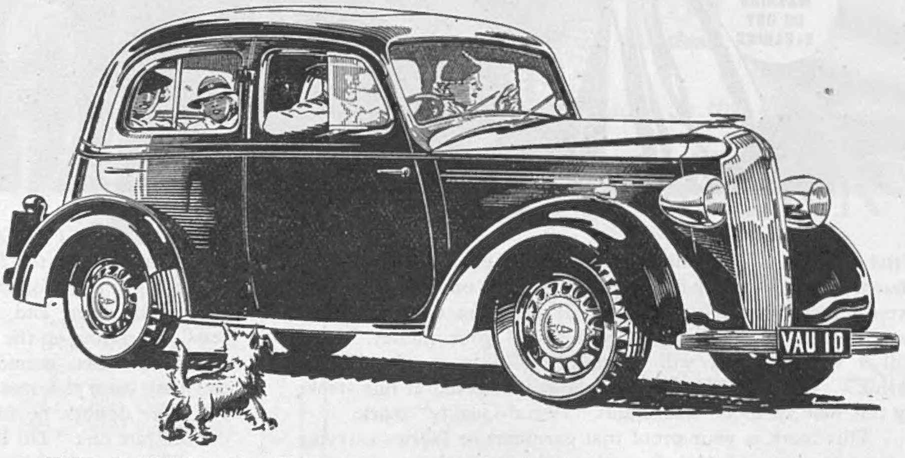

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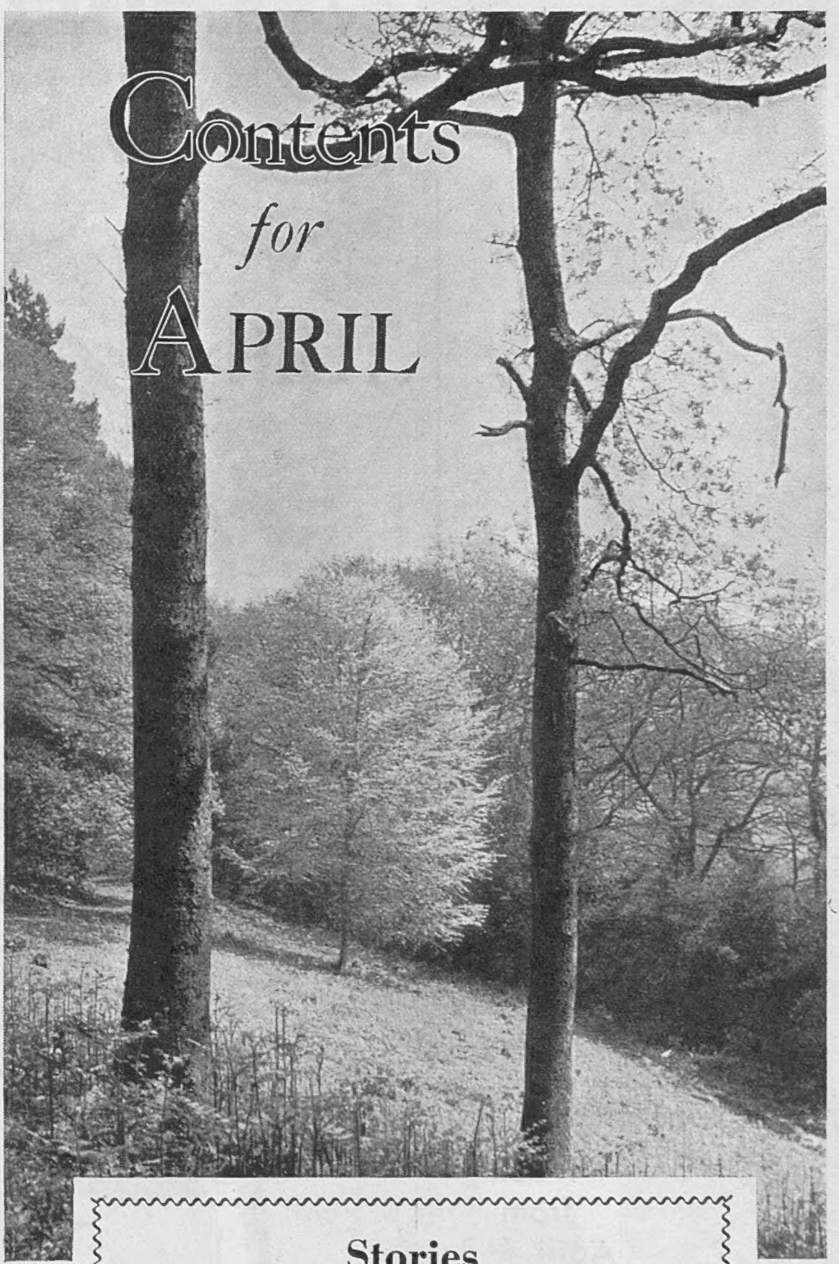
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 4. APRIL, 1938



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 146. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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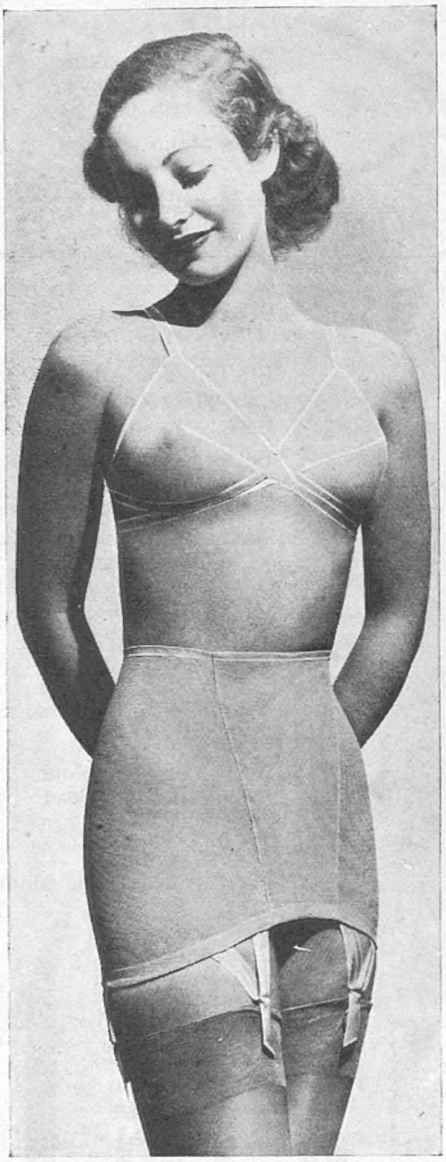

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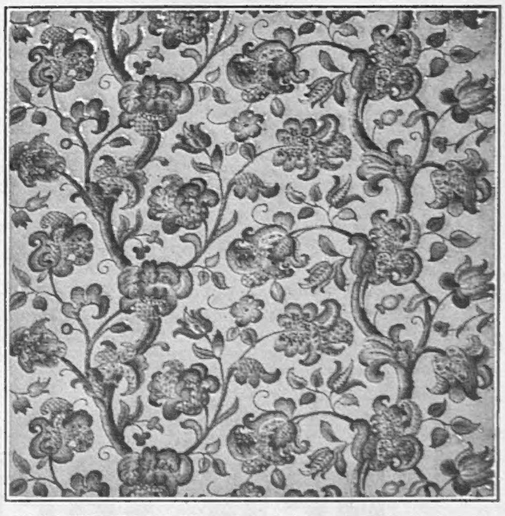

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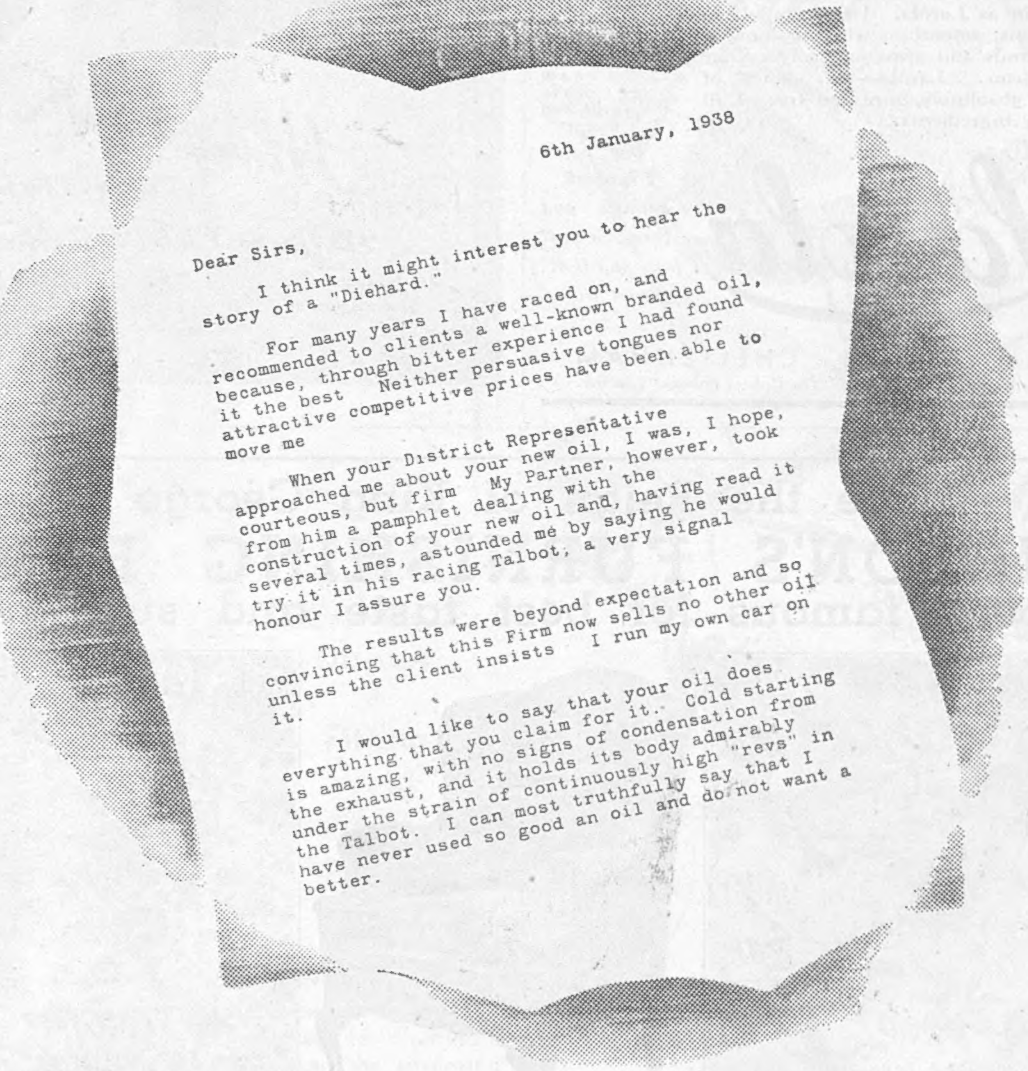
NO, we did not pay for this

When shown this letter most people say "How much did that cost you?" The answer is "NOTHING WHATEVER." We will prove to anyone interested that it is the honest opinion of a well known motorist who is qualified to judge.



6th January, 1938

Dear Sirs,

I think it might interest you to hear the story of a "Diehard."

For many years I have raced on, and recommended to clients a well-known branded oil, because, through bitter experience I had found it the best Neither persuasive tongues nor attractive competitive prices have been able to move me

When your District Representative approached me about your new oil, I was, I hope, courteous, but firm My Partner, however, took from him a pamphlet dealing with the construction of your new oil and, having read it several times, astounded me by saying he would try it in his racing Talbot, a very signal honour I assure you.

The results were beyond expectation and so convincing that this Firm now sells no other oil unless the client insists I run my own car on it.

I would like to say that your oil does everything that you claim for it. Cold starting is amazing, with no signs of condensation from the exhaust, and it holds its body admirably under the strain of continuously high "revs" in the Talbot. I can most truthfully say that I have never used so good an oil and do not want a better.

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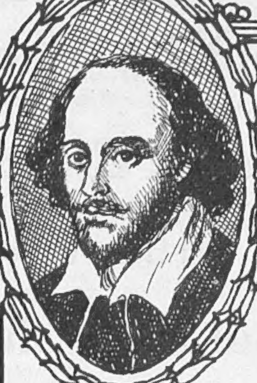
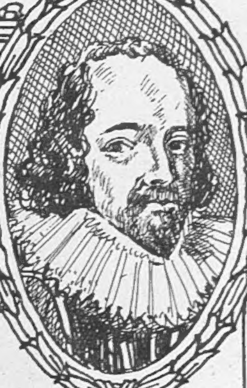
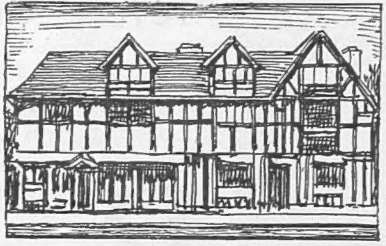
A LITTLE PLAY FOR APRIL







SHAKESPEARE
Born 1564 Died 1616

ACT ONE
April 23rd, 1564

A small and dark timbered room in a house in Stratford, three hundred yards from the River Avon. A smell of leather pervades the place and the window is small and shut tightly. On a low reed couch a woman is suckling a small baby. Up the narrow stairs from the kitchen below tramps a man. He comes over to the bed and smiles down at the woman.

"How fares it, wife?" he asks.

The woman nods back.

"I'm glad it's a boy at last," she says.

"And I, too; two daughters—and one in the grave—is no way to set about a family. Now rest quietly, good wife, and mistress Anne will be below to attend you in need."

"Where do you go, John?"

"I to your father's estate at Snitterfield to inspect some timber. Money must be made. I cannot afford to lose as I did with the barley. See! It is a lovely day! The buds are out and the hedgerows green and the sun is shining."

"I cannot see from here, John, the window is closed and it looks like fog. By five of the clock I must light the taper. Would it do much harm to open the window if it is warm?"

"Good wife!. Let in the air from outside? There would be two more deaths in the family if I did." (*Exits.*)

ACT ONE
Scene Two

A vast space the same day. It is luminously blue and flecked with points of gold. In the foreground, seated upon a spherical couch (also of gold), sit two young women. They might be angels or they might be two of the Muses. It is difficult to say, as they are seated in such way that even if they had wings you could not see them. One has a harp.

Presently, the other starts to sing:

"*O mistress mine, where are you roaming?*
O stay and hear! Your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lover's meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

The young woman with the harp strikes a final chord.

"A very mortal piece of verse," she comments.

"Material, I agree," says the other. "But rather beautiful, don't you think?"

"But for down there?" asks the first, pointing below her into the blue.

"Well it will be, I am not sure yet," replies the singer, "whom I will give it to. Which reminds me, I have another new one to look after to-day—in Stratford. . . ."

ACT TWO
April 9th, 1626

The scene is also a bedroom. It is vastly bigger than the one in the first act. The bed is high, with a crimson canopy, but the light is dim for it comes through a narrow strip of stained glass. The floor is stone, with carpets strewn on it. When the door opens, the passage is seen to be ankle deep in straw.

The man who enters is of serious appearance. He walks towards the bed, whereupon a grey-headed man in black bends up from the pillow and nods. They walk together to a corner by the window.

"My Lord Arundel, I fear that my Lord Verulam is ill of a most dangerous lung disease. Not even blood-letting would ease him. Only destiny can decide his fate."

"As bad as that? Alas, poor Francis Bacon! That is how the world will remember him—not as Verulam. His talents have been the greatest of his age, his curiosity unbounded, his character as unstable as his genius has been firm."

BACON
Born 1561 Died 1626

"He has been ill, thus, long?"

"Ten days, but not so serious that I should have sent for you to Highgate, my dear Flemynge. Perhaps his mind was wandering even when he was struck down and brought to my house here. They found poor Bacon out in the snow with a fowl in his hand. He was on his knees, hear you, filling the fowl with the snow.

"They thought him mad. He certainly had a fever. But since, he has tried to explain that the snow would have prevented the bird from putrefying. Which is absurd, and a fine conceit for a poet and philosopher to play at in freezing weather!"

There is a movement on the bed. The two walk over. Francis Bacon's eyes are wide open. He whispers:

"Speak not ill of me."

ACT TWO
Scene Two

The same day and the same vast and luminous space. The two young women who are either angels or Muses (you still cannot see) have not grown a day older in the sixty years since we saw them last.

"I am expecting one of mine to-day," says the young woman without the harp.

"Really?" says the other, and strikes a chord.

Presently, the first begins to sing.

"*Take, O take those lips away*
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes the break of day
Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again
Bring again——
Seal of love, but seal'd in vain
Seal'd in vain."

"And who is supposed to have written that?"

The singer smiles.

"Oh, I just gave it to one of mine. I forget now. Oh, yes, *now* I remember."

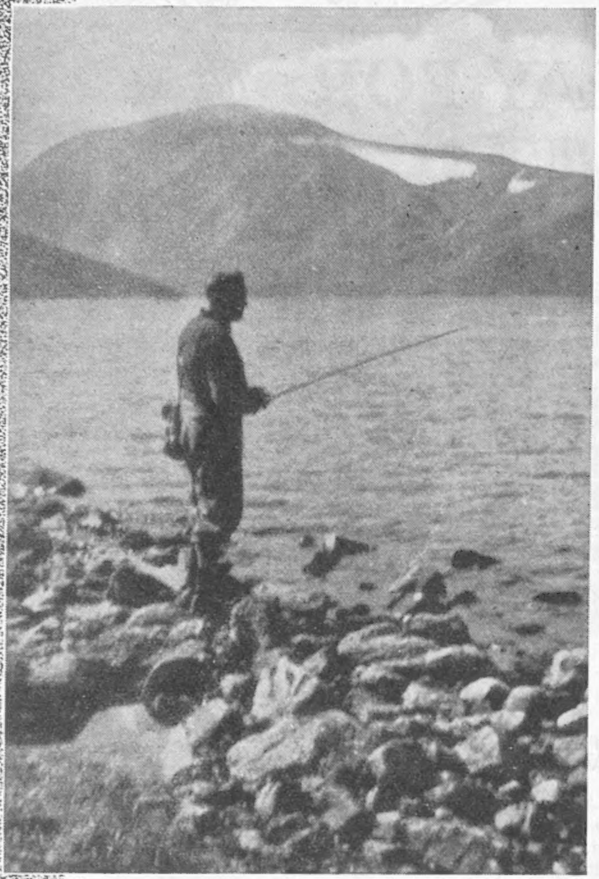
"What was his name?"

"Will you promise to keep it a secret?"

"Yes."

The singer leans over and whispers something in the ear of the other; there is a great flood of music and light until the curtain has to be rung down, it being too great for mortal ears and eyes.

FINIS



NEGLEY FARSON *fishing in France. The peasants had netted all the trout*

Negley Farson

(Author of "Way of a Transgressor")

who has travelled *to all* Corners *of the* Earth *in* quest *of* news, describes some of his most recent E*xperiences*—

Reporter at Large

THERE is a patch on the equator, coming up from Rio, where a warm and cold current meet, where it rains all the time, and where the skyline is painted with giant mushrooms. Their bulbous tops are clouds of condensing vapour; their stems are shoots of rain falling back listlessly into the steaming sea. In this welter, where even the sides of the ship seemed to wilt and become soggy as wet cardboard, we got a radio from Marseilles ordering the ship, for the first time in her twelve-year South American run, to put in at Casablanca.

We raised the dun-desert coast of Africa, then the white lighthouse below Casablanca, and tied up to the white blocks of warehouses, shops, hotels and sky-scraping office buildings of that French colonial Brighton.

As we came in we passed close a sinister black destroyer—a Spanish Government boat. Her crew rushed to her rail with upraised clenched fists and gave us the Communist salute and a salvo of "*Vivas!*" They were a startling lot; naked from the waist up, or else entirely. Our French crew enthusiastically returned the salute.

Passing out next day, a thunder of "*Vivas!*" answered the Spanish Government boat from somewhere on the lower decks of our ship. Two French destroyers took up their position about fifty yards aft on either side of our wake and held it there until nightfall.

About ten that night we passed in through the Straits, saw the lights on Gib., and even at that distance blinked at the big bull's-eye searchlights working from the coast of Franco's Morocco. Our destroyer escort seemed to have left us, as looking aft, we could no longer see even their running lights.

About eleven I saw Juneau, the second-class smoking-room steward, beckoning me from the bar. He took me out on the port side, laughed, and said:

"*Attendez!* Wait a little minute!"

He pointed to a pair of red and green lights bearing swiftly down upon us. Almost as Juneau spoke two blinding white searchlights slashed the night from under our stern, two French flags whipped gallantly in the glow of the two French destroyers' floodlights—and the

THE Council House of Andorra. Seven peasants form the Council red and green running lights bearing down on us now became part of a huge cargo ship.

"Hi!" jeered Juneau, and dozens of our crew who had also come out to watch this. "Now what . . . ?"

It was a funny sight. Exposed to the publicity of those two derisive French searchlights, the on-charging ship was now trying to turn. She had reversed her engines, and, in what was seemingly a hysteria of bells clanging in her engine room, she was backing and filing. Then she straightened herself out and went off at full speed for the coast of Spain.

In an instant the second-class smoking room was full of strange young men in bérets or pith helmets, laughing, singing, dancing with the five platinum blondes of the Silver Ballet, who had been trying to find someone lively like this ever since they had tripped on board with their poodle, gramophone and manager at Buenos Aires.

The young Spaniards had a right to be gay. There were ninety of them. Franco had had them once—under sentence of death—in a prison camp in Malaga. But they had escaped, managed to board a cargo ship in the harbour, stuck a gun in her captain's ear, cut the wireless, and made the captain land them at Casablanca. Now they were coming back to get into the scrap again. . .

My log hut on the lake edge, Gjendesheim, Norway

WHAT would have happened if those two French destroyers had not been alongside is uncertain. The Franco "Q" boat might have attempted to remove the ninety young Spaniards from the French steamer. The way it had charged down upon us (before it knew the two French destroyers were about) certainly suggested that. As it turned out, the incident, though amusing, was too trivial to make even a newspaper item, except as a display of French sympathies. Crew, Spaniards and Silver Ballet all had their arms around each other before midnight.

REGNO D'ITALIA
SHS
1920

The Yugo Slav-Italian frontier

Five months later the French were to give me a story that two of the biggest world press agencies have been badgering me to give them as an interview. In all probability it might be the first hint of a sensational international dispute.

Perhaps you remember Andorra? That tiny little Republic in the high Pyrenees, which is *theoretically* supposed to be under the joint suzerainty of France and Spain. For a hundred years or so its independence has been guaranteed by these two countries. Its President is called "The Syndic"; he gets the staggering salary of eighteen shillings a year; and when, in 1928, I asked the noble peasant who was Syndic what his duties were, he thrust his hand into the frock-coat he had put on to receive me (though he had forgotten to take off his rope sandals), and replied: "Relations with foreign powers."

In Andorra all major crimes, such as assault or major theft, are sent to France for trial and punishment; minor offenders are sent down into Spain to meet their retribution. In Andorra—which hardly covers more than two valleys—you put on a French stamp for a letter to France, or the outside world; for Spain you use a Spanish stamp. Seven peasants form the Council of Andorra; they have a cabinet with seven locks on it. It holds their cloaks and fore-and-aft "Admirals'" hats, which are their badge of office. The cabinet cannot be opened unless all seven members of the Council are present, with their keys.

That is, things were like that; but what was happening now, during the Spanish civil war, to those sedate little mountaineers? Andorra had not been heard from. In October, sitting down in Perpignan, I decided to mount the Pyrenees into Andorra again. I packed a small bag, hopped a mountain-going bus—and was to thank my stars the next day that the bag was so small. (*Continued on p. 122*)

Triglav lay behind us, with a thin zigzag line near the top, which was the Alpinisti on their manœuvres

(Below) The Vodrickov ski-hut on Mount Triglav

Picking the blooms at Rosenvale, Penzance, where the early spring flowers are grown extensively under glass

(Below)
Most of the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles are employed in the flower industry in some capacity or other. Here is a "tyer" with bunches of Berkeley daffodils

The Flower-Farmers of Britain

How *Synthetic* Spring *Brought* Success *to an Industry*

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

Packing "King Alfred" daffodils prior to despatch from St. Mary's to the London markets

DOWN below there, crouched by the coal-face, the Welshman is hewing out artificial spring: his synthetic sunshine will be delivered as smokeless fuel to a glass-house owner using perhaps seven thousand tons a year—producing (among other things) two million tulip bulbs, hurried through the seasons by steady heat.

Turn the clock back. Some seventy years ago a hat-box travelled from the Scillies to London by the more leisurely transport of the 1860's. The hat-box was filled with narcissi—raised ahead of the normal mainland spring, and the blooms, sold in London, realised such encouraging prices that the growers decided to carry on.

To-day some 1½ *million* blooms reach London by special steamer and special train at the height of the season, *daily*: and a few weeks back the story of that original hat-box was carried a step further into modernity when Trevellick Moyne, of Rocky Hill, St. Mary's, sent the first consignment of flowers from the Scillies by air to Covent Garden—Moyne, whose farm was the first ever systematically to grow and send flowers to the London market. For the last half-century, flowers—especially early and forced flowers—have been fed in an ever-increasing stream to the two great markets in the capital—Covent Garden and Spitalfields.

In the last five years that stream has swollen to spate, and the flower map of England become a map of increasing prosperity. "Daffs" bloom under glass in the Scillies at the end of December, and forced tulips come from Lincoln at the same time. Technical skill and ingenuity telescopes the seasons and will do so more in future. Meanwhile, in the open, the flower fields become a blaze of colour so that, by the time the normal spring arrives, the tourist agencies are in a position to suggest to the Dutchman that he travels to see the bulb fields of Britain in bloom—*in Holland* (Lincolnshire)!

Superficially very romantic—even colourful. But, behind the scenes, a terrific business of technical skill, of expert horticultural knowledge, slick packing, rapid dispatch, and (perhaps as important as any other section of the business), intelligent and efficient salesmanship by well-known firms in the central markets.

The cash side to it is interesting, from the raw material (coal, bulbs, plants, wages, transport—a dozen other ingredients of success) to the tremendous turnover and low percentage of commission of the salesmen. And, as always, the vital importance of the personal element—the well-known trusted salesmen in personal touch with the famous families of growers—famous heads of firms and younger horticultural experts on research work.

" It 's not just flowers and romance," says the famous salesman at Spitalfields, who asks me to call him just Mr. X, " but there are ramifications of the business that people do not know about . . ." and he proceeds to explain some of these as we explore the Corporation of London's new Flower Market that forms part of their two million pounds' Spitalfields Market.

One of the numerous glass-houses at Hampton, where some 3½ million tulips are forced for the early flower market. The tulips growing in this house are " Copelands "

Girls bunching and packing the " Copeland " tulips in a Hampton, Middlesex, nursery

(Below)
Lilies being forced for the early market, in a Hampton nursery

A mass of blossom. Picking Sol d'Ors grown under glass at Seaways Flower Farm, St. Mary's, Scilly Isles

" Soon we may have a supply of *spring* flowers all the year round," says my guide. And proceeds to tell of the technicians who have so cheated nature that by refrigerating the bulb, then " reversing the machinery " and switching it from artificial winter to ante-dated spring, they can produce spring flowers almost at will. But, with true modernity, continues to discuss the wisdom or not of this " from the psychological point of view " of the increasingly flower-minded British public.

But " journey's end " for the flowers is still, mostly, (*Continued on page* 109)

ETON — Training

IT seems that there is something about an Etonian that marks him out almost automatically for diplomacy. If we trace back through the list of Britain's Foreign Secretaries we find that the number of Etonians who have held that important office easily exceeds the whole total from all the other schools in the country. It can, in fact, be said that the majority of Great Britain's diplomatic battles for the past 150 years have been won—or lost—on the playing-fields of Eton.

By Godfrey Lias

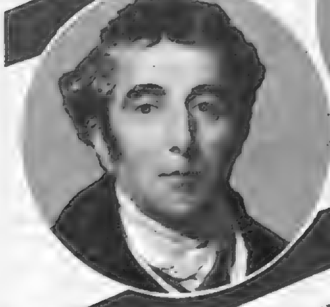
Eton College, the famous school where many Foreign Secretaries have been educated

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON had perhaps some justification for declaring that the Battle of Waterloo was won on those same playing-fields, because he was himself an old Etonian. In so far as his diplomatic battles are concerned—the Iron Duke was Foreign Secretary from 1834-5—his Eton training does not seem to have been so successful. Nor was his brother Richard, the Marquess of Wellesley (another Etonian), an outstanding success during his tenure of the Foreign Office, which lasted from 1809 to 1812.

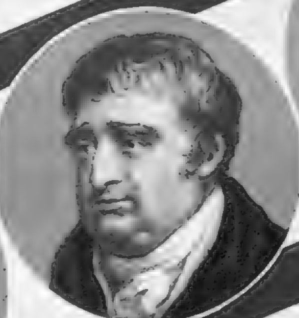
The Marquess of Wellesley holds the unusual distinction of having been at both Eton and Harrow. The latter school, incidentally, is Eton's nearest rival in the roster of our Foreign Secretaries. But Harrow can only muster three (excluding the Marquess of Wellesley) since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Eton's total during the same period (also excluding the Marquess) amounts to not less than sixteen, among them such well-known names as Charles James Fox, George Canning, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Balfour, the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and, last but not least, of course, Mr. Anthony Eden.

ETON'S pre-eminence in the field of British diplomacy has been even more marked. Mr. Eden, who recently resigned, had two Parliamentary Under-Secretaries, Lord Plymouth and Lord Cranborne, both Etonians. Lord Halifax, Mr. Eden's successor, who, as Lord Privy Seal, frequently deputised for Mr. Eden when he was Foreign Secretary, and whose diplomatic mission to Berlin last autumn is fresh in everybody's memory, also went to that famous school. Sir Robert Vansittart, who recently vacated the position of Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office to be the first occupant of a newly-created post—that of Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the British Government—is also an Etonian. The Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan, who succeeded Sir Robert as permanent head of the Foreign Office, hails from the same school.

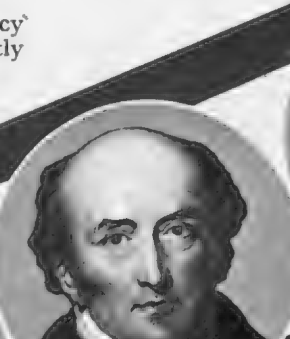
Thus the " key " men who, more than all others, have recently been responsible for British foreign policy are all of them Etonians. So is the leading expert on foreign affairs in the Labour Party,



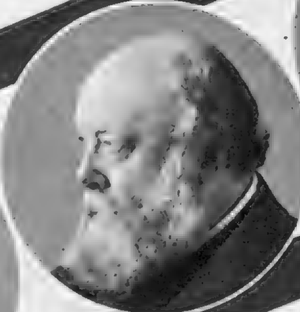
Duke of Wellington, Foreign Secretary, 1834-1835



Charles James Fox, Foreign Secretary, 1782-1783



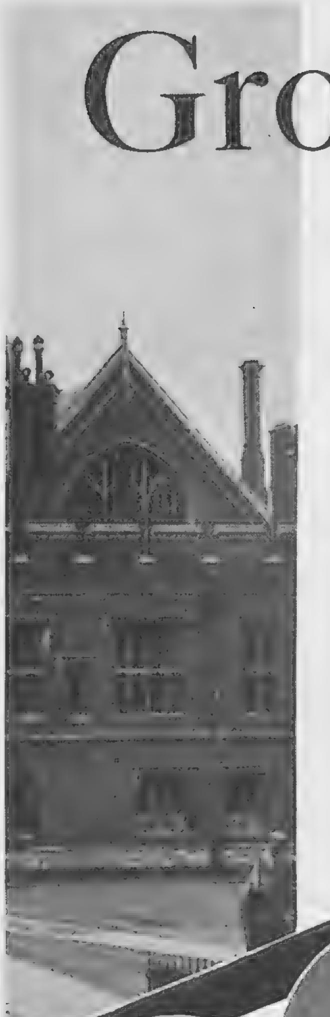
George Canning, Foreign Secretary, 1822-1827



Marquess of Salisbury, Foreign Secretary, 1878-1880

Earl of Balfour, Foreign Secretary, 1917-1919

Ground *for* Diplomats



Dr. Hugh Dalton, who was Parliamentary Under-Secretary during Mr. Arthur Henderson's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship. Dr. Dalton would probably be Foreign Secretary if the Labour Party should take office.

Lest anybody should suspect that there is something "fishy" about this predominance of Eton, it is perhaps worth mentioning that Mr. Eden first received his office from the hands of a Harrovian Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin; that Lords Halifax, Cranborne and Plymouth received theirs from a Rugbeian, Mr. Neville Chamberlain; and that Sir Robert Vansittart was promoted by the late Mr. Arthur Henderson, who was not educated at a public school. So we are left with Sir Alexander Cadogan as the only one of the six who received his appointment at the hands of a fellow-Etonian. No one who knows anything about Sir Alexander's record, however, will think that this had anything at all to do with the deserved honour which has been paid him.

Earl of Rosebery, Foreign Secretary, 1892-1894

Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, Foreign Secretary, 1919-1924

Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, 1936-1938

Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government

Sir Alexander Cadogan, Permanent head of the Foreign Office

Dr. Hugh Dalton, Leading expert on fore affairs in the Labour P

THE fact is that it is the Eton system and not the mere accident of birth that gives Eton its predominance in the diplomatic world. Lest any are incredulous as to the significance of birth at Eton, let me cite as authority the views of an American, Mr. Stuart Pearl, who was at Eton from 1923-1929. Writing recently in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Mr. Pearl said: "Eton is not only 'big' enough to be broad-minded, but also completely impartial, and, as I learned later, totally irresponsive to *social prestige*."

Tradition, of course, has something to do with Eton's flair for diplomacy and politics. Families like the Cecils, for example, have been sending their sons to Eton for generations, and there have been, I think, five consecutive generations of Cecils who have either held the post of Secretary or Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs or both.

But far more important even than the Eton tradition is the Eton system. Eton, more probably than any other school, is run by the boys themselves with the masters to a surprising extent merely holding watching briefs. The result is to develop initiative, self-reliance, and an assured manner which are most useful in after years. The effect is seen in the fact that even in these democratic days there are no less than seven Etonians in the present Cabinet. Every sixth member of the present House of Commons is an Etonian. In India a short while ago not only the Viceroy but every single Provincial Governor had been educated at Eton.

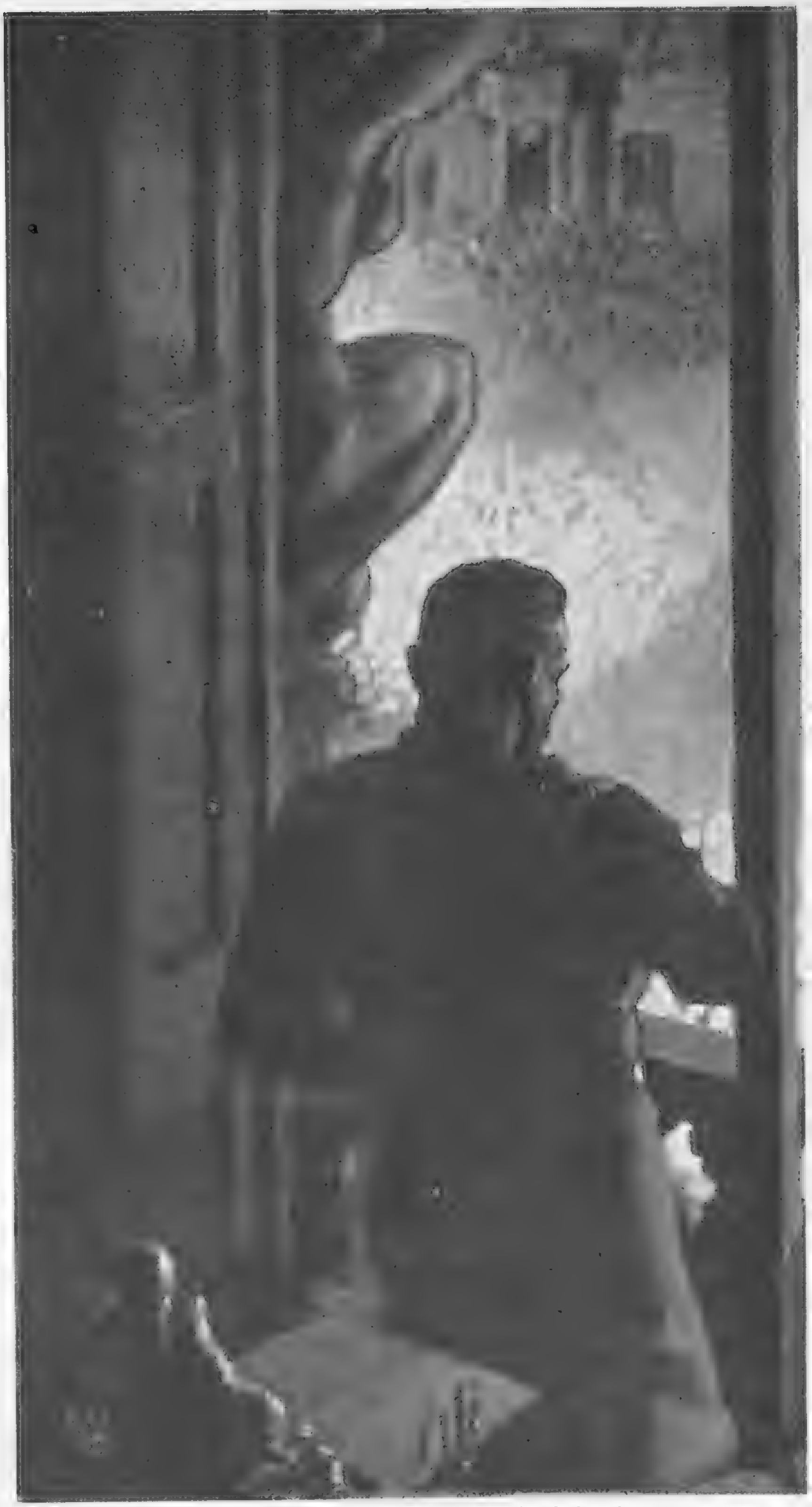
UNLIKE most public schools, Eton has no dormitory system. From the day he arrives there the new boy has a room to himself where he not only sleeps but does a good deal of his work. Apart from the ministrations of the "boy's maid," an elderly female who has the somewhat Herculean task of looking after some fourteen or fifteen young men of various ages between thirteen and eighteen, the Etonian's room is his own to make what he likes of.

It is traditional to have certain articles of furniture such as a "burry," or bureau, which combines the duties of chest of drawers, bookshelf, and general repository for books. Nor would any Etonian be without his ottoman, which is not an ottoman at all but a small padded box. A table, wash-stand, and chair are provided by the authorities. But it is up to the boy himself to provide the rest, including the all-important pictures. The choice of these articles is not merely a training in self-respect: it is a lesson in self-expression. It is one of those intangible factors by which a boy unconsciously learns where his bent lies, by which is laid the foundation of the boy's individuality. And this is done, not at the end of the school career of a privileged few, as in most public schools, but at the very outset of the school life of every Etonian.

Houses in Eton are small—a good deal smaller than in most public schools. The average number of boys per house is forty and—another difference—the houses are not permanent and self-perpetuating institutions, but their name and nature change with each new Housemaster. The House's life history is compressed into sixteen short years—covering, so to say, no more than three generations of boys. At the end of a House's lifetime the young Etonian finds himself moved willy-nilly into another House and even into another building. I believe this happens in no other English school.

Thus, apart from the famous cleavage between Collegers, or Scholars, and Oppidans, the Eton spirit is based much more on the school tradition as a whole than in most public schools. Throughout the twenty-eight houses there is a fundamental similarity of custom and system. Each House is not by any means a replica, but it takes its main characteristics from the same fountain head. Even its societies are moulded on those of the School as a whole. And beneath all this apparently haphazard similarity may be traced one essential characteristic: the aim to make not merely an educated man but a trained and individualistic member of society. (*Continued on page 101*)

The Heel of the Tyrant



THE leader stared out of the darkened window over the heads of his people

THE world was waiting for the tyrant to decide. The British Ambassador put a cocked hat to his lips, muttered something inaudibly beneath its fringe, then cleared his throat resoundingly and gazed at the cornice of the vast room in a bland and neutral manner.

The French Ambassador shrugged. "To be a dictator it is very necessary to be dramatic," he explained precisely, not making the slightest attempt to be inaudible. "Presently the double doors will be flung open, then a flourish of trumpets——"

"All terribly totalitarian and tiresome," observed Sir Leonard, peering over the heads of the *corps diplomatique*.

M. Chambert looked up askance at the extremely distinguished face of his English colleague with the little eye of an elephant.

"In the event—" he whispered—"Can France count upon the support of her traditional friend?"

"What's that? What's that?" Sir Leonard demanded genially. "Well, well!" He looked down from his superior height on the plump, pince-nez'd person. "Officially, of course——" He assumed an expression of deep gravity and allowed his monocle to drop to the bottom of its cord. "But *unofficially*—I hate being kept waiting." He stared once more at the closed double doors, then patted M. Chambert patronizingly on the shoulder. "I expect you'll find that'll be all right," he said. "I wonder where my wife is."

FOR three quarters of an hour the ambassadors, the wives of the ambassadors, the first secretaries, the wives of the first secretaries, the second secretaries, the sisters of the second secretaries and the foreign correspondents had remained, packed, overheated, resplendent, in this magnificent salon. The ceiling was a sprawling and confused mass of goddesses. The great candelabra blazed like white furnaces. The tapestries on the walls were priceless and invisible. The flower of thirty-six nations set the air aquiver with small talk and polite perspiration.

The flower of thirty-six nations were not the only ones who were impatient. Outside in the great square a vast crowd of people stood silently, with the glare of searchlights sweeping across their thousands of white faces and a spidery erection of scaffolding and loud-speakers. Not even the square contained all those who waited, for the faces continued in packed roadways from its corners and thence out of sight. Out of sight but not out of sound, for in other squares there were other loud-speakers, and at street corners, too; and wherever those black nasturtiums blossomed on lamps and scaffolding the white faces made a tessellated pavement, all staring up with the same silent expectancy.

Nor were they all. In every town in the country was a square, and in every square the same dense throngs; in every village, in crooked mountain streets and smiling valleys, in isolated farms, in tiny communities outside small yellow churches, the people waited. They waited because it was their duty to wait upon the words of the tyrant when the elected of the people should choose to speak. Their faces were white and they were silent because the words would come braying to them, thick with emotion and oratory, weighty with decision for their future. It might be that they would have to stand firm for their country and their tyrant, to exult with patriotic fervour, and to go out and die. On the other hand the tyrant might have decided, in his infinite wisdom, to bow before the combined show of force of the corrupt democracies. In that case they must stand firm, exult with patriotic fervour, and hold themselves in readiness to die another day. If one could judge from these hushed unindividual millions who turned their faces that night to the sources of sound there was a solemn difference between the alternatives. Life is very sweet.

Nor were they all. On the foreign offices and the newspaper offices and the stockbrokers' offices of the same thirty-six nations men waited for the tyrant's words, men in shirt sleeves, men with cigars, men with monocles, men with an anxious look in their eyes. Machines waited, printing machines, telegraphs, telephones, and battleships.

"Sheer exhibitionism, keeping us waiting like this," said Sir Reginald Berkeley in a tut-tutting voice, and sighed, and looked down upon M. Chambert and noticed that he was a little pale.

In his private office the tyrant stood before a tall mirror, picking at his cuffs. Suddenly he looked up at the ceiling

The Machine *he Created* must *go* on . . . *Even* the Woman *he Loved* could *not* stop it

By Anthony Gibbs

with narrowed eyes, and then went with quick steps to an ornate writing desk with a great deal of embossed leather, and gold cupids sporting about the ink. In his round, uniformed hand he wrote a careful letter, folded it queerly, tapped it on his thumb nail, and banged a bell. Then he went to the window and stood with his back to the room.

A thickset officer entered in big boots and stood with his hand raised.

The tyrant handed him the note over his shoulder.

The officer took it without a word, banged with his heels, saluted with *empressement*, and turned to leave the room.

The tyrant put out one hand a little from his side.

The officer seemed to sense the motion without seeing it and hesitated at the door.

"Put out the lights," the tyrant said.

The officer switched them off from the doorway, stamped with his heels again and went out of the room. Outside in the passage he gave the note to a braided functionary. "To be delivered immediately," said the officer.

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

The functionary walked the length of the passage, opened a doorway and discovered another of his kind.

"To be delivered immediately!" said the functionary.

The second functionary received the missive with impassive face, closed the doors, read the address, shot his cuffs, and proceeded at a dignified pace down a broad staircase. At the foot three functionaries in a row stood with their backs to the stairs.

"To be delivered immediately!"

The middle functionary started, received the note, read the address, and started across the marble floor. At the double doors which admitted to the great salon where the flower of thirty-six nations waited, he knocked, opened one a few inches so that a waft of polylingual conversation and vitiated air came through the crack. So did a hand and a head.

"To be delivered immediately!"

The door closed, and a major domo began making his slow way through the throng, edging here, apologizing there. Ten minutes later a certain very beautiful lady in white heard a voice whisper at her shoulder.

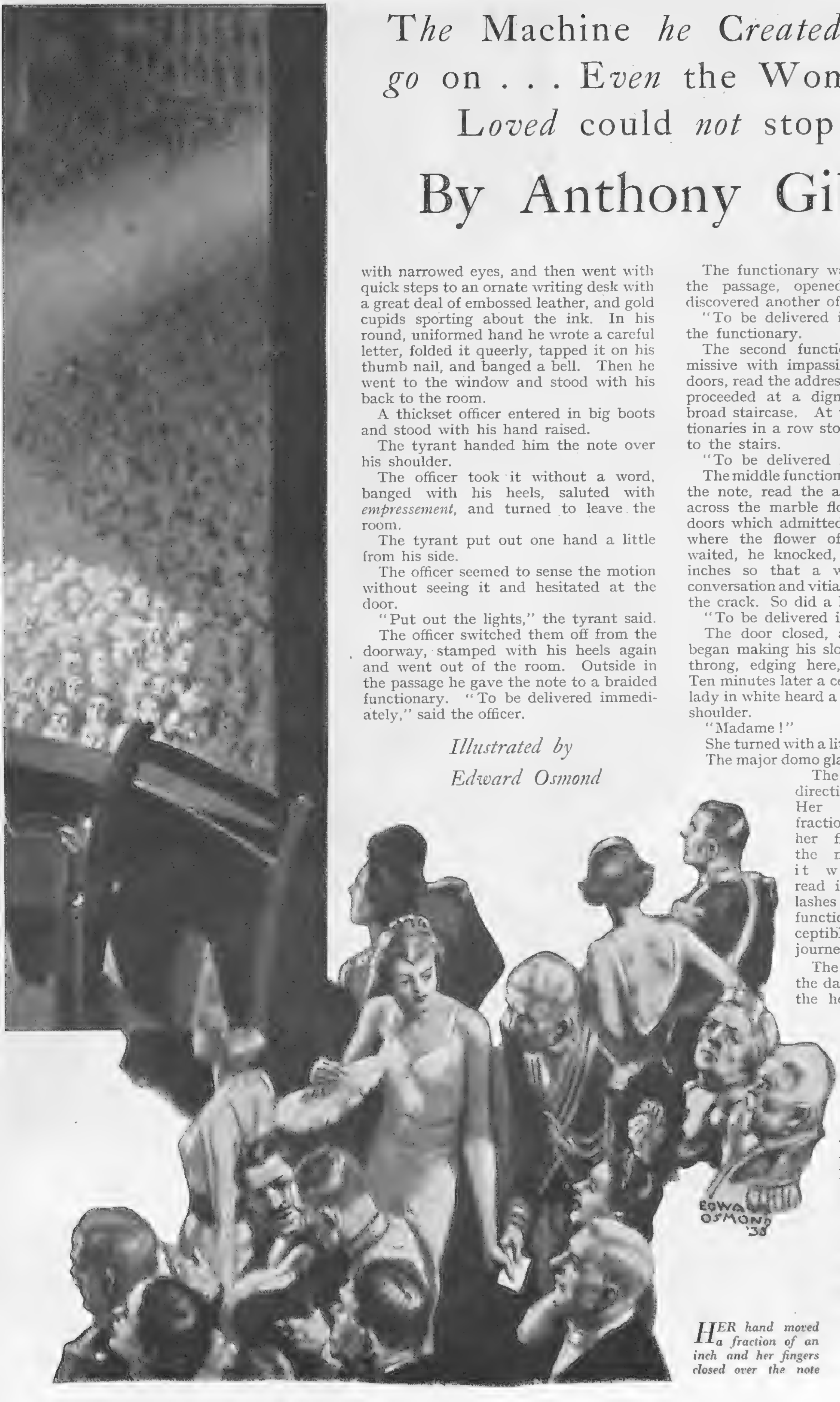
"Madame!"

She turned with a little shock of surprise. The major domo glanced down his arm.

The lady followed the direction of his eyes. Her hand moved the fraction of an inch, and her fingers closed over the note. She opened it with one hand, read it, and lowered her lashes for a moment. The functionary bowed imperceptibly and started the journey back.

The leader stared out of the darkened window over the heads of his people. He saw the searchlights play on their faces, ostensibly to give an air of festivity, in reality to search for the gleam of weapons. The tyrant's life was precious, to his people. Were the lives of the people precious to their tyrant? He had but to say one word. To his right was the balcony, draped with flags, where he must presently appear—should have appeared, indeed, an hour ago.

Suddenly he closed the steel shutters



HER hand moved a fraction of an inch and her fingers closed over the note with a snap. He squared his shoulders, tightened his belt and thrust out his jaw. He turned about, strode through the darkened room to the door, opened it and passed purposefully through. The thickset officer quivered with the smartness of his salute. The dictator returned it punctiliously and strode down the passage, his head back, his eyes flashing, his spurs clinking on the marble. The functionaries flung open doors and leaped into impassivity as he went through. He descended the great stairs, swinging his arms like a guardsman. The three functionaries at the bottom sprang apart, and the centre one ran like a rabbit to warn the trumpeters.

He was too late. With his own hands the tyrant pulled open the two doors of the salon, took two paces forward and stood facing the flower of thirty-six nations, arm upraised, chin prognathous, face Cæsarian.

The noise of conversation dwindled abruptly into silence.

The tyrant dropped his arm.

"How d'you do you bad man!" said Lady Berkeley, who was standing near him. "D'you know you've kept everybody waiting nearly an hour?"

He lowered his eyes, smiled, and bowed very civilly.

"My humble apologies milady! It is the privilege of a woman to change her mind, but of a dictator, never."

She narrowed her eyes. "Does that mean you haven't made up your mind? Don't tell me the dictator's human after all.'

The tyrant's eyes left hers with an abrupt flick.

"I must be alone," he said. "I must have time to think. Leopold!"

His Polish aide leapt to his side.

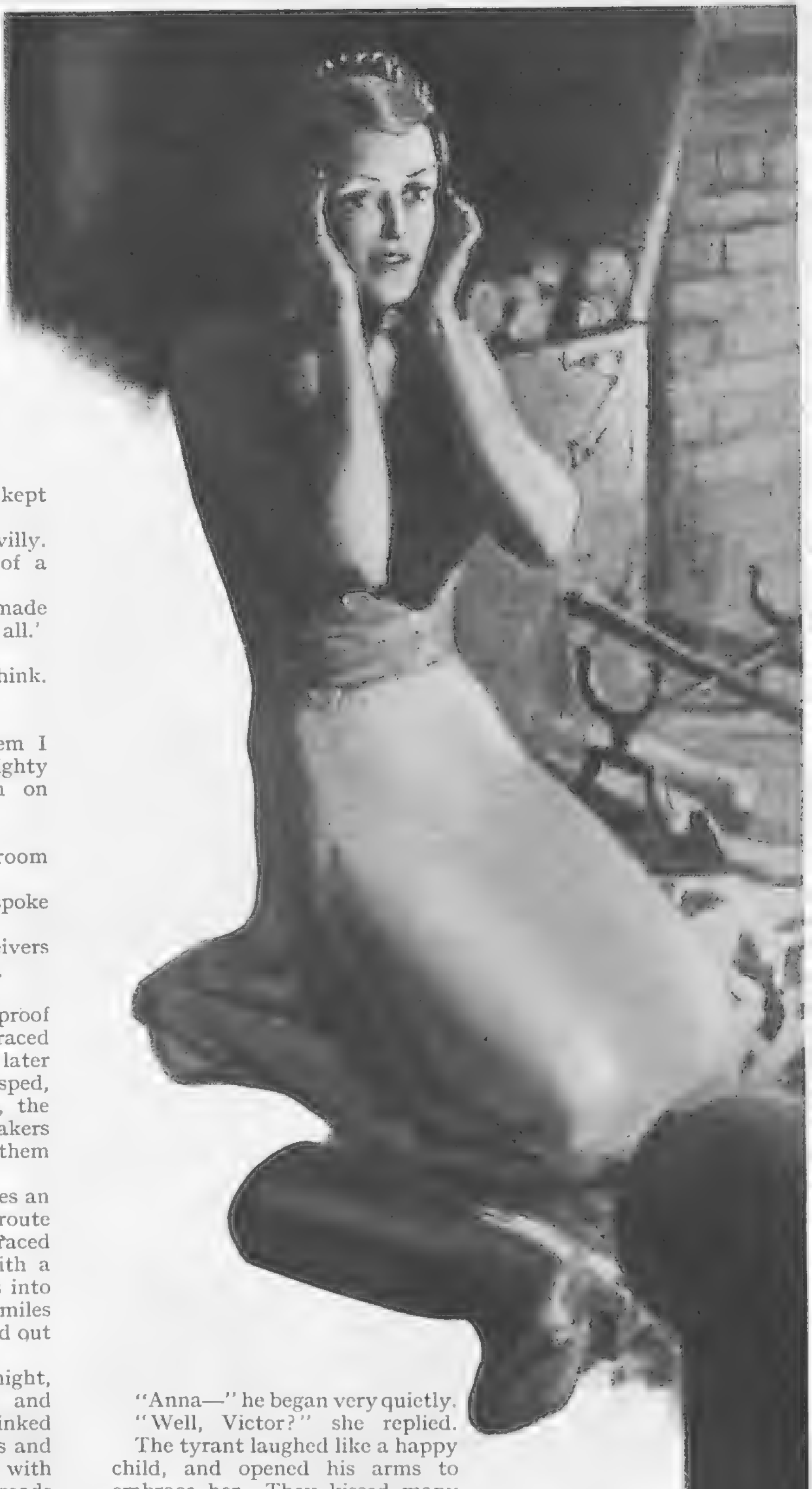
"Tell them to go away," said the tyrant. "Tell them I have gone to my hills for three days. These are weighty matters. Tell them their tyrant will speak to them on Monday."

Leopold raised his arm and clattered to the window.

The tyrant raised his own arm to the company in the room turned smartly and went away.

All over the world the voice of Leopold Stakovsky spoke in place of the tyrant's.

All over the world men clicked off their wireless receivers and looked at one another. There were still three days.



ONE hour afterwards a large black car with bullet-proof windows shot away from the back of the palace and raced at breakneck speed through the streets. A moment later another identical car rushed in swift pursuit. As they sped, cat-like in their silence except for the scream of tyres, the last of the people wandering home from the loud-speakers clutched their coats and jumped round to stare after them wonderingly.

No one knew in which car the tyrant sat. At forty miles an hour the cars followed the same sinuous unexpected route through the back streets, then abruptly crossed the river, raced through tramlined roads at a mile a minute and so, with a sudden blaze of headlights, out through ramshackle areas into the open country. When they had travelled about five miles in this way a third car, waiting down a side turning, lurched out on the road and screamed after them through its gears.

For two hours the three cars rushed through the night, through unfrequented main roads and sleeping villages, and then began to corkscrew up into the hills. Their lights blinked on the edge of precipices and were extinguished in tunnels and blazed again higher up. The scent of pine needles mingled with the smell of their exhausts and there was moisture on the roads so that their tyres hissed. So they came at length to the gates of a house and swung up the drive and halted, spattered with mud and speed, before the door.

The tyrant dived in first, looking neither to right nor to left, and disappeared. Then the man he had called Leopold walked to the door of the third car and opened it for a lady in a white fur coat. She slipped into the house, shepherded by black-clad guards. Leopold Stakovsky stood on the steps for a moment in salute, and then he, too, went within. The three cars drove away as hurriedly as they had come.

IT was warm in the little salon, and light with firelight, and as the lady entered and slipped off her cloak an immense mastiff which was prone before the fire blinked its eyes and beat the carpet gently with its tail. Suddenly it backed on its haunches, cocked its ears, and leapt to its full six feet to lick the face of the tyrant as he fondled it.

The face of the tyrant was curiously different. It was bronzed, and grinning, and oddly boyish.

"Down old man!" said the tyrant, and looked questioningly, smilingly at the lady, the lady to whom he had sent the note.

"Anna—" he began very quietly.

"Well, Victor?" she replied.

The tyrant laughed like a happy child, and opened his arms to embrace her. They kissed many times while he stroked her hair almost with an expression of disbelief, and then they stood for some little time cheek to cheek, he with his eyes shut in ecstasy, she quietly in tears.

"What's this?" demanded the tyrant. "Tears?"

"Happy ones," she answered. "It's been so long."

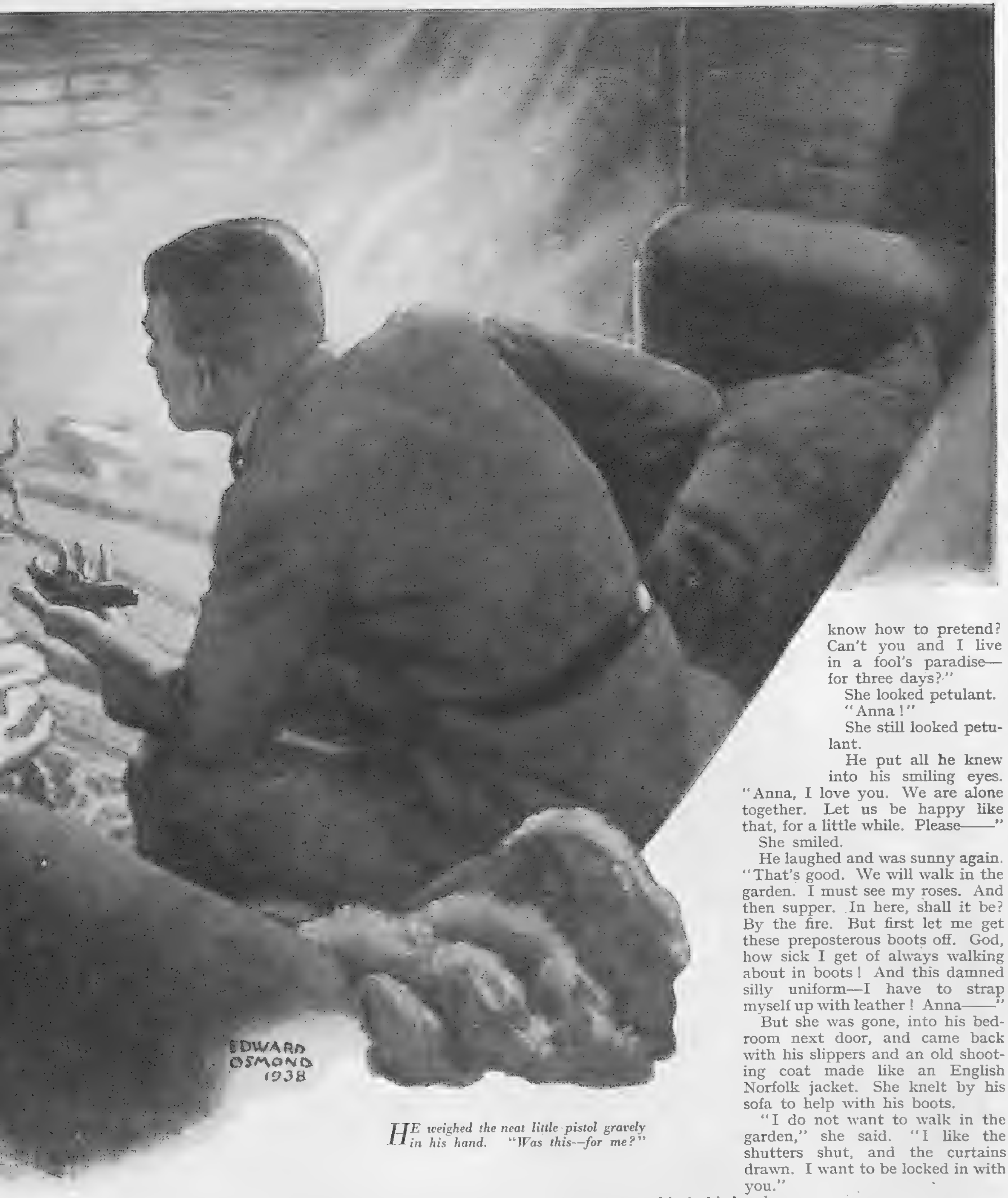
"We have three days," he said. "Three whole precious days. Think of that! Three whole days, just you and I. No dictator-face. For three whole days I do not have to stick out my chin, or roll my eyes——"

"And then how long till the next three days?" she asked.

"Anna!" He was disappointed with her tone. "You know that I long for you, that the one thing that keeps me sane is the thought that sometimes, soon, you and I can slip away together——"

"And what sort of a married life is that?"

He was more disappointed still, and spoke reassuringly, as to an unreasonable child. "But Anna—I have *told* you. A dictator is *above* all that. He has to build himself up, this monstrous façade. He may stand on balconies and make



HE weighed the neat little pistol gravely in his hand. "Was this—for me?"

faces, but he must not eat meat, nor drink wine, nor marry a wife. He must be a thing apart from mortal appetites. He must make himself a god. I cannot be married to a wife. I am wedded to the cause!"

"What cause?" she asked.

"What cause? How do I know what cause? Anna, why *will* you be so infernally logical about all this? You talk as though being a dictator was like being a pencil manufacturer. There is no cause. There is no sense in the thing whatsoever. The whole thing is a frantic and gigantic fraud; it's false mythology. You and I both know that perfectly well. But for God's sake don't let us keep admitting it! Don't you know how to pretend? Can't you and I live in a fool's paradise—for three days?"

She looked petulant.

"Anna!"

She still looked petulant.

He put all he knew into his smiling eyes. "Anna, I love you. We are alone together. Let us be happy like that, for a little while. Please——"

She smiled.

He laughed and was sunny again. "That's good. We will walk in the garden. I must see my roses. And then supper. In here, shall it be? By the fire. But first let me get these preposterous boots off. God, how sick I get of always walking about in boots! And this damned silly uniform—I have to strap myself up with leather! Anna——"

But she was gone, into his bedroom next door, and came back with his slippers and an old shooting coat made like an English Norfolk jacket. She knelt by his sofa to help with his boots.

"I do not want to walk in the garden," she said. "I like the shutters shut, and the curtains drawn. I want to be locked in with you."

He took her chin in his hands.

"Something is still worrying you, Anna. What is it?"

"Nothing," she said. "Now the other foot."

"You have a secret from me. I wonder what it can be?"

"No, no," she said. "Why should I? We have our three days."

"Where does a woman carry her secret? In her heart? No, in her bag." He lifted it from beside him on the sofa, and seemed immediately interested in its weight.

"No!" she shouted. "No, Victor, no! Leave that alone," and she attempted to grab it from him.

He held it away from her and opened it.

She slipped back on her haunches, put her hands to her face and sobbed.

(*Continued on page* 130)

SEQUEL

Willit Meredith went Fishing—but *he* got Hooked, not *the* Fish

By

Holloway Horn

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

THE woman in the witness-box had faced Willit Meredith without flinching for nearly an hour.

"And you still insist, Mrs. Jevons," the K.C. summed up, "that the weekend was a mere coincidence—that you and the co-respondent occupied adjoining rooms in this remote hotel simply as the result of a happy chance?"

"Yes."

"And that you breakfasted together at the same table by the same fortunate chance?" the relentless voice pursued.

"When we found we were staying in the same hotel it would have been absurd to have sat at separate tables. We are old friends."

"Exactly," said the K.C. dryly, and sat down. There was a momentary rustle in the court; the old hands knew that Willit Meredith had won one more case. He was glancing at his brief, apparently oblivious of the woman whose story—and life—he had torn to pieces.

MERIEL SINCLAIR, Mrs. Jevons's sister, joined her as she left the crowded court and the two women hurried away. In the vestibule a man waited.

"Mary!" he said. "I'm most desperately sorry!"

"It isn't your fault, Trevor," Mrs. Jevons said. "It's just bad luck . . . and Willit Meredith."

"The swine! When can I see you? We must talk things over."

Mrs. Jevons shrugged her shoulders without replying.

"Come to my studio this evening, Trevor," her sister suggested quietly as they turned away.

"I suppose he'll ask me to marry him," Mrs. Jevons said when she and Meriel Sinclair were alone in the taxi.

"Of course."

"Well, I shan't. It would be admitting that Meredith—and John—were right."

"You know best. Thank goodness you have money of your own. But you're fond of Trevor, aren't you?"

"Not in that way. He's a dear, but what I said in the witness-box happens to be true."

Her sister glanced at her sharply, but said nothing. She was a few years younger than Mrs. Jevons, with the same colourful beauty.

"Meredith once took me in to dinner; he can be very charming—at dinner!" Mrs. Jevons said, after a rather long silence.

"He's clever! He set trap after trap for you."

"And I suppose I walked into them all. Curiously enough, I was sorry for John."

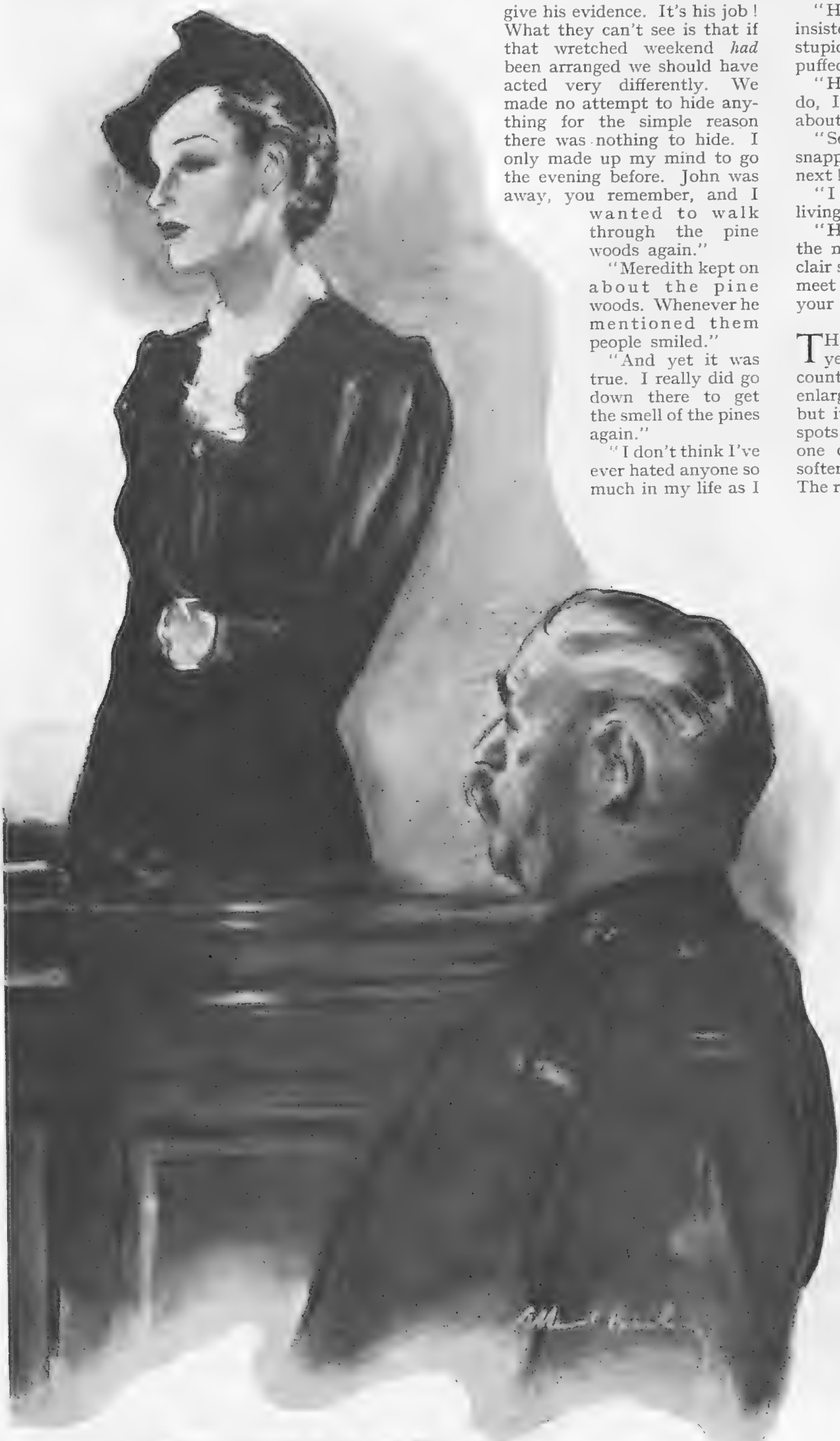
"Sorry!" her sister cried.

"Yes," Mrs. Jevons insisted. "He looked absolutely done this morning. I wanted to go up to him and tell him not to be silly but to come home with me and leave all the lawyers talking. I believe he would have done!"

"I don't understand you," the younger woman said hopelessly. "He's let Meredith drag your name . . ."

"Yes, I know, Meriel. But it's not

as simple as that. If I had not been so stubborn that night things would have been different. You see, we loved each other. And in spite of what he has done — in spite of Willit Meredith — John still loves me."



THE woman in the witness box had faced Willit Meredith without flinching for nearly an hour

"A strange kind of love!"

"Now that it's all over I can see his point of view," Mrs. Jevons went on. "That private inquiry creature Trevor's wife employed knew exactly what to look for and how to give his evidence. It's his job! What they can't see is that if that wretched weekend *had* been arranged we should have acted very differently. We made no attempt to hide anything for the simple reason there was nothing to hide. I only made up my mind to go the evening before. John was away, you remember, and I wanted to walk through the pine woods again."

"Meredith kept on about the pine woods. Whenever he mentioned them people smiled."

"And yet it was true. I really did go down there to get the smell of the pines again."

"I don't think I've ever hated anyone so much in my life as I hate Meredith," Meriel Sinclair said after a silence. "His wife was in the public gallery."

"Oh?"

"Her face was a study; *she* knows he's a brute."

"My dear, you're fancying things."

"He was *enjoying* it," Meriel Sinclair insisted. "It was . . . loathsome. The stupid sniggers and laughter simply puffed up his wretched vanity."

"He was doing the job he was paid to do, I suppose. It's John I'm thinking about: it was terrible for him."

"Serve the fool right!" her sister snapped. "You'll be sorry for Meredith next!"

"I should certainly hate to get my living as he does."

"He's going to John Barry's party in the new studio next week," Meriel Sinclair said thoughtfully. "I shall probably meet him. And he doesn't know I'm your sister."

THE Wyven Hotel was, until a few years ago, a quiet and almost unknown country inn. In recent years it has been enlarged and much of its old charm lost, but it is situated in one of the loveliest spots in North Devon. From its windows, one can see the bare line of the tors softened in mauve and misty distance. The river rushes by and at night its music fills the darkness.

Meriel Sinclair had been there for some time and was apparently in no hurry to leave. At first she was on the second floor, but after a day or so asked to be moved to number six on the one below. The hotel staff noticed that she kept herself, in their own phraseology, to herself, and politely rebuffed all attempts at friendliness made by her fellow-guests. A lady, in the opinion of the hotel staff, and a hotel staff is a very sound judge on this point. Usually she wore tweeds, sometimes flannel trousers and a pullover, but in the evening she was wholly feminine and her frocks unmistakably Paris. No one in the hotel knew much about her for it was her first visit.

"John Barry and his wife will be here this evening," the landlord told her one morning with obvious pride.

"Indeed?"

She made no further comment but the landlord was not altogether surprised to find that she and the Barrys were old friends.

"Fancy *you* being here," the famous painter greeted her when she came into the lounge.

"You told me about the place," she reminded him.

After dinner Barry sought the bar and beer, and Miss Sinclair found his wife alone.

"Isn't this the place Willit Meredith always comes to?" she asked, casually, as she added sugar to her coffee.

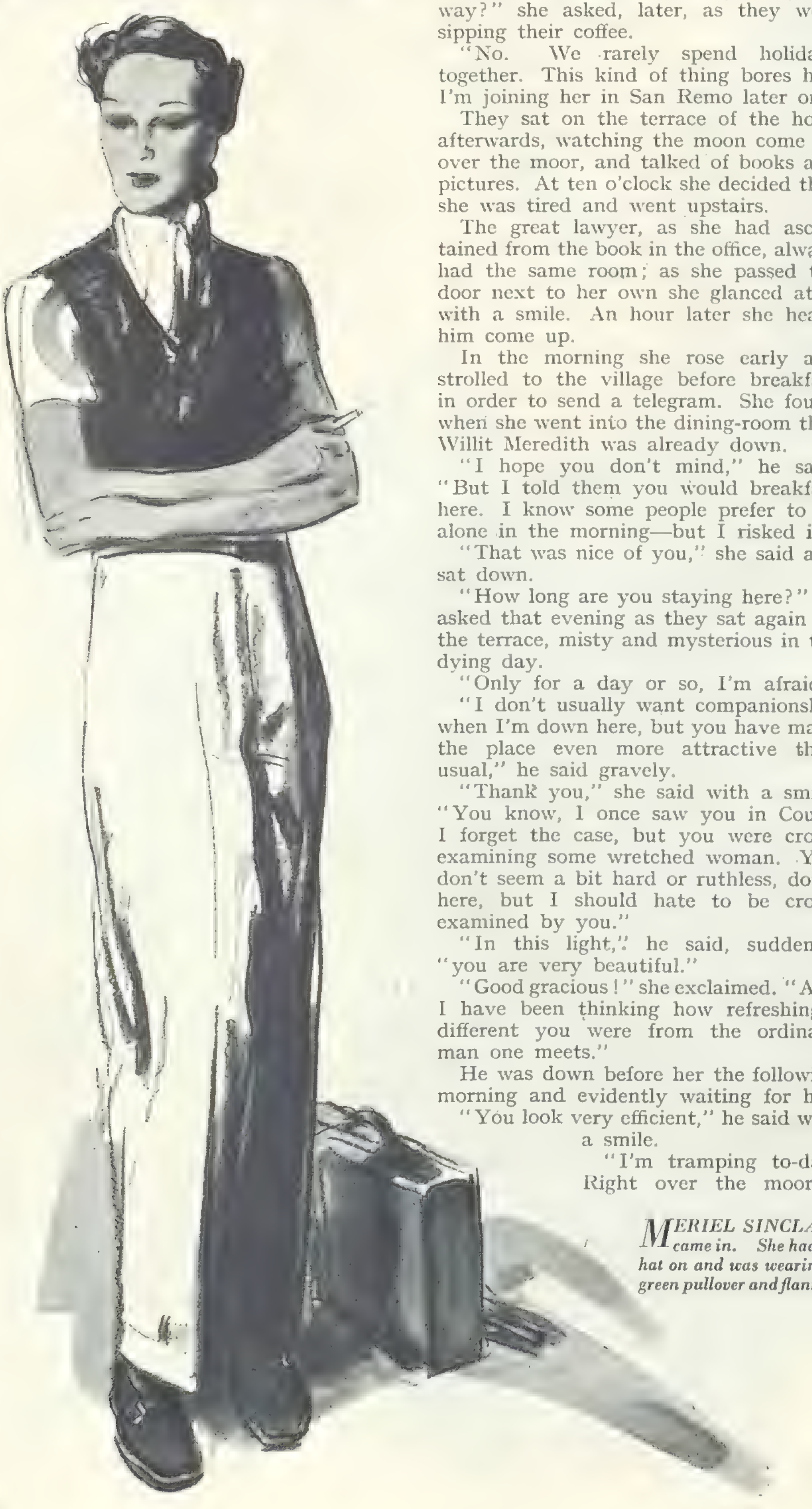
"Yes. He'll be here next week. I'm sorry we shall miss him—we go on Monday. He's quite good fun away from the Law Courts."

The K.C. arrived on Wednesday evening. He was talking to the landlord in the little bar when Meriel Sinclair came in. She dumped her easel in the vestibule before she went through the hotel. She had no hat on and was wearing a green pullover and flannels.

Meredith frowned: he had not recognised her. "They are much more attractive in their own clothes," he remarked.

"She's an artist," the landlord explained apologetically. "A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Barry."

As far as attractiveness went the K.C. was right, for when Meriel Sinclair came down to dinner she was wearing a black frock with something about it that no sports attire in the world could achieve. Meredith, on this occasion, recognised her at once and rose as she passed his table.



MERIEL SINCLAIR came in. She had no hat on and was wearing a green pullover and flannels

"Miss Sinclair!" he said. "We met at the Barrys, you remember?"

"Of course . . . you're Mr. Meredith."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes," she smiled.

"Surely . . . unless you prefer to be alone . . . we might share a table?"

"I . . . I don't mind. At the moment most of the people in the hotel are Americans and they make me feel a little tired. They are so full of wrongly applied energy."

"Quite," he agreed. "Do sit down, won't you? I'm here for the fishing."

"And I for painting."

"Mrs. Meredith isn't with you, by the way?" she asked, later, as they were sipping their coffee.

"No. We rarely spend holidays together. This kind of thing bores her. I'm joining her in San Remo later on."

They sat on the terrace of the hotel afterwards, watching the moon come up over the moor, and talked of books and pictures. At ten o'clock she decided that she was tired and went upstairs.

The great lawyer, as she had ascertained from the book in the office, always had the same room; as she passed the door next to her own she glanced at it with a smile. An hour later she heard him come up.

In the morning she rose early and strolled to the village before breakfast in order to send a telegram. She found when she went into the dining-room that Willit Meredith was already down.

"I hope you don't mind," he said. "But I told them you would breakfast here. I know some people prefer to be alone in the morning—but I risked it."

"That was nice of you," she said and sat down.

"How long are you staying here?" he asked that evening as they sat again on the terrace, misty and mysterious in the dying day.

"Only for a day or so, I'm afraid."

"I don't usually want companionship when I'm down here, but you have made the place even more attractive than usual," he said gravely.

"Thank you," she said with a smile. "You know, I once saw you in Court. I forget the case, but you were cross-examining some wretched woman. You don't seem a bit hard or ruthless, down here, but I should hate to be cross-examined by you."

"In this light," he said, suddenly, "you are very beautiful."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "And I have been thinking how refreshingly different you were from the ordinary man one meets."

He was down before her the following morning and evidently waiting for her.

"You look very efficient," he said with a smile.

"I'm tramping to-day. Right over the moors."

"May I join you?" he asked. "But the fish?"

"They will be there to-morrow."

"If you care to, I shall be pleased."

They had lunch on the top of a hill overlooking the sea. He lay at full length on the sweet grass but she sat upright, chin cupped in hand, looking out to the blue distance.

"We're miles away from the world of every day," he said breaking a silence.

"I wonder?"

"Up here, for instance, I love you. I shouldn't do so in London." He made the statement in his peculiarly disarming manner.

"But I thought it was for the fishing you came down here?" she replied.

He laughed: "One's luck varies, my child. Your hair blown in the wind is adorable."

He sat up by her side.

"Smoke?" he suggested.

"No, thanks. Won't you keep on with your pretty speeches?"

"No. What's the use of words, anyway?"

With a sudden movement he swept her into his arms and kissed her full on the lips.

"That was a very caddish thing to do," she said, without emotion of any kind in her voice.

"No, it wasn't," he said. "We are here alone, just you and I."

"May I sit up? Surely you are too intelligent for this cave-man stuff?"

She sat up and a moment later said calmly: "I'm afraid we're not quite as alone as you imagined." He followed her gaze. A man clad in rough, reddish-brown tweeds was standing a hundred yards or so away from them along the crest of the hill.

"I say . . . I'm sorry!" he said. "I never dreamed that anyone was here."

"I think I shall walk on," she said coldly.

"You're not annoyed with me, surely!" he said anxiously, as they went down the hill.

"I hope he isn't staying at the hotel," she said without answering his question. "It would be embarrassing to meet him there."

"It's a hundred to one against it! But you looked so adorable on the hill-top that I simply couldn't resist the temptation. And really, I don't think you minded in the least."

"As a matter of fact, I dislike being pawed."

"Oh, come!" he protested. "Aren't you being the least bit unreasonable?"

"Perhaps. But to-morrow you had better concentrate on the trout. They will be a more satisfactory catch."

Hundred to one chances sometimes come off, as Meredith discovered that evening. He was sitting with Meriel Sinclair in the dining-room when the door opened and the young man in reddish-brown tweeds came in.

"Damn!" Meredith exclaimed.

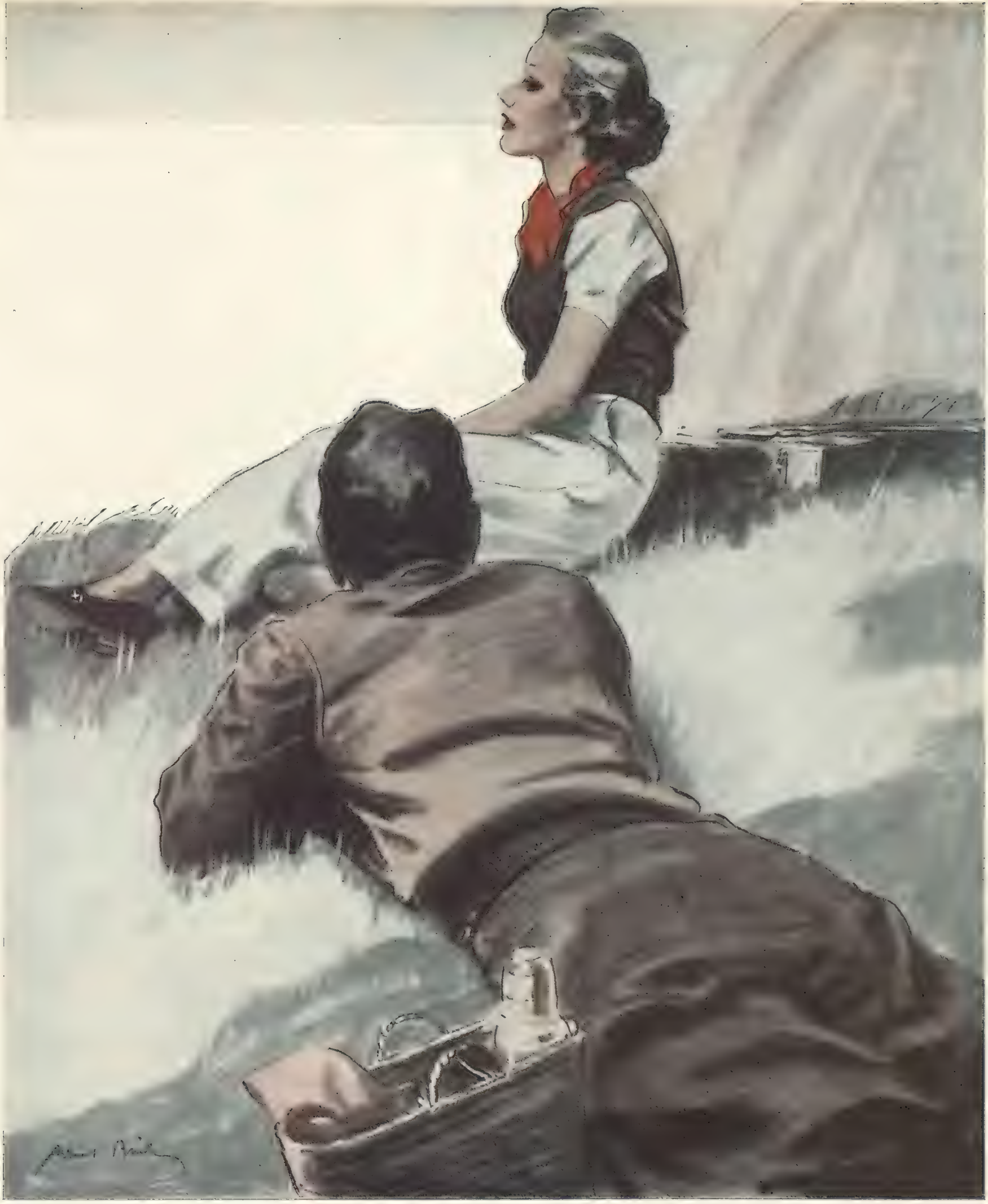
Meriel Sinclair looked at him in surprise.

"That fellow on the hill," he explained.

She glanced round and he saw a frown settle momentarily on her face. "Well, you shouldn't have been so stupid," she said. "Still, I don't suppose he will recognise us. I'm sure *I* don't look the same person."

"But you are," the K.C. said. "You are even more adorable."

She went upstairs earlier than usual that night but instead of going to bed



THEY had lunch on the top of a hill overlooking the sea. He lay at full length on the sweet grass, but she sat upright

sat on the balcony that ran along the front of the hotel. The moon had painted the night with soft silver, and her blue dressing-gown stood out as vividly as if it had been day. She smoked a cigarette, and was lighting another when a voice from the darkness of Meredith's room said: "You smoke too much, you know. Isn't it a magical night?" he went on, as he emerged into the moonlight.

"It was."

"I . . . I'm sorry," he said, touchily. "Hang it all, I'm just being neighbourly."

"I don't feel a bit . . . neighbourly," she said. "What's that?" She stood up suddenly and gazed down into the darkness of the wood opposite. "There's someone there," she said. "It's that wretched young man again."

"I can't see anything."

"Anyway, I'm going in," she said shortly and slipped back into her room, quietly closing the window behind her.

A little later, as she settled down with her book, she heard Meredith moving about in his room—and smiled.

"I'm very worried," Meriel Sinclair said to him the following evening at dinner. "That young man has gone."

"Personally, I'm glad."

"You don't understand. I found out this morning that he's been asking the servants questions about me."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"He's down here watching us," she said, calmly.

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Science

Tempus Parendum

Decorations by Trefor Jones

THE other day I stood by the shoulder of an engineer-draughtsman in the glass-walled design-room of an aeroplane factory and saw shaping under his swift pencil strokes one of the giant seaplanes which, three to five years hence (Mars and Mussolini, the Nazis and the Nipponese permitting) will be rushing me, and perhaps you, from Southampton Water to the calm pool of New York harbour in less time than it takes the Blue Train to transport us from Paris to Cannes. The charges will be somewhat higher, but the comfort more substantial.

Several new inventions are incorporated in this sky transportation machine; and, glancing over a list of the discoveries and applications of new knowledge which had carried it across the gap between designer's sketch and engineer's job, I had a vivid glimpse of a whole new and marvellous world shaping in the cosmic workshop at the end of a corridor of time which seemed relatively quite short.

The raw materials for that world are new metal alloys, new synthetic substances, and new chemical compounds. But there is nothing new about the catalyst which fuses all the ingredients into a world in which men can live larger and fuller lives: it is human brain stuff.

In spite of wars at either extremity of the Asiatic-European land bloc, rumours of bigger and better wars to come, and dark fears of new world slumps and of the crumbling of a civilisation grown too intricate for its makers to understand or control, this brain stuff goes on bubbling.

You can see the process under a high light in the inventions list. In number and importance, the year 1937 broke all records in this field of new ideas and discoveries, although it had looked as if the figure of over 76,000 new inventions registered at the British patents' office in 1936 would make a peak, for years to come. In America, Germany, France and Italy, the inventors have been and still are abnormally busy.

IN the realms of engineering, electricity, chemistry, physics, aero-dynamics, metallurgy, immense advances were made in 1937 and things were brought into the realm of practical propositions which even a year earlier were still entangled—although only by a single frail thread—in that web of dreams which holds more tenaciously such fabulous conceptions as moon machines, the combination family motor car-and-aeroplane, the house that runs itself by electric robots controlled by the owner's voice vibrations, the pocket radio-telephone-television set which enables you to call up and see and talk to anybody anywhere, and the ship in which you cannot be seasick.

They are design-drafting and blue-printing to-morrow's world so fast and so ruthlessly, these inventors and scientists, that they have the bankers and economists alarmed. Many of them think that to-day is being destroyed too fast for the health of the whole odd economic order which sustains us. The velocity of change is generating friction and overheating the bearings. Too many appliances and machines are no sooner out of the workshop and on the market than they are rendered obsolete by something better.

Velocity of change is the only new thing about what is happening now. Our scientists dig more new knowledge out of Nature's mine of secrets in a year, than their predecessors in the old civilisations excavated with infinite toil and pain in a lifetime or a century.

AS an idea and a design, the steam engine is 2,000 years old. As a machine harnessed to man's service, it has been brought to its present power and perfection in under a century. Galileo invented the telescope, but in the last quarter-century technological advances and a greater boldness in experiment have made possible the mighty metal tubes with 7-foot lenses which bring the moon within twenty-five miles of the earth and contract all space distances in like degree. For thousands of years men were getting gold out of alluvial deposits and using it as money; but it took contemporary man to solve the problem of getting gold out of the rocks; and he went one better in 1900 by inventing the cyanide process which added thirty per cent to the extractability of gold—a discovery equivalent to that of a whole new Rand. Right up until recent years men have gone about looking for new mineral deposits with pick and shovel and boring tool: now they use an electrical apparatus which tells them just what lies under the earth crust they stand on, and at which depth oil or iron, coal or gold, lies in the bed Nature made for it in the youth of the world.

So it has gone; and it had looked as if we were in top gear in the realm of discovery and invention—as if the pace had been too hot, and must slacken. Instead, the reverse is happening, and some of the men who thought they were riding in an uncomfortably fast car now feel as though they had got into the Blue Bird record-breaker by mistake. They don't like the tearing speed, and the promise of even higher velocities as the driver

Shapes To-morrow's Bigger World

By C. Patrick Thompson

recklessly shifts the lever, notch after notch, through a gearbox which seems to have no final high.

We have Sir Josiah Stamp, banker and economist, proposing a twenty-year holiday for science, while Professor C. E. M. Joad, the philosopher, actually wants to make it a criminal offence for any scientist to communicate the results of his research to war offices or business men for the next decade. These are only two of the men who want patents prohibited and a moratorium for new machines. They fear that the complex capitalist structure will crack under the drum-fire of invention, discovery, and change—that our civilisation will collapse before science can bring in the golden age of leisure and plenty and politicians can solve the riddle of making the planet safe to live in, so far at least as national and civil wars are concerned.

TO-MORROW'S world seems to be shaping around a dozen new inventions and discoveries. A dozen seems not many when, the world over, about a quarter-million new inventions are registered annually now. But each one of those dozen is basic, and each promises to create a huge new spiral of industrial activity and to open new horizons for human life. One gets a high-light on implications by looking back at the inventions which have made our present world—a place which looks wonderful enough until one measures it against to-morrow's world, when it takes on the slightly disappointing aspect of a woman's last year's hat, or a motor car of 1925.

It was the steam engine that made yesterday's world. Electricity expanded it. Four inventions have revolutionised human life since the beginning of the present century. The telephone, the motor car, motion pictures, and the aeroplane, have created to-day's transitory world.

It is illuminating to glance at these things, and see how they have grown, and where they stand now. In 1900 the telephone was a £2,000,000 business. Now it is a £2,000,000,000 investment. It is still growing. Allied new inventions, including radio and television, are merging with it.

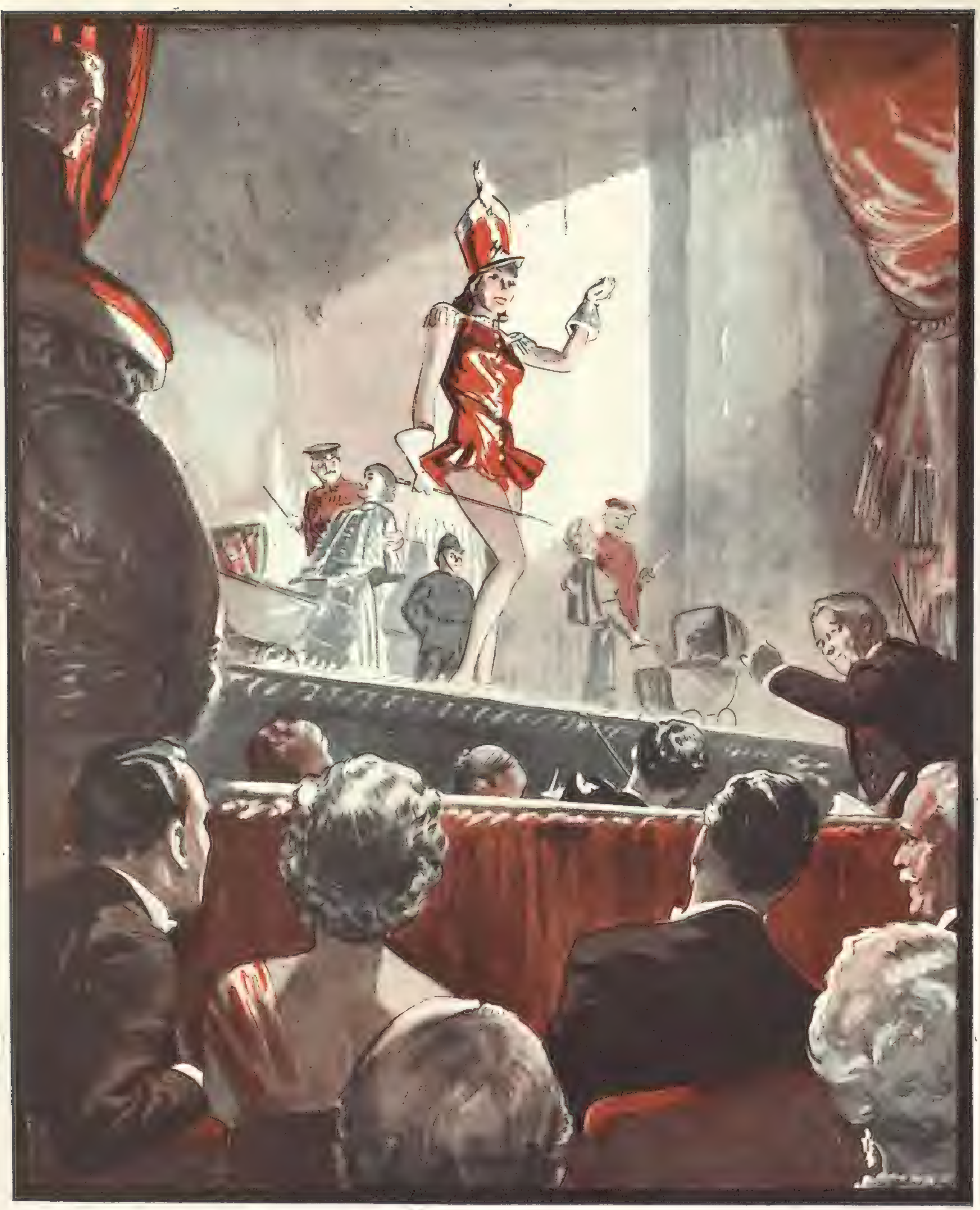
Actually, the telephone is in its infancy. To-morrow's instrument and system will be cheapened to the point where every home will have a phone installed as a standard piece of equipment, along with the electric light and automatic house-climate regulator. It will have an attached little robot to take "talking tape" messages when you are out, or do not want to answer the phone. You will be able to ring up your home and instruct the electric stove to start cooking the joint and to put the vegetables on forty-five minutes later (built-in robots already control temperatures, and switch off at any time you fix on a clock face). You will be able to ring up your servantless house from restaurant or theatre and make sure that the baby is all right, a trifle of harnessing television to the telephone system.

FORTY years ago there was under half a million pounds sunk in the infant business of the powered road carriage. The industry is now a £3,000,000,000 one, and the biggest consumer of steel, tin and rubber. This road carriage made possible by the internal combustion engine has transformed human habits, diverted a third of the traffic from the great railway systems, created the modern metropolis and the modern highway.

But it too is still comparatively young. Every motor car on the road to-day is obsolete by the standards of the design room and the research departments. Every year sees a better car produced, and perfection is still remote. Prices, also, are not yet right. Mass production has brought car prices in America down to the point where one in every five people owns his own car, and over 2,500,000 new cars are needed annually in a normal year to replace worn-outs. Over the next half-century the industry has possibilities of a six-fold expansion—provided progress towards to-morrow's bigger world is not interrupted or stopped by a second Punic War plunging nations again into senseless mutual slaughter and ruin.

Parallel with this expansion goes the city and roadway layout of the future. The great arterial roads of this island, the national highways of America, and the autostrads of Germany and Italy, have not preceded the motor car, but have unrolled its track. On

(*Continued on page* 114)



EVERYBODY who patronised the "Romantic" knew that Daphne Fair and the good looking Captain Francis Loderer, who sat so often in the front row of the stalls, were on the point of becoming engaged

EVERYONE remembers how the song, first sung by another most gifted actress, took London by storm. With the citadel conquered, the rest of the Empire was rapidly enslaved. You couldn't walk down a London street a hundred yards without hearing a newsboy whistling it. The lips of nursemaids in the park, as they watched the children at play, could be seen silently forming the words. Little men, who even belonged to the League of Nations Union, on their way to offices in the city, stuck out their chests and threw their feet well forward as they hummed the tune. Soon you could have heard it in the Canadian lumber camps, on the South African veldt and in the great pastoral lands of Australia. It travelled round the world into all the odd corners where English is spoken, until one day it found itself in London again.

There, Daphne Fair revived it at the "Romantic."

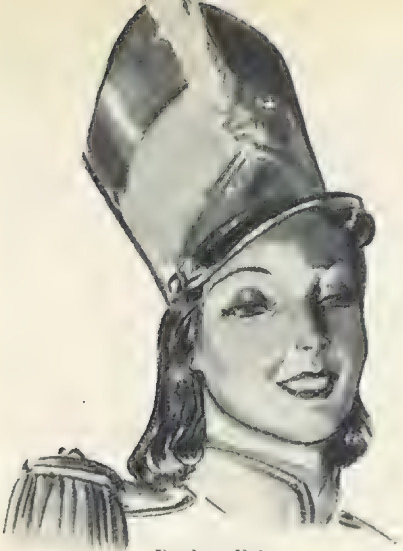
There were people who said Daphne Fair could have revived a stone cold corpse. Her name was misleading. She

Poor Miss Erica!

Everybody thought she was such a Simple sort of girl, but later events proved otherwise

By John Guthrie

Illustrated by Clive Uptton



Daphne Fair

had all the fragrance of daphne with none of the blonde qualities of fair. She was slim and dark, with the vitality of an electric eel.

"When you touch that girl," said the manager of the "Romantic," "put on rubber gloves."

But that didn't stop Francis Loderer, Captain in the R.A.F., and attached at this time to the War Ministry, where his remarkable brain was in much demand in dealing with so many of the intricate and delicate problems concerning the Defence of the Realm. Quiet and modest, he successfully hid the fact that he had a brain at all. Least of all a brain that worked out tactical manœuvres in which aircraft forces fought imaginative but strictly exact and highly mathematical battles against invading forces. He could not hide so successfully the fact that he possessed a heart.

That was revealed most plainly in his frequent attendance at the "Romantic." Soon all London—or at least all the important part of it that patronises the "Romantic"—knew that Daphne Fair and the good-looking Captain Francis Loderer, who sat so often in the front row of the stalls, were on the point of becoming engaged. People said it would be a good match. They even forgave him for stealing their flower from under their noses for the affair gave piquancy to the song that she sung, marching out on the stage, slapping her leg with her cane and giving her commands to the regiment of the ballet in that ridiculously delightful imitation of an army voice:

"There's something about a soldier,
There's something about a soldier,
There's something about a soldier,
That is fine, fine, fine!"

Unconsciously they beat time with their hands on the arms of their seats, their lips moved, their chests came out and their blood warmed while they watched her march up and down the boards:

"He may be a great big general,
He may be a sergeant-major,
He may be a simple private
Of the line, line, line!"

Splendid! They clapped and cheered again and again until she came back. They stamped their expensively shod feet. They felt kindlier towards each other and to all the world. And when she came out again, chest out, head cocked just a shade on one side and her lips faintly trembling with the touch of a smile, they sang softly with her:

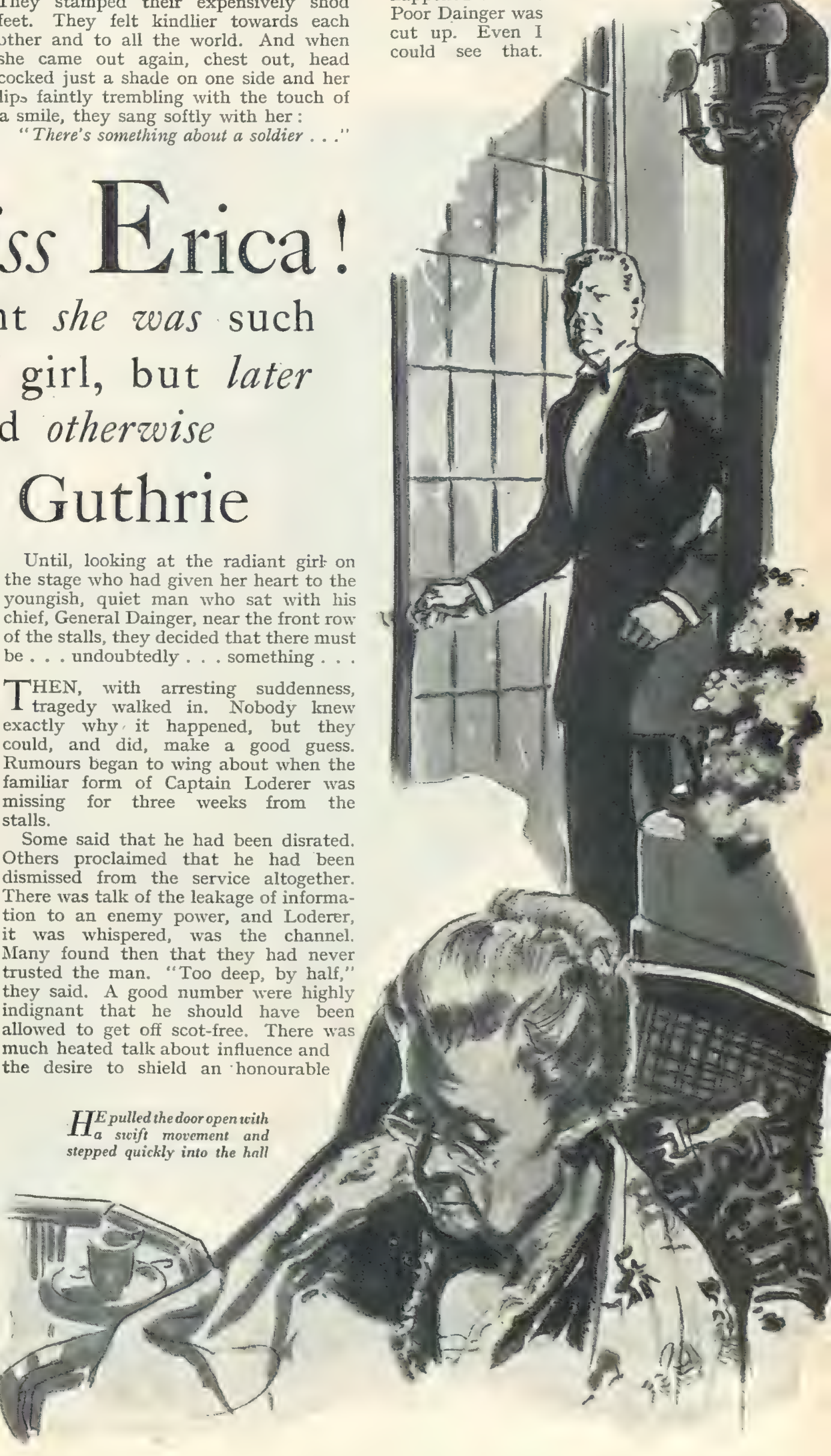
"There's something about a soldier . . ."

Until, looking at the radiant girl on the stage who had given her heart to the youngish, quiet man who sat with his chief, General Dainger, near the front row of the stalls, they decided that there must be . . . undoubtedly . . . something . . .

THEN, with arresting suddenness, tragedy walked in. Nobody knew exactly why it happened, but they could, and did, make a good guess. Rumours began to wing about when the familiar form of Captain Loderer was missing for three weeks from the stalls.

Some said that he had been disrated. Others proclaimed that he had been dismissed from the service altogether. There was talk of the leakage of information to an enemy power, and Loderer, it was whispered, was the channel. Many found then that they had never trusted the man. "Too deep, by half," they said. A good number were highly indignant that he should have been allowed to get off scot-free. There was much heated talk about influence and the desire to shield an honourable family name. But at least there was no doubt about this: General Dainger, people said, had dismissed his brilliant young assistant.

"I was there in the club," said Gerald Berkeley to Verity Mitchell, as they sat in the stalls of the "Romantic" one evening, "when someone mentioned Loderer's name, and Toby Hamlyn asked Dainger point-blank what had happened to him. Poor Dainger was cut up. Even I could see that.



HE pulled the door open with a swift movement and stepped quickly into the hall

Then he pulled himself together and said : 'Please don't mention his name to me again !' Icy ! Like a gentle snowfall down the spine."

Verity nodded her exquisitely cropped head.

"There's General Dainger now," she said.

They turned their heads to watch the tall, erect figure of the general come down the aisle towards the front stalls. His face took Berkeley's mind back to the classics period at school. There was something Roman in the old boy's bearing, upright, stern and, above all, just. It was the face of a man who would sacrifice everything belonging to his friends or himself for the sake of his country. Then Gerald Berkeley gripped Verity's bare arm.

"Look !" he whispered.

Entering the theatre at precisely the same moment from a side aisle was Francis Loderer. His face was strained and white, except for his eyes, which shone hotly as if brightened by fever. It was plain that the two men would meet at the intersection of the aisles.

They saw the two men come together. They watched Loderer bow while General Dainger paused. Loderer made as if to hold out his hand. One could almost hear the indrawn breath of the people near by. Then, in a moment, Dainger had gone on, without sign of recognition, or even contempt, or anger, or any feeling whatever, but just as if his young assistant and close friend had never been there at all; never, in fact, been born. . . .

All the light and strength and heat seemed to leave Loderer's body. It seemed as if the tide of life had ebbed away, leaving him dry and old. Undoubtedly, something had gone out of the man. His eyes lost even their glitter; even his lips turned white. People watched him turn and stumble out of the theatre, into the night and solitude.

The orchestra broke into a merry tune. The curtain rose. Slim and dark and most beautiful, Daphne Fair came out on the stage in the well-known uniform, slapping her dainty leg with the cane, marching with head held high and proud, and with voice strong yet . . . quivering.

"There's something about a soldier . . ."

"Too pathetic," said Verity Mitchell.

"That is fine, fine, fine !"

"By George," said Berkeley, "that girl's grand !"

"THERE is a gentleman to see you, monsieur." Celeste, the waitress, gave the message to the pale Englishman who sat alone—always alone—at the corner table. Francis Loderer looked up with weary eyes. Three months had passed since he had left London, after being publicly disgraced by the general, and had come to this small hotel in Switzerland.

"He is waiting?"

"Yes, monsieur. I have shown him into the smoking-room."

"Very well."

He crumpled up his napkin and rose. Then with footsteps that dragged a little across the polished floor, he went out of the room.

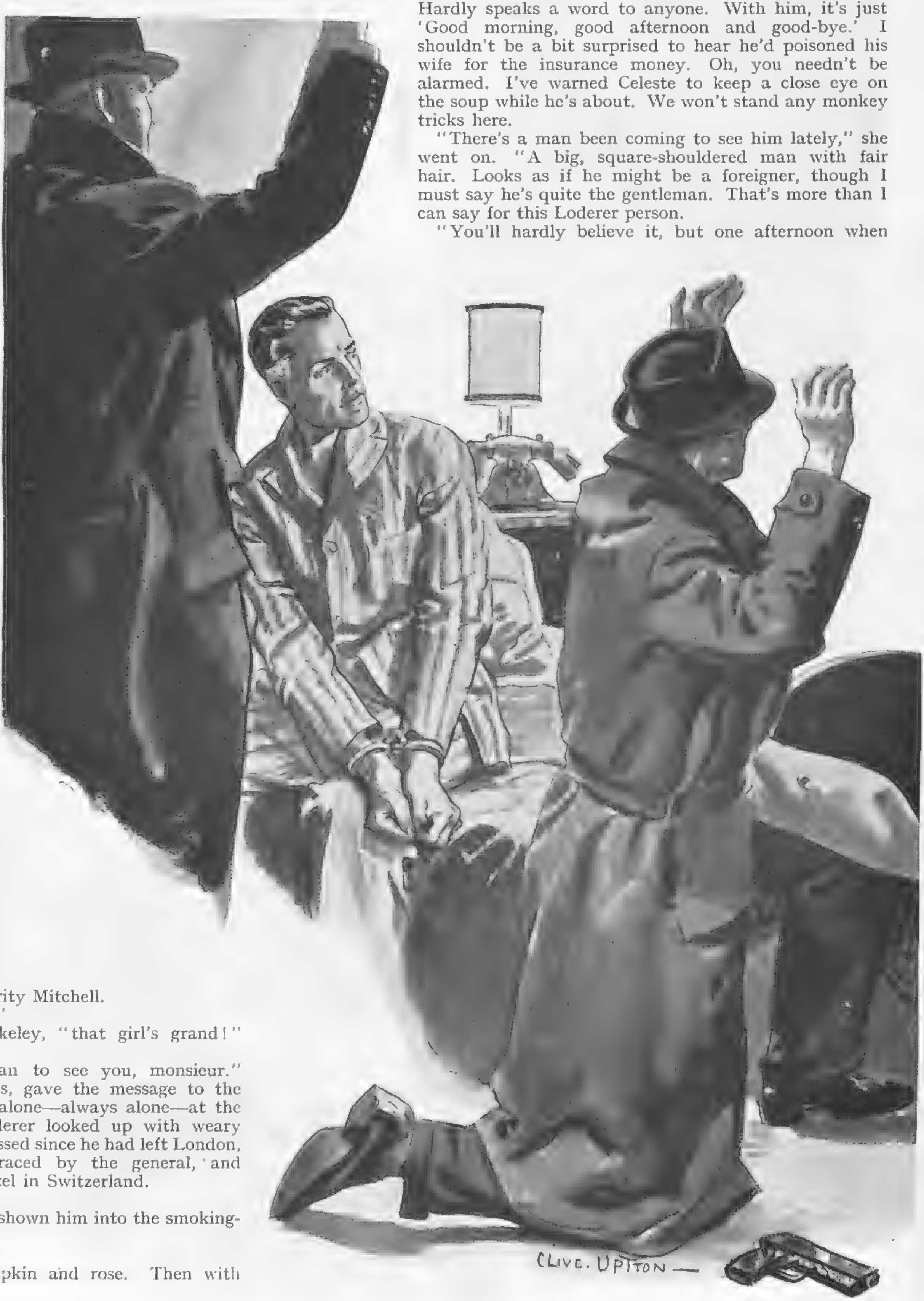
"Who's our dumb friend?" asked a blonde American girl, nodding towards the departing man.

Miss Agatha Erica, one of those English ladies of uncertain age, income and future, who are forever wandering like lost souls about the Continent, swallowed an unchewed mouthful of food in her anxiety to reply. She leaned forward and wagged a long, warning finger. Her voice was pitched to a whisper that she might have imagined to be confidential but was heard clearly by the other guests. The whisper carried to the ears of the Rev. Claude Mortimer, that frail ascetic; to the aristocratic ears of Mrs. Elgin Airey, whose blue blood raced at the words; and even to the pink and active ears of Madame the proprietress in the kitchen.

"He's a mystery, my dear, and if you ask me there's something decidedly fishy about him. It's three months since he came here. He slunk in looking like a death's head. Hardly speaks a word to anyone. With him, it's just 'Good morning, good afternoon and good-bye.' I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear he'd poisoned his wife for the insurance money. Oh, you needn't be alarmed. I've warned Celeste to keep a close eye on the soup while he's about. We won't stand any monkey tricks here.

"There's a man been coming to see him lately," she went on. "A big, square-shouldered man with fair hair. Looks as if he might be a foreigner, though I must say he's quite the gentleman. That's more than I can say for this Loderer person.

"You'll hardly believe it, but one afternoon when



he had been seen going for a walk, I happened to be passing along the path that goes by the window of his room—it's on the ground floor, you know—and the blind was down but waving a little in the wind. Just by chance I happened to be glancing in when all at once the blind rattled up, and there he was standing at the open window.

"'You get a better view with the blind up,' he said.

"Cheek! He hadn't gone for his walk at all. And I didn't know whether he meant him or me. . . .

"But, mark my words, he'll come to a bad end. . . ."

She took a last mouthful of coffee and went out alone into the hall. There was no one about. Through the smoking-room door, which was slightly ajar, she caught a glimpse of Loderer and the big, fair foreigner with their heads close together. Quietly, she tip-toed to the doorway.

"You ought to realise," Loderer was saying, thickly, "that there are limits to what even the lowest sort of man will do. Wholesale betrayal of my country . . ."

"One moment," interrupted the other. "You take too harsh a view. We know in our country—and you know, too—that you were the most competent expert in aerial defence that the English had. Very well. You give excellent service. One day you make a slight slip . . ."

"Beautifully put," murmured Loderer, bitterly.

"Please," said the other. "Your previous good work counts for nothing. All your talents are allowed to be wasted. You are thrown out on the dust-heap. You come here to drink yourself into stupidity and possibly worse. You have lost everything in your own country—position, money and even ambition. Now I come to you with this offer. In my country, if you will work with us, you can win all these things back. Will you cross the frontier and see His Excellency?"

Loderer shook his head.

"Perhaps you have not seen this," said the other. He pulled a London newspaper out of his pocket and unfolded it at a page which held the item:

"ENGAGEMENT OF ACTRESS.

"Miss Daphne Fair, the talented young actress of the Romantic Theatre, has announced her engagement to General Roger Dainger, D.S.O., M.C."

Slowly Loderer refolded the paper and stared in silence at the opposite wall. The other, who knew his London and was necessarily something of a student of psychology, could almost see into the Englishman's mind . . . could almost see Loderer picturing the entrance of a slim, dark, beautiful girl on the stage . . . could almost feel himself the stab at Loderer's heart that must have come with that treasured memory now . . . could almost hear, as surely Loderer was hearing, the beat of the song now so brutally ironical:

"There's something about a soldier,
There's something about a soldier . . ."

Slowly Loderer turned his head and looked at the other with reckless, burning eyes.

"When will His Excellency see me?" he said.

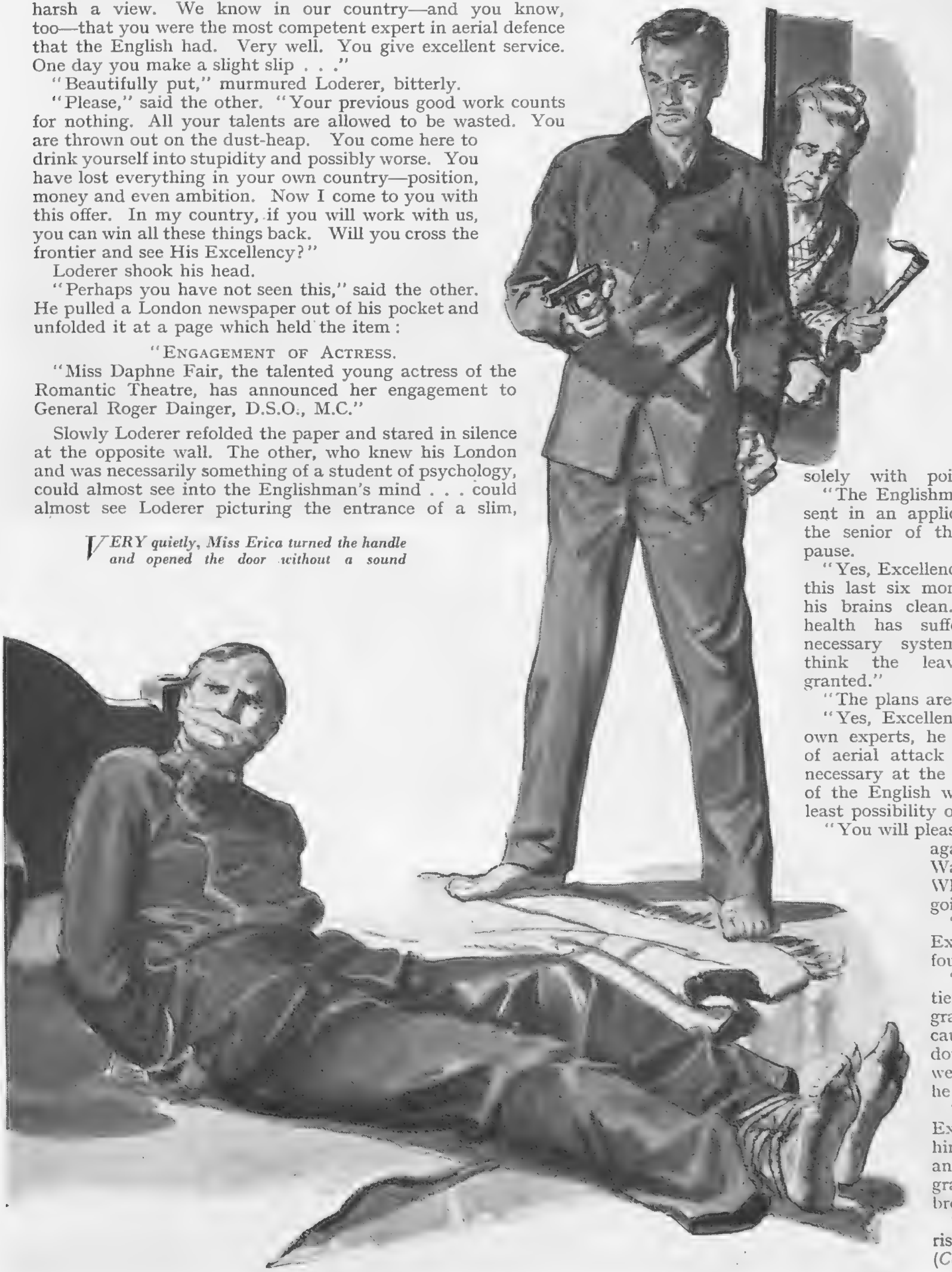
"To-morrow," said the other.

There was a slight creaking from the region of the door.

The foreigner sat bolt upright, with his ears alert. All at once he rose to his feet and silently strode over the carpet. He pulled the door open with a swift movement and stepped quickly into the hall. There was nobody there—much.

Only elderly Miss Erica dozing in a cane chair at the end of the hall.

VERY quietly, Miss Erica turned the handle and opened the door without a sound



SIX months later, up in the fifth floor of a building in a Central European capital, two men discussed certain affairs. One of the men was the fair-haired foreigner. The other, whom the fair man respectfully addressed as Excellency, was a dark man with the face of a wolf and a ruthless militaristic brain. The building was made of reinforced concrete, in the plain and severe twentieth century style which aimed at the maximum of security and hygiene. In quaint contrast, the matters the two men discussed dealt solely with poison and destruction.

"The Englishman, Loderer, has again sent in an application for leave," said the senior of the two men, during a pause.

"Yes, Excellency. He has worked well this last six months. We have picked his brains clean. No doubt, too, his health has suffered from our very necessary system of surveillance. I think the leave might safely be granted."

"The plans are now complete?"

"Yes, Excellency. Working with our own experts, he has evolved a scheme of aerial attack which would strike, if necessary at the most vulnerable points of the English with greatest speed and least possibility of loss."

"You will please let me have the plans again for the meeting of the War Council this afternoon. Where does he intend going for his leave?"

"To the Swiss hotel, Excellency, in which I found him."

"Ah, across the frontier? The leave might be granted, if certain precautions are taken. Undoubtedly he has worked well for us. How long will he be away?"

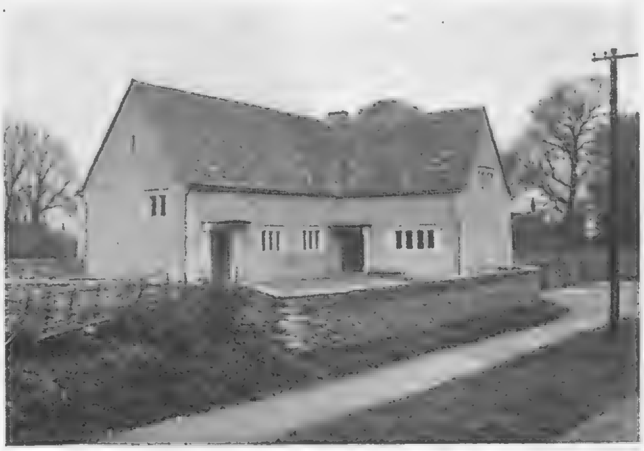
"He requests one month, Excellency. I have had him medically examined, and the doctor reports grave danger of a nervous breakdown."

"We do not want to risk that at this stage.

(*Continued on page* 110)

The Village Hall—

By Geoffrey Holdsworth



Kelmscott (Gloucestershire) Village Hall

North Creake

FEW townsmen have any real understanding of village life. To them, the village is a picturesque collection of cottages, at which one sometimes has tea while passing through in the car of a summer afternoon. If the nostalgia for mother earth be very great, the townsman may even go so far as renting a weekend cottage—but in actual fact, he will have little touch with the essential life of the village.

To the countryman, village life is a far more serious thing—it is, in fact, everything. The basic industry of the country is agriculture, and for this reason, as well as because of its isolation, the village has to be largely a self-supporting community.

You will find there the satellites of agriculture; the small trades and crafts that are essential to a village community. There will be the village shop, and the butcher. The cobbler, the man who fetches the newspapers from the nearest town on a bicycle, the coal dealer, the innkeeper, the carpenter. Usually also a handyman, who sweeps chimneys, does a bit of plumbing, mends fences and bicycles and can usually be depended on to procure a rabbit at need. There will be the vicar, possibly the squire, and maybe a doctor; the rest of the inhabitants of the village will be dependent for their livelihood on the land.

For these people, the winter is long. Many wet, weary months have to be endured between Michaelmas and Easter. The rain beats down, the lanes are ankle-deep in mire, and it must sometimes seem as though the village were forgotten of God and man.

Imagine the long dreary days of winter, ploughing the sodden fields. The trudge home at dusk, and the long evening, with no other amusement but what can be found in the tap room of the village inn. Good enough, perhaps, for the old men, but what of the young?

Is it any wonder that they listen in envy to the tales of their friends from the towns? That they themselves tend to drift away from the countryside?

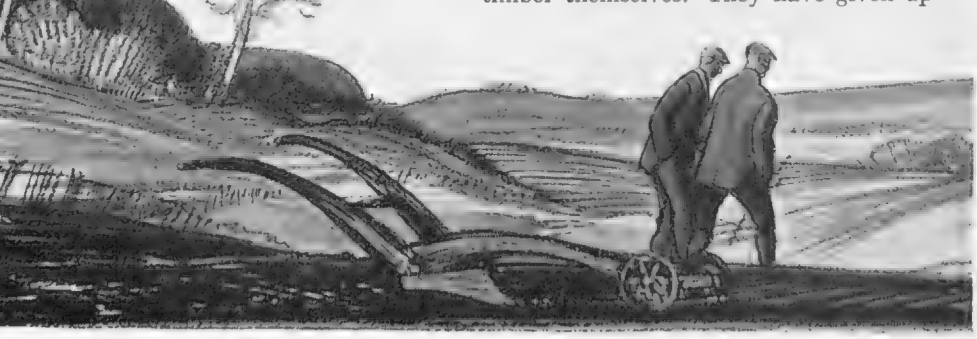
It is only since the war that thinking people have begun to take a real interest in our villages. During the war, Germany had brought us within measurable distance of starvation. Home-produced food supplies were of vital importance, and they could only be insured by having a strong and contented rural population.

This is where the village hall comes in.

Some villages have had halls for many years. They have been built through the generosity of some local landowner, perhaps, and immediately after the war, a number of halls were built and endowed in memory of the fallen.

But in nearly every case, no village hall has been a success unless the villagers have had to fight and struggle and raise money for its building. In the latter case the hall has always taken a really vital part in the life of the village, and the villagers, no less have taken a keen interest in the hall.

IN many cases, they have dug the foundations, laid the bricks, sawn the timber themselves. They have given up



Its Place in Country Life

Village Hall, Norfolk

Sutton-on-Derwent Village Hall, Yorkshire

little luxuries in order to procure money for the work, they take an active part in the committee of management. It is their own adventure, and the reverse of a kind of indulgent charity.

Very fine work has been done towards the preservation of rural England by those responsible for building village halls. In some cases, old barns, with the beautiful timbering intact, have been converted to use as a village hall with remarkable effect, and the result has been not only to provide the village with a centre for community life, but to enhance and preserve its beauty.

In other villages, old cottages, beautiful in themselves but condemned as unfit for human habitation, have been saved. Willing hands have worked to convert them and put them into a state of repair, and the result has been a village hall with mellow old walls and thatched roof, instead of a glaring building of brick or asbestos.

Villages have shown remarkable enterprise in the raising of money for the construction or adaptation of a hall. I have already referred to voluntary labour. In some cases, practically all the able-bodied members of a village have turned to, and, led by a skilled workman, have built their hall themselves without payment, thus saving all costs except the cost of materials.

In one village, a building, suitable for adaptation as a hall, came on to the market, and it was found that £500 was necessary to prevent it passing into other hands. They could not hope to raise the money in time by donations and subscriptions, so the villagers were invited to *lend* what they could in units of ten shillings each. These loans were to be free of interest, but at the end of the year, a number of loans, to be selected by lot, were to be repaid out of the net profits of the hall.

The response to this appeal was immediate, and the £500 was raised in time to save the building for the village.

In addition to what the village can do for itself, the National Council of Social Service can make loans and grants.

Free grants are available from the funds of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, but they must not exceed one-sixth of the total cost of the scheme. Loans are for not more than a third of the total cost, and are free of interest and repayable at the end of five years. It is interesting that out of 375 village schemes so helped, not one has defaulted. Since the work began, grants to villages have totalled £47,159, and loans £65,124.

Bryher, one of the Scilly Isles, has a population of only eighty, but the islanders set to work with great enthusiasm to build a hall. It is now so popular, that men from neighbouring islands row miles to come over for a game of billiards.

A hall, in a Monmouthshire village, owed its erection to the energy of the village policeman, the self-appointed dictator of the village. He worked and induced others to work to such purpose, that the hall is now a going concern, free of debt and paying handsomely.

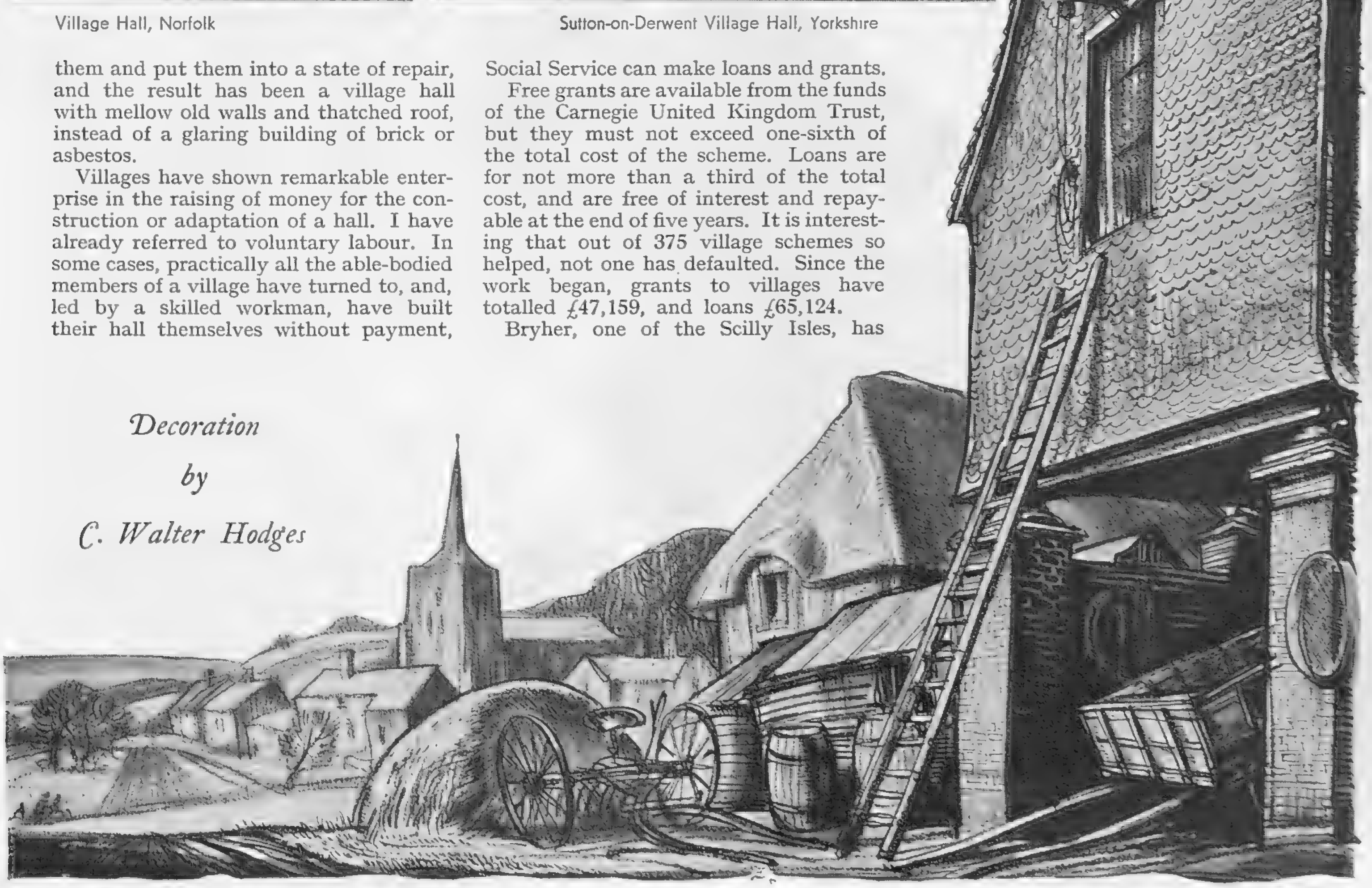
One village, near Chelmsford in Essex, already had a church hall. But the vicar would not sanction its use for any but church purposes. So the village got together and determined to build a hall in which any and every village activity could take place,

(*Continued on page* 128)

Decoration

by

C. Walter Hodges



BOOKS:

A Varied Cargo

By Alan Seymour

THE HEALING KNIFE
RECOMMENDED BOOK SOCIETY
HARRY GREENWALL
THEY ALMOST ESCAPED
News
PAMELA FRANKAU
FORTY FATHOMS DEEP
PEARL DIVERS & SEA ROVERS IN AUSTRALIAN SEAS
ION L. IDRIESS
BELOVED MARIAN
A Social History of Mrs Warren Hastings
K L MURRAY
SHIPS IN THE SKY
Sir John Reith
GARRY ALLIGHAN

IF a man's importance is to be rated by the degree of control he exercises over his fellow-countrymen, I wonder which should be accounted the more influential, the Prime Minister or the Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation?

The former controls our achievements but the latter controls our aspirations. When we have decided exactly how much the first are governed by the second we shall have arrived at the answer to that query.

Whatever the answer may be, it must be conceded that Sir John Reith as Controller-General of the B.B.C., wields enormous power—a power which, if vested in a lesser man and a lesser idealist, might do incalculable harm to our race.

He directs a machine which produces mass-education, mass-entertainment and mass-information for continuous consumption by millions of the people of this country and every overseas nation of the Commonwealth.

That so little should be known generally about a man exercising such a profound influence over us and ours is extraordinary, yet not half so extraordinary as the life history of the man himself.

In *Sir John Reith* (Stanley Paul, 15s.), Garry Allighan, the well-known wireless critic, gives us the life-story of this remarkable man, superimposed upon the background of the romance of radio, into which are introduced many fascinating and intimate disclosures made from inside the B.B.C. itself, with now and then some statements that are characterised by diverting candour.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Gainford, P.C. contributes a foreword and the book contains a number of photographic illustrations of great historic interest in addition to a full-page reproduction of a characteristic impression of Sir John Reith by Edmund X. Kapp.

MORE than a suspicion of that imperishable curiosity which is Childhood is consciously present in all sincere grown-ups. In adolescents it is called charm.

Strive as we may have to strive to master this spirit of wonderment, every now and then it will claim the ascendency and, so to speak, poke through an impudent, tousled head.

At such moments we are apt to be a little horrified at our own impotence and to redouble our efforts to vanquish this unseemly interrupter.

But when it comes to pantomimes and circuses, why then even the most restrained of us feels a delicious justification in indulging his perennial simplicity.

The circus ring is forever and forever a magic circle within whose tawdry circumference occur scheduled miracles of daring, of humour and of beauty.

It is, of course, well known to all of us that the performers are not of ordinary flesh and blood.

No mere mortal could persuade long-maned ponies to drill with the precision of a regiment of Guards.

No mere mortal could hang upside-down and twirl five incredibly reckless trapeze-artists from her teeth a hundred feet above our heads, while the blinding arc-lights make their tinsel trappings gleam with celestial radiance.

No mere mortal could tumble in that boneless manner peculiar to those little monstrosities in the ill-fitting suits who have such a genius for getting in each other's and everybody else's way.

It is because of the collection of immortals who go to make up the circus that the circus itself evokes that within each one of us which is immortal.

This month has brought me two new books touching on the circus.

On the Road with Bertram Mills, which Chatto and Windus publish at 12s. 6d., is the work of Mr. Stanley Williamson, who is excitingly described as "Big Top Press Agent" to Mr. Mills's collection of immortals.

In this enthralling book, with its forty excellent illustrations, the reader is taken with the circus from Land's End to

(*Continued on page* 97)

Would *you* be a Sailor's Wife?

THE girl went back to the hotel and rang up a friend in the office of the Commander-in-Chief to learn that the ship had been ordered to go direct to Malta

A RATHER shabby motor-car drew up at an hotel in Portsmouth. A woman got out—young, attractive, smartly, but not expensively, dressed. She had no luggage with her, but she booked a double room.

The formalities completed, she went to the room to rest. It had been a tiring drive from Portland. Her husband's destroyer had left Portland before she had. It would be already berthed alongside one of the jetties of the dockyard, but she did not expect him until five or six. She knew the Navy, and that her husband would not leave his ship, even for her, until the day's work was well and truly done.

Six o'clock came—seven. A demon of worry obtruded itself. Finally she decided to go along to the dockyard. At the gates the sergeant of the Royal Marine Police looked through his list of ships in the port and shook his head, "H.M.S. *Vistula's* not at Portsmouth," he said.

The demon of worry took the bit in its teeth. The weather was bad. What could have happened? Some old Greek had said, "Those who go to sea are only four inches from death." The girl went back to the hotel and rang up a friend in the office of the Commander-in-Chief. From him she learnt the horrid truth. H.M.S. *Vistula*, while at sea on passage from Portland to Portsmouth, had been ordered by wireless to go direct to Malta.

That laid the worst worry—but it produced others. She was stranded. She had very little money in her bag. She had the car, but every bit of luggage she possessed—and her bull terrier—were somewhere on the high seas on the way to an island two thousand miles away. . . . Why, oh why, had they decided that it would save trouble if all the luggage were taken round in the ship? She might at least have taken a suitcase in the car. . . .

That is a true story of a naval officer's wife. A pretty predicament—but the very Service which had caused it offered compensation. She had hosts of friends in and around Portsmouth—wives of other naval officers—and any one of them would be glad to do anything to help her out of the hole. There is a cheery freemasonry among those who are married to naval men. More often than not this twists what might be tragedy into high comedy.

SUCH predicaments are due to what Whitehall calls "the exigencies of the Service." Every woman who marries a naval man must make up her mind that her married life will always have to be ordered "subject to the exigencies of the Service." These vary. In the piping times of peace they don't interfere much, but when the international situation is as complicated as it has been for the last two and a half years they are apt to become an infernal nuisance. Naturally, the more pressing the commitments of the Royal Navy, the more foreign service is likely to be required of the personnel—and for a married man foreign service may mean separation which may last for two years and more.

But not always. The Navy goes almost all over the world, and a great many sailors' wives go too. The old days when women lived on board British warships are gone. The injunction "show a leg" which jerks the sailor back to consciousness every morning is a legacy of those days. A hairy shin appearing over the edge of a hammock meant that its owner had to "turn out" at once, but a shapely ankle was a passport to another hour of sleep. But if a wife cannot now travel with her husband on board a man-of-war, she can follow or precede him—in far greater comfort.

Wherever the Royal Navy has a base there is a colony of Englishwomen. Always there is gaiety—dances, parties, picnics—a spontaneous good-fellowship born of the wide outlook of those who know the world. For the average naval wife, moreover, experience and knowledge of the world is not the prerogative of lost youth. Travel and gaiety feed the zest of youth. I know of one naval wife who, in six years of marriage, has lived in the West Indies, Malta, and China, and has visited Japan, Malaya, and the United States. She is still well on the right side of thirty.

Of course, travelling costs money. But then, L.s.d. is the eternal problem of practically all marriages. Travelling expenses need not be as terrifying as the first-class fares of luxury liners make them appear. Naval wives are not as a rule entitled to free or "assisted" passages, but if a troopship (*Continued on page* 102)

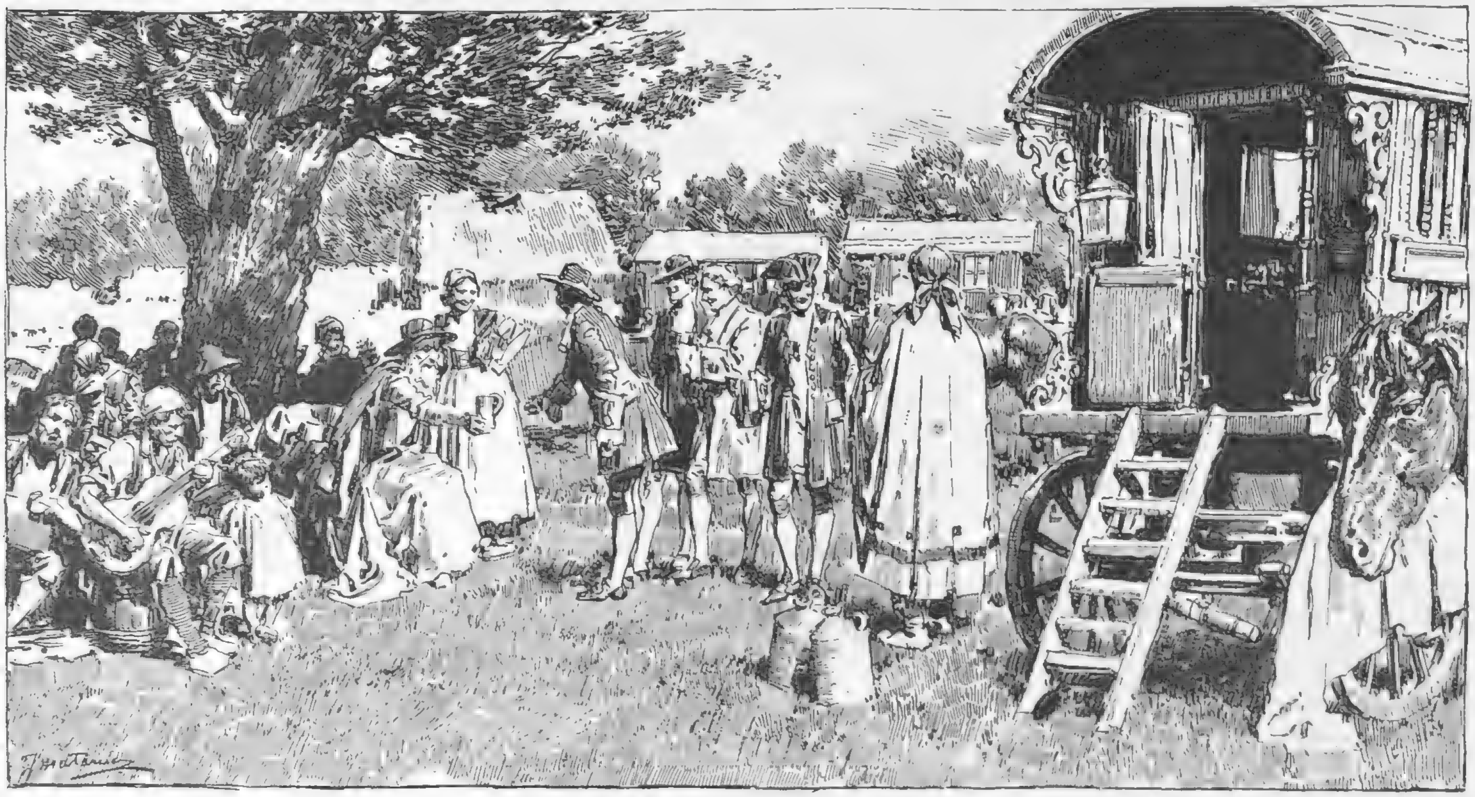
PARTINGS there certainly are—but "journeys end in lovers' meetings"

By Lieut.-Comdr. Kenneth Edwards

Old Tales Re-told

The *Devon* Boy who *became* a *Gypsy* K*ing*

Written and Illustrated
By F. Matania, R.I.



CAREW and his friends were invited to join the gypsy party

HAPPY he who can follow his real vocation and the work that suits his nature. Happy the man who can choose his own occupation without having to bow to any adaptation, limitation or imposition. The majority of individuals yield to the circumstances of life and for the necessity of earning a livelihood, obey according to social standing and personal capability.

We are nearly all animated by the desire to rise in the world, but of course, we are all more or less at the mercy of that capricious and fleeting goddess most appropriately represented as blindfolded, and called Fortune. It is very seldom that we see the exception to this provided by the man who, without being pushed by any religious fanaticism, or without having in view any great personal advantage, willingly renounces the privilege of a bright start in life for something amazingly inferior. Among such exceptions stands out the striking example of Bampfylde-More Carew.

Carew's family was a very ancient one and like many similar patriarchal families of the county of Devon, they were deeply proud of their name, their ancestors and their traditions.

SON of the Reverend Theodore Carew, Bampfylde was born in 1693, and received at Tiverton School a fitting education to enable him to follow in his father's footsteps.

At Tiverton the boy grew strong, tall and agile. He was mentally, alert and brighter than any of his school mates. In fact, he was endowed with a memory that bordered on the prodigious. Without apparent effort he could grasp the complications of the most intricate problems, and he had but to read a passage once for it to become permanently engraved on his mind. His wonderful memory for dates, names and figures allowed him to excel in practically every branch of study. What was also remarkable he distinguished himself in sport at the same time. A daring rider, a tireless swimmer, clever and strong in every other kind of physical exercise, he was a youth of incredible versatility. Another accomplishment lay in the fact that he could modulate his voice from the deepest bass to the highest pitch of a soprano, and by using his powers in this direction he became known as a brilliant mimic.

Another attribute of this astonishing youth was a mysterious understanding he had with animals, and with dogs in particular. It seems as though he could at first sight mesmerise them, making them do whatever he willed.

Schoolboys and the atmosphere of schools having at all times been the same; an element combining strength, daring and brain being soon singled out, and thus Carew became the ringleader of a little band of four boys whose similarity of taste had bound them together in friendship.

Bampfylde's three companions were John Martin, Thomas Coleman and John Escott. All three belonged to wealthy families of high rank. None of them had yet reached the age of twenty, when an unexpected incident abruptly changed the calm course of their lives.

ONE day, enticed by a well-known sportsman to chase a deer which had disappeared in a field of corn, the four of them joined in the hunt. It took them over five hours before they caught and killed the animal. It turned out to be one privately owned by a near neighbour. They caused an immense amount of damage to the field with the result that serious complaints reached the head of the school.

Fearing the consequences the four culprits ran away. They wandered in the country, and the next day, as they were taking some refreshment in an ale house called Brick House, not far from Tiverton, they came in contact with a group of gypsies. The latter were in the midst of one of their characteristic festivals.

An insight into the primitive way of living, the caravans, wherein the congested necessities of life exercise a mysterious fascination for all lovers of nomadic life, the hospitable ways and flattering manners of those people, so simple in their appearance, yet so keen in their intelligence, attracted the runaways, appealing irresistibly to their adventurous natures.

Invited to join the happy party (about seventeen altogether), Carew and his friends partook of the most succulent dinner and drained many more tankards than they should. In the end they decided to give a final kick to all the ambitions of their parents, all the plans that had been laid for their future lives, and all the glory of their heritage.

They asked their hosts to admit them among the gypsies. This request, however, was only taken for a jest, and was at first refused. In fact, it took all the night and the next day to persuade the gypsies that they really meant it, and that they were ready to go through the normal ceremony and to take the ritual oath.

As soon as the four boys had been admitted to the community, and had sworn allegiance to the king, a decrepit old man, they were instructed in the modes and means of working for the benefit of the tribe. Their instructions were to scatter and try every means and stratagem in order to get help, money, food, or whatever else it was possible to obtain in exchange for words. This kind of work, of course, implied the use of ready wit and acting ability to deceive the good faith of the people. No profession could have offered a more favourable field for the devilries of which Carew was capable.

The first disguise that he tried was that of a shipwrecked seaman. He falsified to perfection certificates and passes so that he could travel without molestation and convince the world of his bona fides. The effect proved to be surprising and the profits far superior to his expectations. Whenever he saw a good-natured person deeply touched by the pitiful stories that he concocted, he felt the same pride and the same joy that the great actor feels when he has succeeded in bringing his audience to the point of tears.

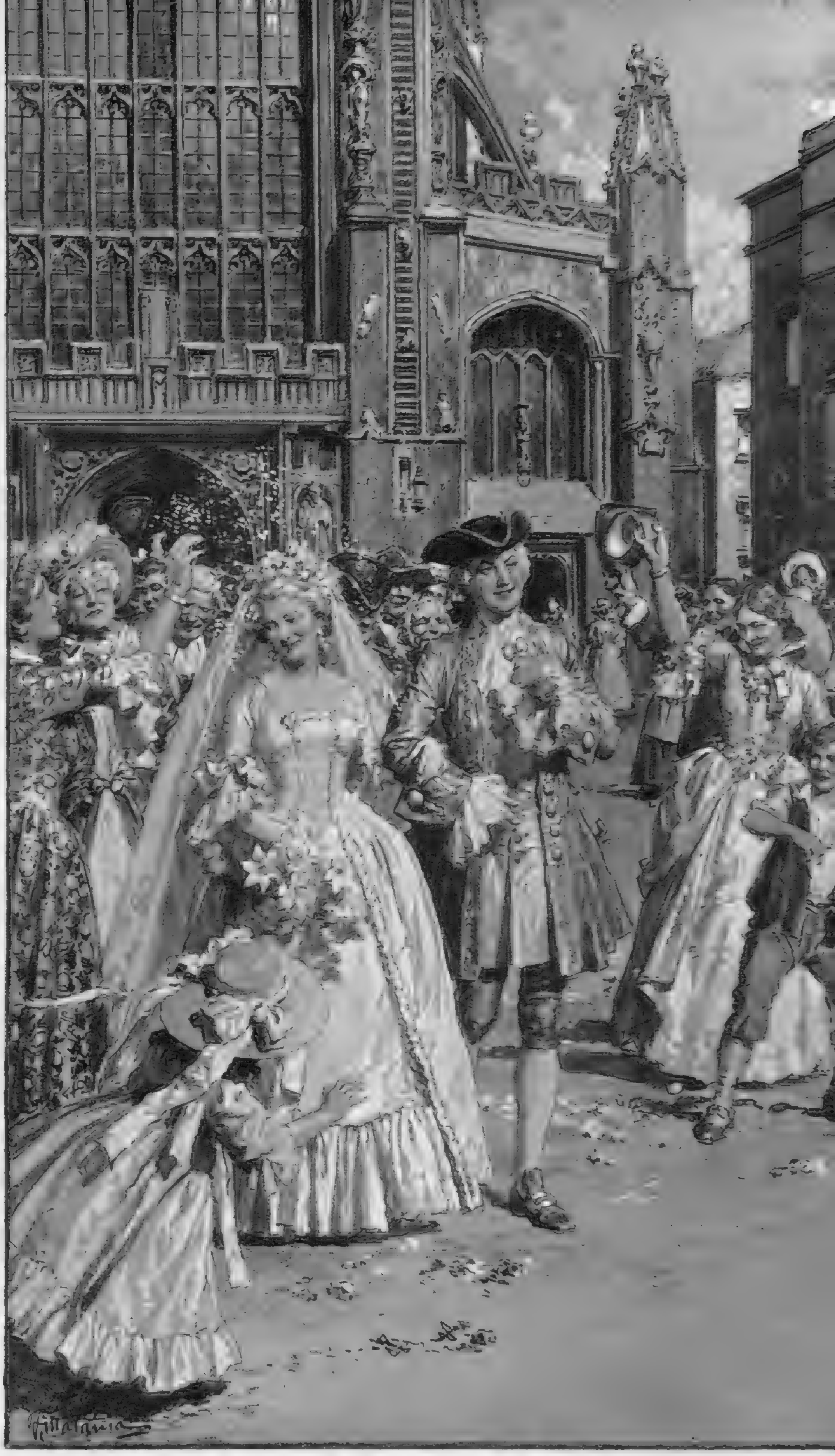
Gradually his hiding-place became like the shop of a theatrical costumier for the quantity and variety of costumes and objects with which it was stocked. One week he was the shipwrecked seaman describing with an impressive realism the fury of the elements and the drowning of his mates. Another week he was the unfortunate farmer whose ground had been flooded and his cattle drowned. With tears in his eyes and an appealing quiver in his voice, he would relate, with touching details, the cruel end of innocent animals that he had not been able to rescue. At first his "dignity" would not allow him to accept any help, and when he did accept, it was, he indicated, more to please the benefactor than to relieve his misfortune.

He also made very good use of his immense number of influential friends and connections. Coming from a noble family, he knew many people of means and he had a very ingenuous way of exploiting them. His inexhaustible inventions enabled him to think of pitiful stories in various ways connected with real incidents and real people, so that it was not difficult to touch the tender spot and secure the sympathy of those who were directly or indirectly interested or connected with the tale.

He had also an extensive knowledge of dialects, and the perfect way in which he spoke them made his impersonations masterpieces of imitation.

Not one of his fellow gypsies possessed so many qualities, and whenever he brought to the camp the practical results of his activities, it was a new triumph for him, and, as a special distinction, he was given a place near the King.

Quite evidently Carew was making rapid steps towards the throne.



With all the solemnity and splendour due to the honourable families to which they belonged, they were married at Bath

Eager to know a little more of this wonderful world, and to enrich his store of knowledge the better to perpetrate his deceptions, he and his friend Escott embarked on a vessel bound for Newfoundland. This voyage in itself was uneventful, but once in the new world he took a keen interest in everything about him with the preconceived idea of exploiting his knowledge. He soon became acquainted with the most prominent inhabitants.

As the favourable season returned, he came back to England where he was joyfully received by the gypsies. From this venture he reaped a rich harvest.

He spared no pains to make his deceptions ring true, even going to the extent of making a cruise for the sake of staging a shipwreck wherein he was supposed to have lost his entire load of dried and cured fish that he was bringing from Newfoundland.

Occasionally he dressed himself as the man of gentle birth that he actually was, and it was during one of these civilised intervals that he went to Newcastle-on-Tyne. His plan was to visit a coal-mine, but an unexpected vision made him discover that he was himself a mine of most inflammable fuel, for the beautiful eyes of a young girl had enflamed him beyond hope of recovery.

She was the daughter of a Mr. Gray, an eminent surgeon and apothecary. He had been presented to her with another name and as the mate of a collier whose captain supported the deception. He feared that should it become known that he was a gypsy he might be at once repulsed, but later, when he was sure that his affection was reciprocated, he made a clean breast of everything. The lady listened to him passively, and with the most tender smile told him that nothing would make any difference.

With all the solemnity and splendour due to the honourable families to which they belonged, they were married at Bath.

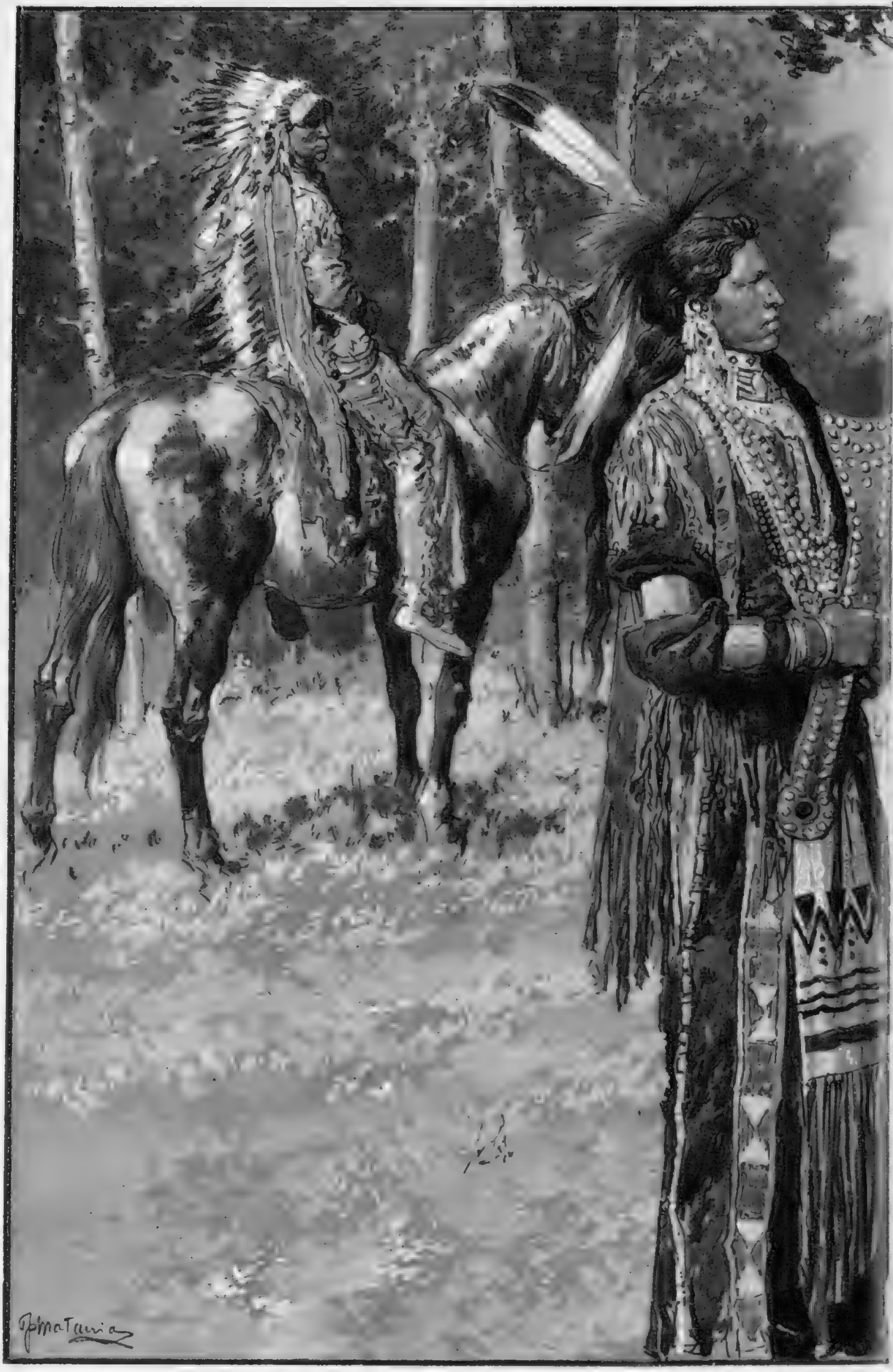
For several months he and his young wife visited many places and many friends, impressing all with their gorgeous dress and luxurious habits.

Many attempts were made by Carew's relatives to persuade him to give up the mad idea of his mode of life with the gypsies, and sever all connections with them. He was promised a rich heritage, wealth and position, but he refused all.

A short while after he left Bath he had the proof how poverty and rags were despised.

He conceived the original idea of disguising himself as a poor cripple on crutches and to go back to Bath, the very spot where a few weeks before he had made such a grand show. Without arousing the least suspicion as to his identity, he knocked for an entire season at the very doors of those who had feasted him and his blushing bride. He met with every kind of rebuff, and was looked upon with a supercilious brow even by the Church.

After innumerable episodes he was held in such high estimation by the gypsies, that, on the death of their king, he was elected to take his place. The register of their actions was committed to his care.



Carew was brought before the chief,
ring he carried around his neck. A

Many hundreds arrived from every quarter for the occasion, and the Assembly hailed Bampfylde-More Carew as the King of the Romanies.

The dignity of this position exempted him from being a militant beggar, but a life of indolence was not made for him, and he resumed his enterprises more eagerly than ever before.

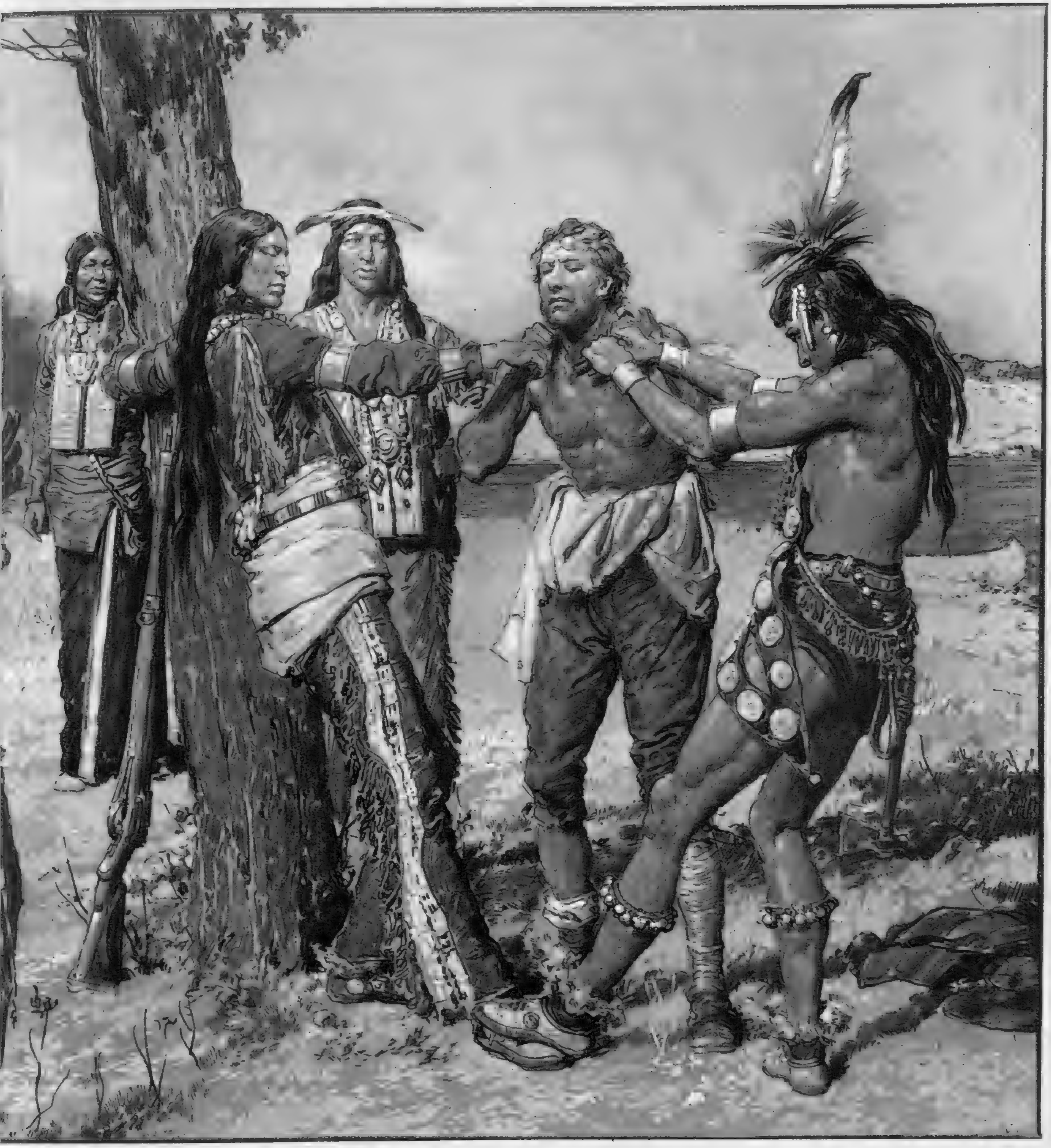
This time, however, fortune ceased to smile upon him, for he fell into a trap that taxed his moral and physical energies heavily.

One day passing through Barnstaple, he paid a visit to a Mr. Robert Ingleton. As he was ushered in, the door was immediately closed behind him, and he was arrested. Judge Lethbridge, who had an unextinguishable grudge against the gypsies in general, and Carew in particular (on account of the latter having once frightened his horse), had for a long time been watching for an opportunity to revenge himself. Guards were at once posted around the house to prevent Bampfylde's escape.

Like lightning the news spread abroad and the house of the judge was besieged by people of every class who came to intercede on Carew's behalf. Many smart and beautiful women undertook the task of mollifying the stern judge with their engaging smiles, but the latter's advanced age evidently rendered him quite incorruptible. A warrant was drawn up to convey the prisoner to Exeter. Here he was condemned to extradition for seven years.

The blow was as terrible as it was unexpected. The separation from his beloved wife was all the more painful as he was already the father of two little girls that he loved most tenderly. Nor could the increasing crowd of sympathisers that visited him compensate the cruelty of such a separation.

He was brought on board a vessel bound for Maryland, under the command of



who, without hesitation, set himself the task of relieving him of the terrible iron saw had to be purposely made and after considerable labour the ring was forced open

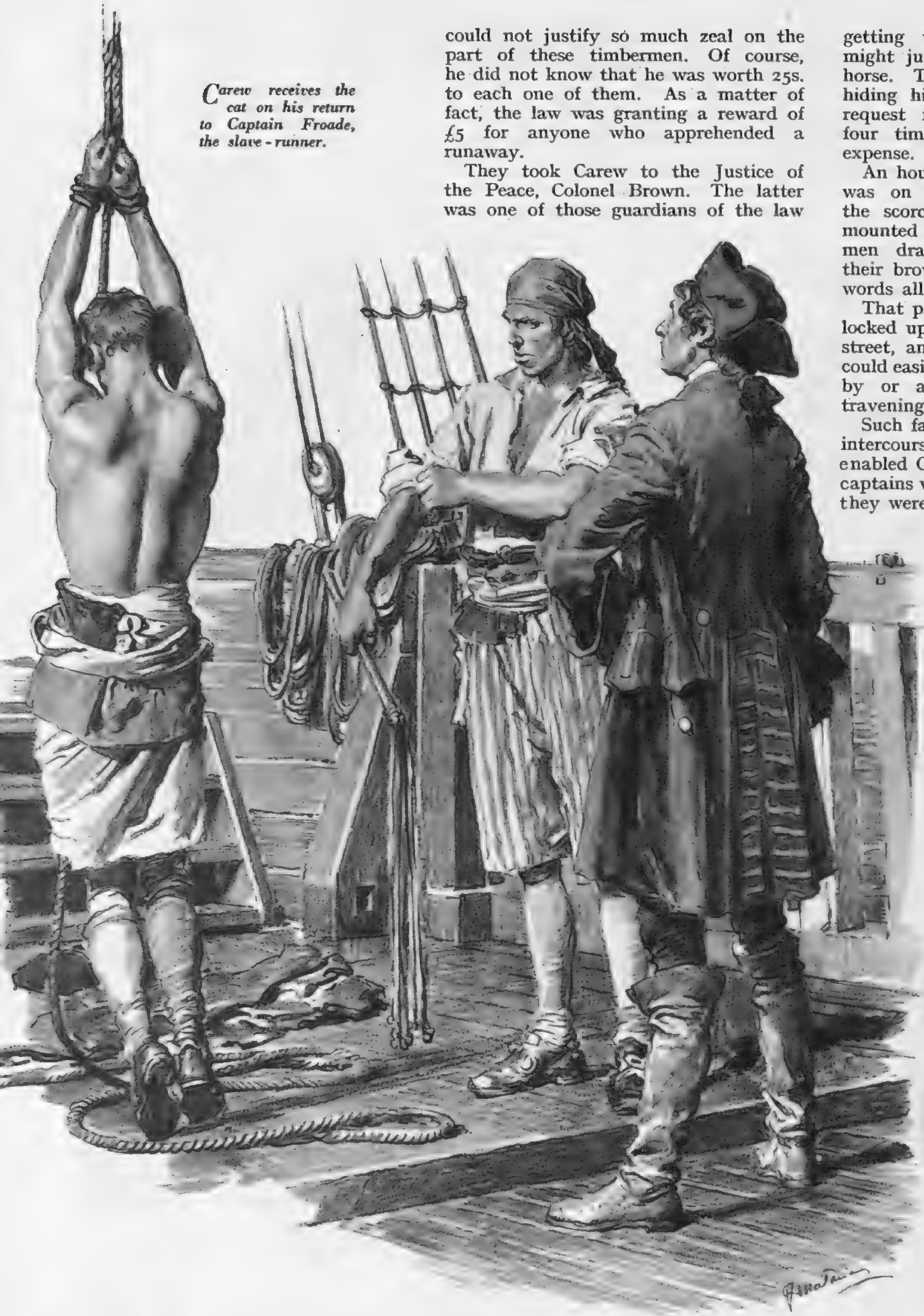
Captain Froade. For eleven weeks the vessel, with a human cargo of over one hundred souls, braved the waves and the frightful solitude of the ocean.

It was still the time when the development of the new lands of America was almost completely resting on the labour of slaves bought and sold like cattle, and the hundred wretches that were congested down in the hold of the ship were all destined to be offered for sale.

For them the sight of land appearing on the horizon was only the beginning of new suffering. A pilot brought the vessel down the Miles River and anchor was dropped near the shores of Talbot County. Captain Froade ordered the male prisoners to shave their beards, and dress themselves in their best clothes, whilst the women had to wear white caps and look as nice as they could. The toilette accomplished, they were lined up on deck, whilst the gun was fired as a signal to the planters to come aboard and make their selection. Every one of them was taken away by their new master amidst a chorus of lamentation and cries. Carew did everything to elevate the spirits of his fellow-sufferers, and he pointed out to them the beauty of this new country, the fertility of the soil, etc.

Soon his turn came, and when he was asked what he could do, he said he was a rat catcher, a beggar, and a dog merchant. Abilities of very little use to those masters who were looking for carpenters, blacksmiths, and other practical professions.

Captain Froade, eager to sell Carew, told the prospective buyer that the prisoner was only joking, for he was a great scholar and had committed no crime, but had displeased an influential magistrate, and no doubt he would make an excellent schoolmaster. The planter was more horrified than before, and refused to have anything to do with such refined merchandise.



Carew receives the cat on his return to Captain Froade, the slave-runner.

THE next day Captain Froade took Carew ashore with him, determined to dispose of this unsold remnant. As he was regaling with drinks a couple of planters who showed inclination to adopt Carew, the latter took this opportune moment to push a pint of brandy and some biscuits into his pockets, slip through a backdoor and so make good his escape.

Eluding attention, he rapidly left behind him the inhabited part, making for a wood where he might hide. But the prospect of freedom did not last longer than a day or two, for he met with four timbermen who took a considerable interest in him and enquired whether he had his pass. Naturally he had none, nor did the excuse that he gave prove very successful. He could not justify so much zeal on the part of these timbermen. Of course, he did not know that he was worth 25s. to each one of them. As a matter of fact, the law was granting a reward of £5 for anyone who apprehended a runaway.

They took Carew to the Justice of the Peace, Colonel Brown. The latter was one of those guardians of the law strongly inclined to clemency. A profound connoisseur of humanity and a great despiser of spies. At the first glance he understood the type of man before him. With a smile he pretended to be satisfied with the feeble excuse that Carew gave as to how he came to be without a pass, but being at fault with the law, he reluctantly had to commit him to the gaol at Newtown.

While the necessary documents were being prepared Justice Brown entertained the prisoner with food and drink.

The four timbermen would receive their reward from the under-sheriff at Newtown on delivery of the prisoner. Before starting Carew drew the Judge's attention to the fact that the climate of that country was too hot for him to walk in, therefore as his guardians were getting their money so easily, they might just as well supply him with a horse. The Judge hardly succeeded in hiding his merriment, and finding the request most reasonable, ordered the four timbermen to get one at their expense.

An hour or two later the queer party was on its way to Newtown under the scorching sun. Carew dignifiedly mounted on a white steed and the four men dragging along on foot wiping their brows and muttering blasphemous words all the way.

That part of the prison where he was locked up was on the same level as the street, and from the barred window he could easily shake hands with the passers-by or accept a drink without contravening any rule.

Such favourable conditions facilitating intercourse with the exterior world, enabled Carew to get in touch with two captains who knew him very well. When they were informed that he had not yet been sold, they decided to rescue him by buying him themselves, and then send him to England a free man.

Was it pride, dignity, or heroism that caused Carew to refuse such a tempting offer ? With tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked his friends and said that he would never forgive himself if he allowed his liberty to be bought at their expense. He only asked them to inform Captain Froade, from whom he had run away the first time, of everything. After all, he was the only man who had the right to claim him. It was evident Carew had not detected that Captain Froade was an envious man and a callous slaver.

The news of Carew's whereabouts filled the Captain with malignant joy. He immediately sent a long-boat to fetch him back. He had not forgotten that on leaving England, he had overheard Carew promising a friend that he would be back in England before him. So he lost no opportunity of taking his revenge.

As Carew walked into his presence, he ordered him to strip. The boatswain was ordered to fetch the cat o' nine tails, and Carew was tied up. This humiliating and cruel punishment not only awoke in Carew a wave of hatred such as he had never felt for anyone before, but proved to him how useless it was to be honourable with some people. For of his own free will he had walked into the hands of his tormentor.

Still quivering with pain, he was submitted to a fresh humiliation as inhuman as the first. He was dragged ashore, and taken to a blacksmith where a heavy iron collar was riveted around his neck. That was another amenity that the law inflicted on runaway slaves.

Within a few days, the ever-happy Carew that everyone had known, always full of joviality and wit, had acquired the dejected and pitiful appearance of the man morally and materially crushed. He was given the task of loading and unloading constantly under the whip and surveillance of the slave driver.

He had almost lost the power of thinking, when one day Captain Avery and Captain Hopkins approached him. They were the two friends who had tried to redeem him at Newtown. To see this man for whom they had conceived such a high respect reduced to such a condition, touched them so deeply, that they decided not to leave a stone unturned until Carew had made good his escape.

The law punished with a fine of forty pounds anyone who helped a runaway slave to take off the iron collar, so they told him if they succeeded in arranging for his escape, he should travel with his collar on as far as that region inhabited only by Indians. They would take it off without difficulty or danger.

A little persuasion, together with a few bribes, and Carew, hiding the brutal iron ring with a piece of cloth, went further and further from the centre where European civilisation was taking root.

He had been informed of many useful notions concerning the Indians, chiefly that there were two kinds of natives. One of very small or dwarf-like stature and great enemies of the white man. Whenever these people came in contact with Europeans, they shot their deadly darts first, and put questions afterwards. The others on the other hand were a gigantic and well-proportioned people, marvellous riders, generous and hospitable. They were already on a friendly footing with the white man, with whom they were trading skins in exchange for rifles and various other objects.

Carew had to be careful to dodge the first while seeking the second. For several days he walked towards the interior of the country scanning the ground for a path revealing human traffic. His provisions were already exhausted when at last he saw a small congregation of Indians with long flowing hair, wearing multi-coloured feathers. Were they the friends or the wild murderous dwarfs? Quivering with trepidation he approached and to his great relief he saw that they were armed with rifles. That was a sign of civilisation.

As soon as they saw him they surrounded him, and from the expression on their faces he gathered their friendly disposition. He was brought before the Chief, a splendid specimen of that virile race, who, without hesitation, set himself the task of relieving Carew from that terrible torture he carried around his neck. A saw had to be purposely constructed, and after considerable labour the ring was forced open.

FOR many weeks Carew enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. Amongst these simple people he had no need to lie, no need of disguise, no need to be on the defensive. They had offered him food and protection, yet he was homesick, and not wishing his host to know it, he refrained from showing it.

So one day, during one of those festivals when dances were in progress around the fire and peace pipes were passing from lip to lip, he cautiously crept away and made his way towards the river where he jumped in a canoe and paddled away, his mind fixed on the memory of his beloved country, his wife and his little daughters.

He landed at Newcastle in Pennsylvania. As soon as he got in contact with civilised people he had to resume the various masks of his normal profession without which he could not hope to return to his native country.

From place to place disguised as a Quaker he made friends with many and fooled many others. He reached Philadelphia exploiting anyone he could, and stage by stage, reached New York, then a settlement of only 7,000 inhabitants. By this time he was already so far from his enemies that he resumed his own name.

Through an intricate complication of stratagems and lies, he succeeded in securing a berth on a boat. With a needle he pricked his skin and with a medicinal substance he irritated it, imitating the symptoms of smallpox. This clever idea gave him the chance of being left in peace and avoided by everyone. He kept up the farce during the entire voyage, and when he went ashore at Bristol he was still wrapped in a blanket, keeping up the appearance of a deplorable object of compassion and pity.

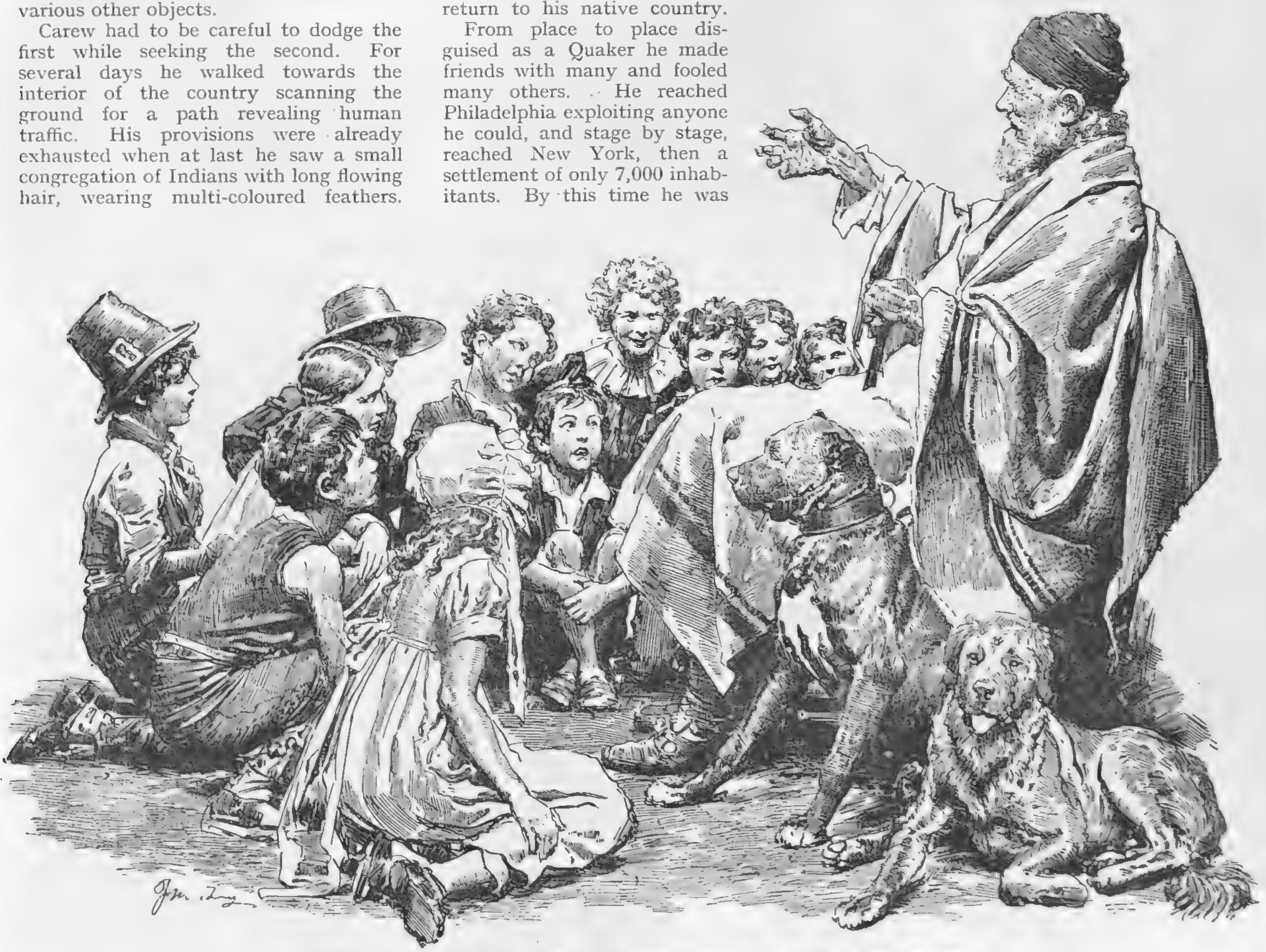
Without making himself too conspicuous he made his way to Exeter, where he enquired about Captain Froade. He laughed heartily when he knew that the slaver was not home yet. As a matter of fact, Froade landed two months later and told everyone that Carew had been lost and that it was more than likely that he had been eaten up by lions.

Imagine his fury, when told that Bampfylde-More Carew had arrived home some eight weeks before.

The reunion with his wife and children was most tender.

Past experience did not make him change his mode of life. Everything started over again, masquerades and camouflages. He even appeared as a ghost, until one day he was arrested again.

Again he was put on board and chained and bound for America. Again he had as many adventures and misadventures as would fill a library. (*Continued on page* 118)



HE spent his last years amidst his numerous grandchildren. How keen they were on sitting around to listen to the thrilling stories their grandpa could tell them y ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE SECOND THREE

You were busy enough during the first three months of the year, if you undertook all the activities mentioned in the first article of this series—preparing the soil, etc., planting the most colourful and easy roses to cover the walls of the house, putting in bulbs and some annuals for this year's flowering.

But that was a rest cure compared with what there is to do during the next three months. For on your efforts now depends to no small extent the display in your garden not only this year but most of next year.

You were able to put in some seeds in March, but the first week in April is the best time for the majority. Any experienced gardener will tell you that except in mild parts seeds sown the first week in April will make finer plants and come into bloom just as early as those sown in March. Before sowing, reduce the soil to the finest possible tilth.

The easiest and most dependable annuals to sow now are opium poppies, sunflowers, marigolds, nigellas, annual lupins and clarkias. On no account omit the first two, for there never were such plants for defying slugs and every sort of insect pest. Do not buy the ordinary strain of opium poppies for, though gorgeous, they cannot compare with the double peony flowered kinds, three feet high with flowers quite as large as peonies. The flowers are every colour except yellow.

Barely cover the seeds with soil. Don't buy the old sunflowers but the newer red Stella hybrids that grow about four feet high, charming both for decorative effect in the garden and for picking. Opium poppies cannot be transplanted and must be thinned out to eight inches apart, but the sunflowers can be raised in boxes and planted out as soon as they are large enough to handle.

April Sow all hardy annuals.
Take cuttings of vigorous herbaceous plants such as phlox, heleniums and Michaelmas daisies.
Sow lawns allowing an ounce of seed to each square yard.

May Sow seed of hardy perennials and biennials.
Plant antirrhinums, asters, zinnias, nicotianas towards end of month.
Stake and tie all perennials as they grow. Never let them flop in the wind or they will grow crooked.
Spray roses with any good insecticide.

June Hoe continually. Never stop weeding.
Take cuttings of rock plants when they have ceased flowering and have made new growths.
Pick off all dead blooms from azaleas, rhododendrons to prevent these shrubs from exhausting themselves by running to seed.

Gardener's Glossary

FINE TILTH	Soil so well broken down that it is almost powder.
THINNING OUT	Removing superfluous seedlings to make room for those left to grow healthily.
DRILLS	Very shallow depressions drawn in a straight line with a hoe.
PIPINGS	Cuttings of pinks that are not cut but pulled with a quick twitch from the parent plant.
PART SHADE	A part of the garden where the sunlight reaches the plants for only a few hours of the day.
BIENNIALS	Plants that flower their second season.

MONTHS IN A GARDEN

Remember to plant dahlias this month. No flowers make such a superb display at such small cost of both money and labour. Put in the tubers about six inches deep and put in the stake at the same time to avoid injuring the roots later. The vigorous growers require space—quite three feet each way.

Slugs are your chief enemies where seedlings are concerned. Here is the one infallible method of dealing with them, a method only discovered comparatively recently. Mix bran with methylated spirits, allowing a teaspoon of spirits to a large cup of bran. Mix well and scatter among the seedlings. Next morning the place will be strewn with slugs.

The solidified spirit easily obtainable is even more effectual than the liquid. Allow one tablet to the cup of bran.

Now for the biennials to plant in May for next year's flowering. The pick are wallflowers, canterbury bells, honesty, sweet williams and foxgloves. Never sow broadcast, but in shallow drills so that you can keep the rows clear of weeds by hoeing until planting out time comes.

Wallflowers in mixed colours are lovely and if you live in a very mild part, be sure to sow the early flowering kind that from a May sowing begins flowering in autumn and goes on until early spring.

For colour effect grow pink and mauve canterbury bells together. Grow also the new annual kinds that will flower in early autumn this year. The pick of the foxgloves are the giant primrose coloured kinds. The purple honesty is unattractive. Grow instead the snow white which looks charming among tulips and wallflowers.

A gardening friend may offer you home saved seed of lilium regale. Accept it joyfully, for this

(*Continued on page* 120)

TREASURE

SUNSHINE fell on the crumpled cover of a bedroom chair and reminded me, rather forcibly, that the house was shabby. It was spring.

Upstairs . . . downstairs it was the same. Sunshine made the whole place seem frowsty. I hated it all.

Ten minutes with a pencil and paper made the financial position clear but discouraging. I could afford twenty-five pounds to give the house its spring overhaul.

There was only one thing for it. A treasure hunt. That twenty-five pounds had got to be laid out pretty carefully.

So I took my money in one hand and some pencilled notes in the other and fared forth. The notes gave me a clue to the more practical needs. A new blind for the kitchen . . . a pair of step-ladders, too. This treasure hunt wasn't to be all glamour.

A parting glimpse of the front hall, its sheer white walls and polished black floor a bit jaded in the sunshine, started me thinking about wallpapers. There is nothing so rejuvenating as the right wallpaper. I found the one for my hall without a fight, an exquisitely dainty empire design in gold on a glossy white background. It wasn't cheap but the hall is small and I know a little man to hang it.

Already in anticipation I am delighted with the hall. The little gilt table from my bedroom shall be brought down. The shiny back floor remains. Here was a beginning.

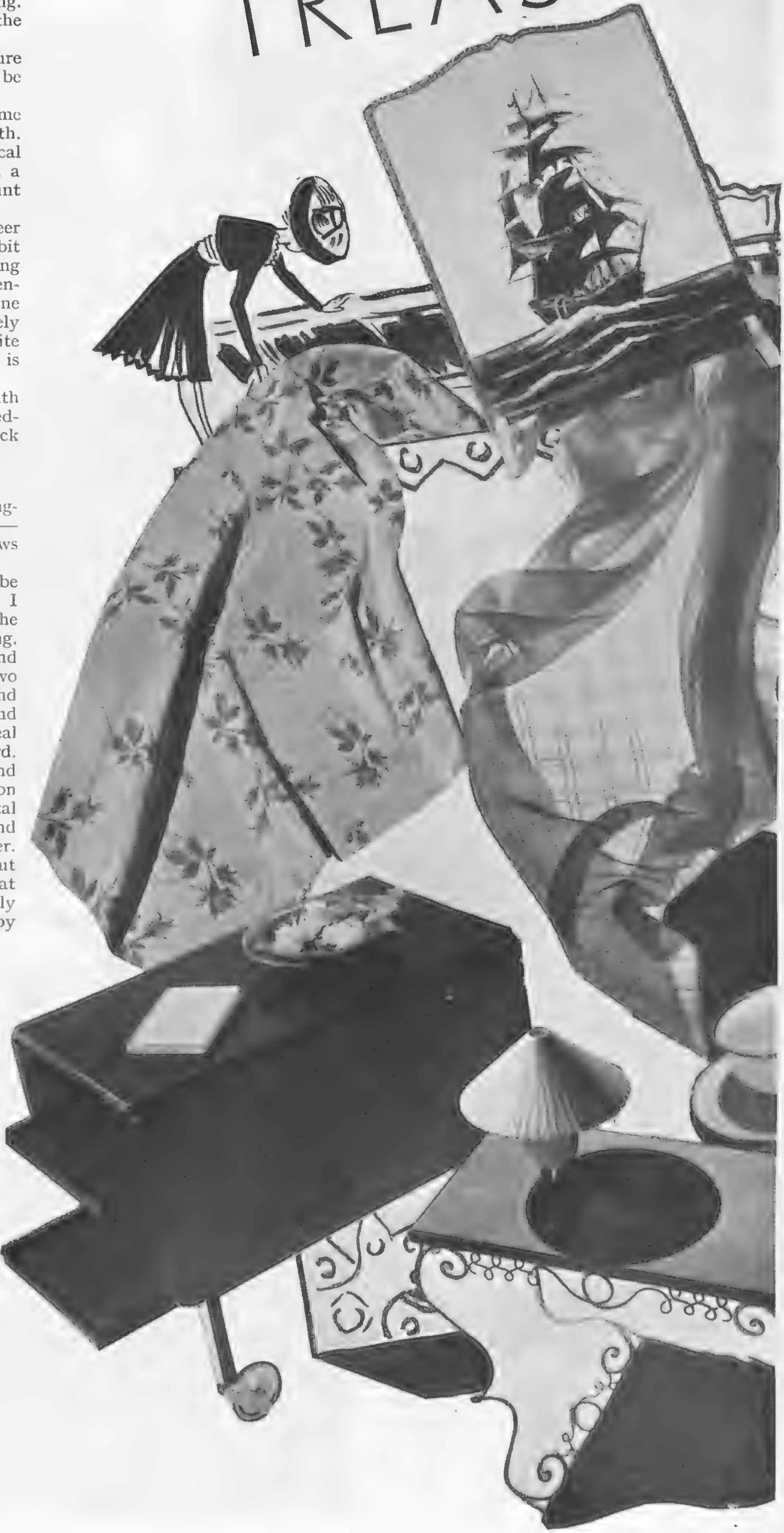
That settled I could think about the sitting-room. Pale yellow walls here—still fresh—wilted chair covers . . . tired looking windows . . . a nearly new carpet.

Material for the new slip covers had to be cheap. The chair and settee are large. I remembered ticking, a new-old discovery of the decorators and a good one. Yes it's bed ticking.

I chose one with a natural background and richly-coloured stripes, red, blue and two shades of green. It was rich in colouring and yet subdued. It is colour fast, tub proof and nearly impossible to crumple. In fact the ideal chair covering, 50 inches wide, 2s. 6d. a yard.

There was some dithering between felt and linen crash for curtains. The linen crash won because of its cool texture, but I made a mental note of the felt—in many lovely colours and 54 inches wide for 5s. a yard—for next winter.

A little rough on my budget, perhaps, but the next purchase was a Standard lamp that combines a small heating unit as well. Chilly summer evenings will be much improved by



Contents of the Treasure Chest

(*Top*) Hand-painted wood fire screen from Hamptons. Painted galleon on a parchment ground. Rich sea colours. 26 ins. high. 29s. 6d.

Fabrics by Courtaulds, an exquisite rayon needlework brocade. Delicate blue ground with rose and green design. 12s. 11d. a yd. Check furnishing ninon, 3s. 11d. a yard. Rayon crêpe for curtains with a raised design. Four colourings. 6s. 11d. a yard.

(*Centre*) A Chinese vase lamp from Liberty's of white opaque glass with a raised design of red or green. White shade. The vase is illuminated from within. Price £2. 17s. 6d.

(*Left bottom*) One simple movement and this dinner wagon becomes a dining table. Patent shock absorbing wheels with spring attachments lift the wagon over carpets and obstacles. Removable trays. Width open 33½ ins., closed 17¾ ins.

(*Below*) A charming wrought iron coffee table. The lower part is painted red, the top is removable

(*Right*) A really different tea set. Sanely magnificent. Cups are rimmed with silver, the teapot, kettle shaped and silvered like the sugar basin and jug. Price £6 15s. 0d.

HUNT

By Winifred Lewis

the presence of that lamp beside my chair spreading light *and* warmth about me as I read or sew. The standard is metal but the heating element is of a sheathed type which ensures that no live metal is exposed and does not interfere with the radiation of heat.

Unearthing curtains and bedspread for my bedroom wasn't easy. So many perfect materials suggested themselves. Cubaleen, the new fabric that has a permanent glaze and costs as little as 2s. 11d. a yard, pulled hard. The decision finally went to a Courtaulds rayon "needlework brocade," an exquisite design of rosebuds "worked" upon a delicate blue ground. Exquisite with my Queen Anne bedroom furniture.

A Rayfurlette coverlet for the bed almost won me. These exquisitely delicate covers have the appearance partly of crushed velvet and partly of pastel coloured fur. Their richness is equal to the finest velvet and their warmth to the best quilt. A coverlet measuring 60 inches by 78 inches costs 42s., and a full size, 100 inches by 72 inches is 75s. But I was set on a quilted percale spread to heighten the period character of my bedroom or the Rayfurlette would certainly have won.

In the same department the hunt brought me to a coloured bath mat, velvety in appearance, rich and soft to the feet, backed with sponge rubber. It lies flat without slipping, dries quickly and stands any amount of washing. Nine charming colours to choose from and only 4s. 11d. I tucked one under my arm.

At Liberty's a lamp for the dining-room simply demanded to be bought. It is one of the few lamps that is completely decorative unlit. The bowl is opaque glass with a raised design of green on red. The white shade is bound with velvet. In addition to the usual light the vase lights from within.

Here, too, some table mats. Painted flower groups under glass. The latest mode. Excellent on my painted table.

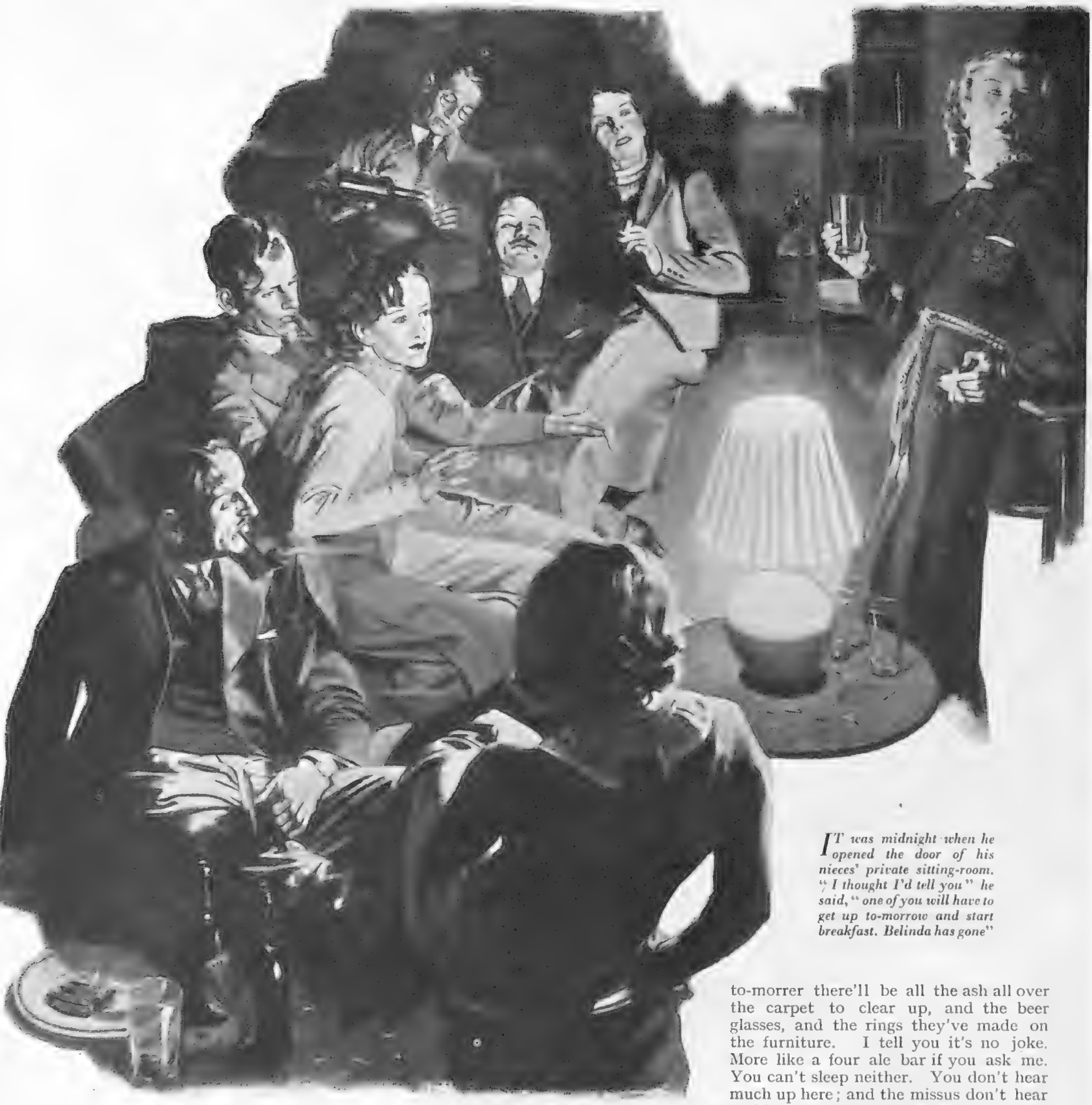
To Hamptons for a hand-painted fire screen in rich blues and greens on a parchment-coloured ground. A touch of interest for an empty fire-grate.

The low coffee table with wrought iron legs painted lacquer red was a luxury. It makes a pool of colour on the green sitting-room carpet, and will be worth its weight for after-dinner coffee in the garden.

At the same shop I got the wagon pictured on the left of the page. The two spacious flaps make this into a table large enough to dine four people. The wheels are specially designed with rubber tyres and a device that makes it possible to wheel over uneven surfaces without jogging the contents of the table.

(*Continued on page* 148)

Youth *Must* Be



IT was midnight when he opened the door of his nieces' private sitting-room. "I thought I'd tell you" he said, "one of you will have to get up to-morrow and start breakfast. Belinda has gone"

THE door burst open and Belinda Draggon burst in. He saw that she was bursting too with hysterical fury. She stood there, a figure which would have been pure delight to Mr. Belcher for *Punch*, and said :

"There's goings on going on downstairs that's been going on too long for my liking ! I've had a stomachful of the young ladies, sir, and I'm through. Mother's in the 'all and I sneaked most of my things 'ome on the Q.T. last night. You'll find my room all clean and the bed made up fresh for the nex' poor devil that tries to put up with 'em."

The elderly man had risen, and was looking at her with such complete dismay that she relented and spoke more gently when she answered his one comment on the situation.

"But, Belinda, my child, it's eleven-fifteen."

"I know, sir. I couldn't get done before. Ma's bin waiting for me. You see, I'd made up my mind a month ago. That racket'll go on till midnight ; and then, to-morrer there'll be all the ash all over the carpet to clear up, and the beer glasses, and the rings they've made on the furniture. I tell you it's no joke. More like a four ale bar if you ask me. You can't sleep neither. You don't hear much up here ; and the missus don't hear nothing through that baize door, but I don't miss much where I am !"

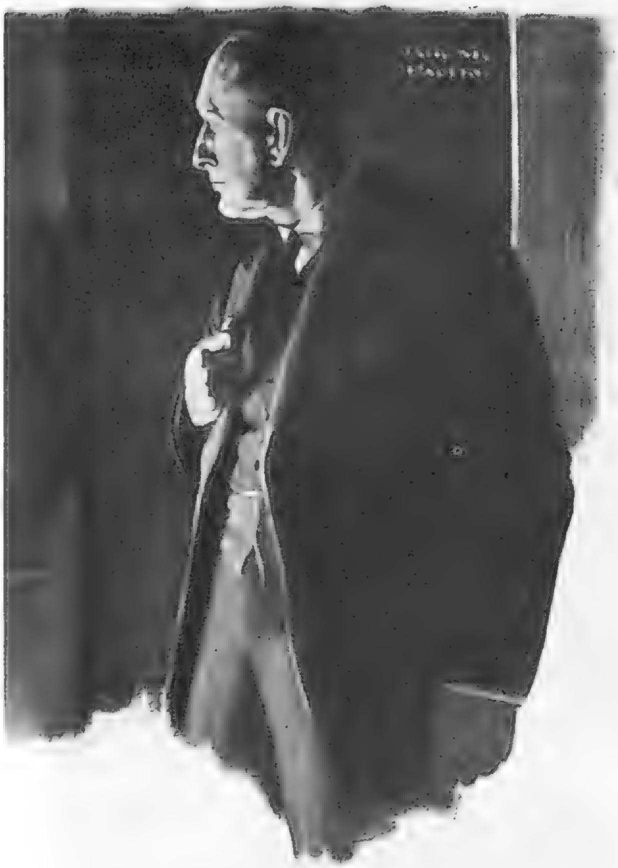
She stopped to draw breath ; and the quiet, restrained dignity of the elderly man's delightful face made its inevitable impression, as it had at intervals throughout the turbulent, uneasy year of her service.

"It isn't YOU, sir ! You've been a proper gent to me and I wouldn't have stuck it five minutes but for you. I've said so to Ma over an' over an' over again ! 'I'd quit that lunatick asylum, Ma, as good as look at it if it weren't for Mr. Saunders,' I've said. Oh ! sir, I wish for

Served—*Sometimes*

But not *all* the time at *the* Expense *of* others

By Christine Jope-Slade



Illustrated by Jack Faulks

your sake from the bottom of my 'eart you hadn't retired. What your life'll be in this bloomin' house with an invalid an' a couple of the most selfish young pigs God ever put the breath of life into, I daren't think! If you've any sense, sir, and you'll forgive me—you'd 'op it with me!"

"And leave an invalid sister, Belinda? Come! Come!"

"She isn't all *that* invalid, sir! If she 'ad to pull 'erself together I shouldn't wonder. . . ."

HIS clear blue eyes stopped her; they were so clear, so blue, so candid that they were like the eyes of some eager, confident trusting young man. Yet they were not out of place in his fifty-year-old face.

"The daily will be here at nine to-morrer, sir," she mumbled. "She'll stay. Her ole man's on the binge again, and she's the kids. She ain't bad, and she'll do anythink for *you*. Good-bye, sir."

Standing where she had left him, quite motionless except for his uneasy fingers drumming on the occasional table at his side, Sam Saunders wondered secretly why Belinda had endured it so long, and never suspected that it was merely the presence of his own charming personality and soothing influence in the house.

He had retired a fortnight ago from an insignificant position he had maintained on the Corn Exchange with great charm and dignity for many years. There was no one in the office who did not wholeheartedly regret the retirement of a lovable, warm, sympathetic personality from their lives. He had a pension of six pounds a week; and he had saved considerably. He had lived with his widowed invalid sister and her two daughters, Mollie and Flick, ever since their father died ten years previously.

Should he tell Charlotte that Belinda had left, to-night? Someone else would have to be found. With Mollie at the office and Flick at her mannequin job and up sometimes so early for odd photographic work before business hours, a stray charwoman who came at nine, and left at one, could never cope with it.

He felt suddenly immensely tired and discouraged. Now that the Dragon had left there would be no one to bring him his early morning pot of tea, a little luxury he revelled in. He had a surprisingly strong nostalgia for the stuffy routine of the office.

He walked slowly, slowly upstairs; and with mouse-like fingers pushed the thick, perfectly-fitting green baize door his sister Charlotte had had built to isolate her own bedroom and bathroom.

Her light was burning. Her charming, indolent face, decorated with young, hopeful, eager and bright blue eyes that were a replica of his own, broke into a sunny, lazy smile.

"Sammie; what an unexpected angel! Have the girls got a party on? Has the Dragon gone to bed? I do hope she has; because Flick has to be up at some unearthly hour and trail off to some dreary place in Twickenham to be photographed in swim suits! Isn't it dreadful? Oh! Sammie, I wish I were some use to someone instead of just lying here!"

Her bright blue eyes filled with what looked in the meticulously shaded light, like bright blue tears. He knew he was not going to be able to impart Belinda's desertion to her *that* night!

"Well," he said. "Well, don't worry!"

EVERYONE had petted and spoiled Charlotte ever since he could remember. Her parents. Her husband. He had a record of fifty years of personal Charlotte-spoiling behind him—yet, to-night he could almost have broken it. *Almost!*

"Roses?" he said, swallowing. "Must have cost a pretty penny."

"Sproggie," she said.

"Sproggie?" he repeated.

"Brigadier-General Arthur Mayhew-Sproggs, Sammie."

"Lord!"

"He's in England again. Retired. Sammie—it's twelve years since we met."

"He was sweet on you, Charlotte."

"I know."

"Is he coming to see you?"

"Here? In bed? A hopeless invalid? NO!"

"You could get up for a bit. You do sometimes."

"I'm finished," she said. "Sammie—aren't the girls making rather a noise?"

"Either that, or the War has started."

She looked at him.

"You're nervy to-night. I know what it is to be nervy. Angel, you ought to have married! *I* know; but what, oh what would we any of us have done without you, Samuel Saunders! What would the girls have done. I'm no *real* good; and youth must be served."

"Must it?" he heard himself say unexpectedly. "Yes: I suppose youth must be served; but not *all* the time, I fancy."

Yet, he got her her sleeping tablets. He refilled her hot water bottle from the electric kettle in her private bathroom. He found her new novel. He put Sproggie's roses outside the door. All these services he performed, as always, neatly and charmingly.

It was midnight when he opened the door of his nieces' private sitting-room. The place was almost gassed with pipe and cigarette smoke. It rushed out at him. Belinda Draggon was right. The place had a modern, raffish, roadhouse air. There were glasses everywhere, and small cold sausages, and beer bottles; and there were five tousled young men and six sleek young women, of which his two nieces Mollie and Flick were the sleekest, and the loveliest.

"I thought I'd tell you," he said mildly, "one of you will have to get up to-morrow and start breakfast. Belinda has gone."

Flick was the most indolent, the most selfish and charming and the most like her mother upstairs, who was all these things.

"Damn Belinda!" Flick said incoherently, her face scarlet with rage and indignation. "I could wring her filthy neck."

Samuel Saunders looked round the bright, modern, messy, comfortable room; the chintz covers dragged out of shape. The carpet a mass of ash and match ends. Bottles. Glasses everywhere. His one comment was so unexpected it left his two lovely nieces gawping like fish without water.

"Would *you* have stayed, my dear?" he asked.

"FOR God's sake find us someone, Uncle!" said Mollie. "I can't do this every morning, I shall have a nervous breakdown. Besides. It needs one in the house all the time. Never mind *what* you pay."

Flick had left in tears and a bad temper because they had had to put some people off for that night.

Leaving yesterday's debris to the charwoman, and feeling greatly discouraged and perturbed, Sam made his way to Charlotte's room. She had bathed and made her own bed and was lying exhausted, but competent to issue orders. She had a list of registry offices and requirements ready, Flick having broken the news that morning in a fury.

It occurred to him suddenly as he sat there listening that Mollie and Flick owned the whole house. It belonged to them to sleep in free, to bath in and wash, and iron their bits and pieces, to snatch free meals, and to entertain their friends in whenever they liked, free and unquestioned; an adoring invalid mother invisible upstairs, and an old uncle who preferred to keep to his own room. It occurred to him that they contributed nothing to the house but their restless, demanding presences.

"Poor pet, Flick was so upset!" his sister was saying. "She wanted to give a party to-night, and now it's all got to be off. One is only young once."

"I'm not sure that once isn't enough," said Samuel Saunders.

He came back from a round of registry offices to a miserable cold lunch at two.

"I've persuaded the woman to come back and cook to-night, and after to-night her sister will oblige from four o'clock till nine—but at one and six an hour!"

"Oh! Sam, *what* a good thing you've retired, dear! What should we have done if you hadn't been able to see to things a bit. Love, I'm dreadfully sorry—but you'll *have* to do some ordering. The woman hasn't time, honestly! She and I have made out a list. Go to Carters. It's such a nice shop and you can get *everything* there, dear. I used to adore it when I was fit and well and could do things. They have a heavenly orchestra and such a dainty tea. Have a cup quietly when you've finished, dear. It'll save the woman having to get you some."

He was worn out when he had finished the shopping. He couldn't remove from his mind the conviction that it was inadequate and effeminate for a man to be ordering soap flakes, step powder, porridge and the like. He felt curiously emasculated and weary as he sat down at the little table in a tea room crowded to the edges of the wall with a mass of women, and ordered tea from a pert little waitress to whom he was, obviously, just another tiresome old gentleman.

They played the *Blue Danube* and all his spent youth was suddenly in it. He might have married and had a charming woman of his own, charming unspoiled sons and daughters.

He was old and tired, and his life had gone in service. What was so exasperating, he had never really noticed it. The years had gone on and on, full of innumerable little pleasures and duties, and small sorrows and vexations.

He sat there brooding about it all; and then suddenly he saw her coming towards him. She was tall and slender and silver-haired. And she had a graciousness that made the suburban women, munching and drinking in bunches round her, seem like factory hands at a beanfeast.

She wore a silver lace dress and she carried in her hand a piece of silver cardboard with the name "Moorland Mist" on it. She was like, and yet unlike his sister Charlotte; the same tremendously long legs and short body. But this woman had never sagged mentally, physically or emotionally. She was taut, and poised, and charmingly and enviably in possession of herself.

On impulse he spoke to her.

"That's a delightful gown."

The silver-haired mannequin looked down at him. His charm reached out to her as it reached out to everyone without even that slow, sweet smile. He had a deference, an instinctive friendliness to the world that belonged to another and less hurried age.

"I like wearing it," she said.

"It has a charming name."

"Oh, I didn't christen it that. It's the manufacturer's name."

He heard himself say, "How much is that model?"

"Twenty-five guineas."

He heard himself say to his own amazement, "I'd like it for my sister."

"Would it fit her?"

"Yes, she has almost your figure—and very blue eyes."

Her own eyes were brown. They regarded him thoughtfully.

"Will you come with me, then," she said, "when you have finished tea, and we will put the transaction through."

He hid the frock when it came. Put it under coats in his big wardrobe. But he was aware of its hidden existence in his room. That cloud of soft bright lace. It lingered in his mind like an old valentine of another age and disturbed him profoundly. It induced and cradled thoughts that disturbed him even more.

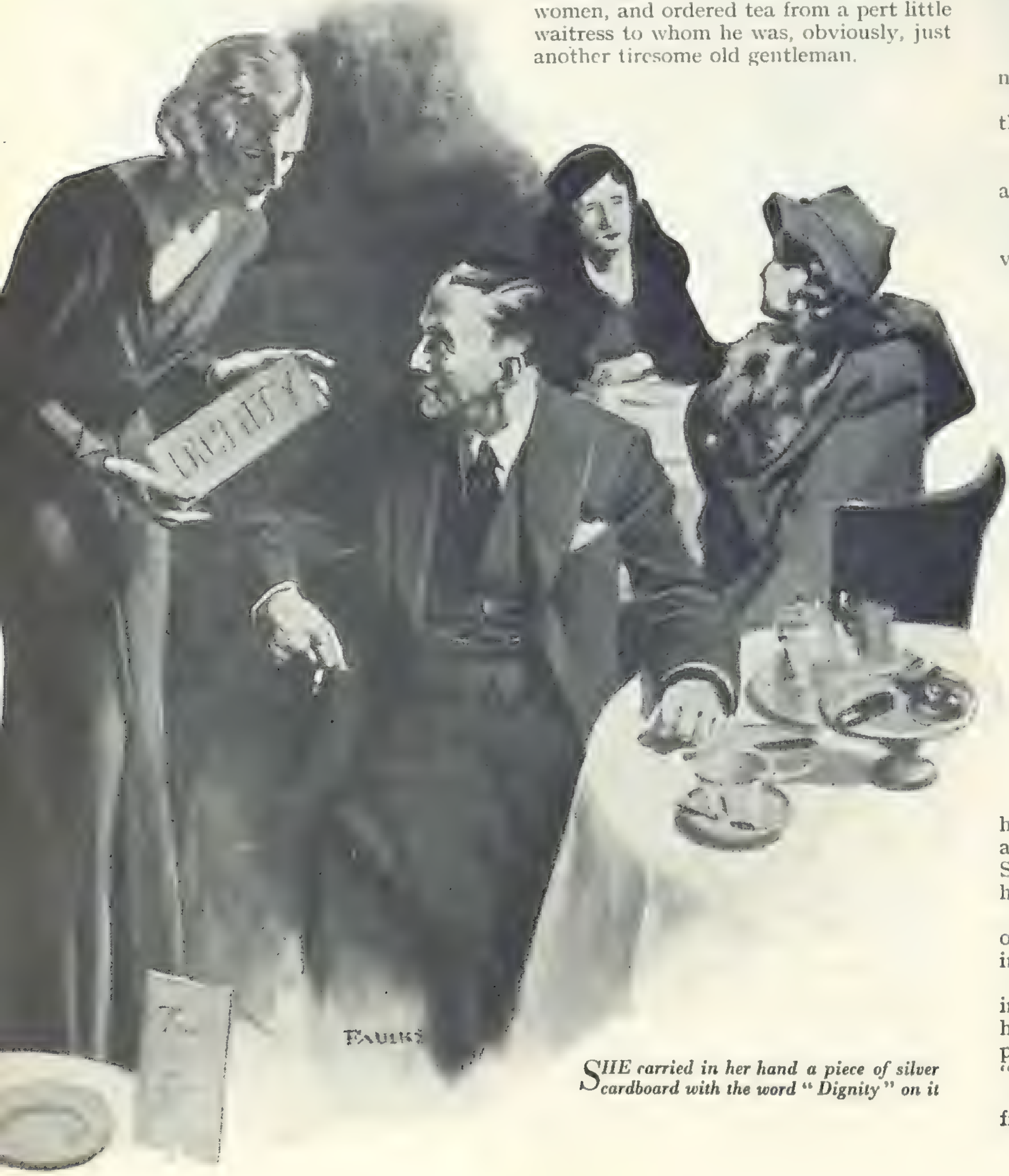
Going to Carter's to change a bed jacket which had been presented to his sister, and which she did not like; a task he particularly detested, he was drawn by an uncanny fascination to the tea room at the same hour.

The silver-haired mannequin was actually making her round of the tables as he sat down. She wore dark, hyacinth blue tweeds and a jumper, and a tweed hat and carried a shooting stick. She disappeared before he could catch her eye.

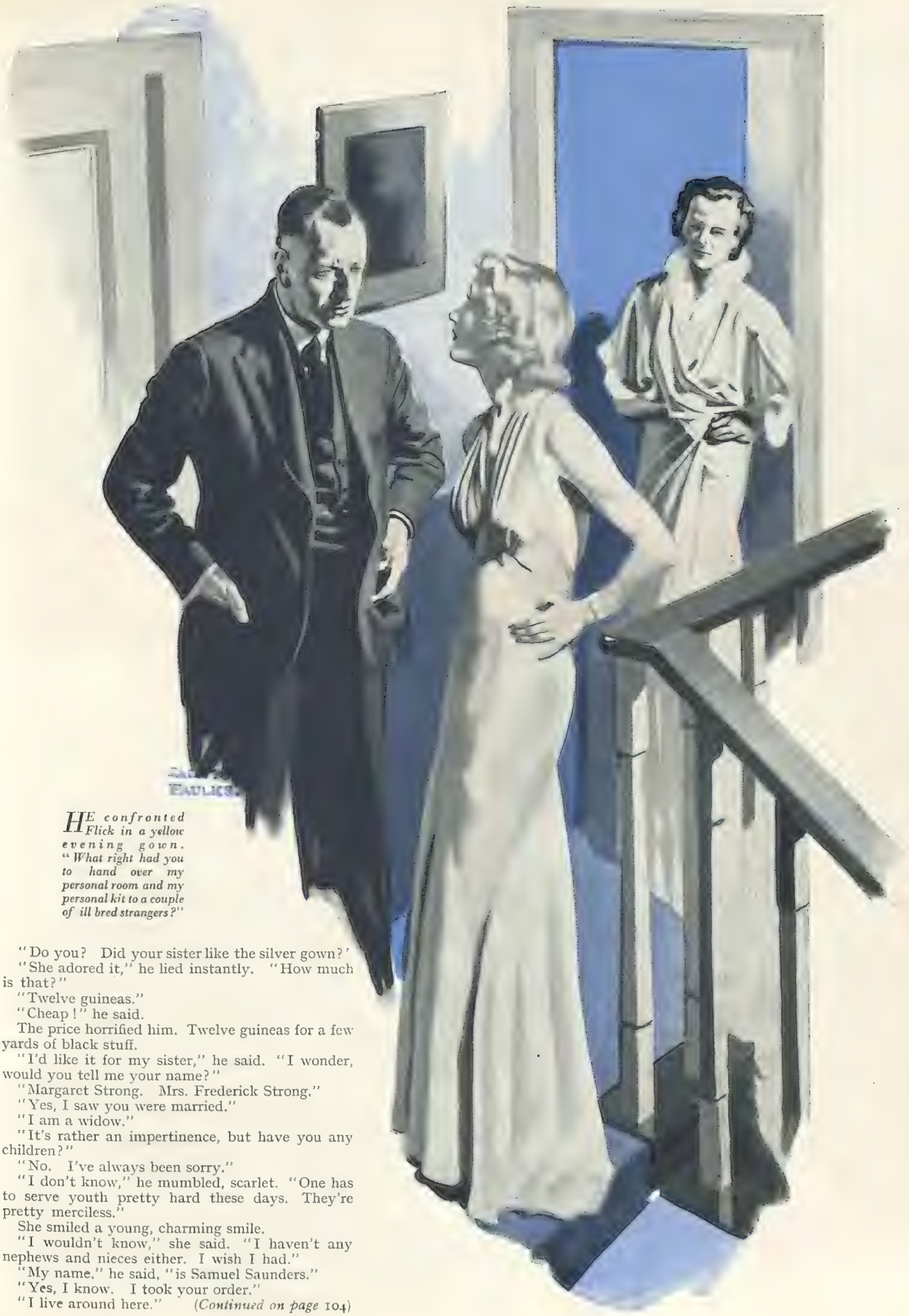
He watched the red-haired mannequin operate in an emerald frock, and a chit in a sports suit with impatience.

Eventually she re-emerged; this time in a black afternoon gown. She smiled at him. She carried in her hand another piece of silver cardboard with the word "Dignity" on it.

He heard himself say, "I like that frightfully."



SHE carried in her hand a piece of silver cardboard with the word "Dignity" on it



HE confronted Flick in a yellow evening gown. "What right had you to hand over my personal room and my personal kit to a couple of ill bred strangers?"

"Do you? Did your sister like the silver gown?'

"She adored it," he lied instantly. "How much is that?"

"Twelve guineas."

"Cheap!" he said.

The price horrified him. Twelve guineas for a few yards of black stuff.

"I'd like it for my sister," he said. "I wonder, would you tell me your name?"

"Margaret Strong. Mrs. Frederick Strong."

"Yes, I saw you were married."

"I am a widow."

"It's rather an impertinence, but have you any children?"

"No. I've always been sorry."

"I don't know," he mumbled, scarlet. "One has to serve youth pretty hard these days. They're pretty merciless."

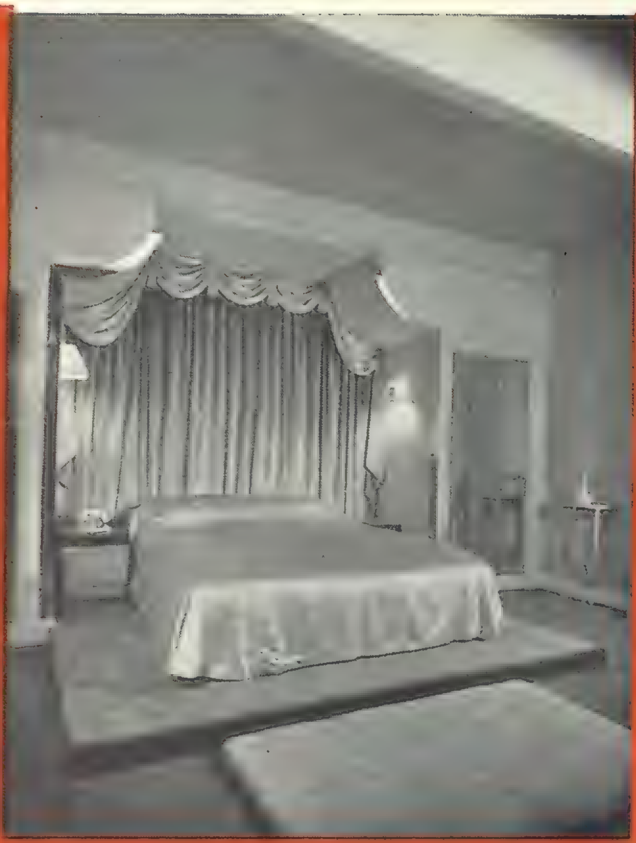
She smiled a young, charming smile.

"I wouldn't know," she said. "I haven't any nephews and nieces either. I wish I had."

"My name," he said, "is Samuel Saunders."

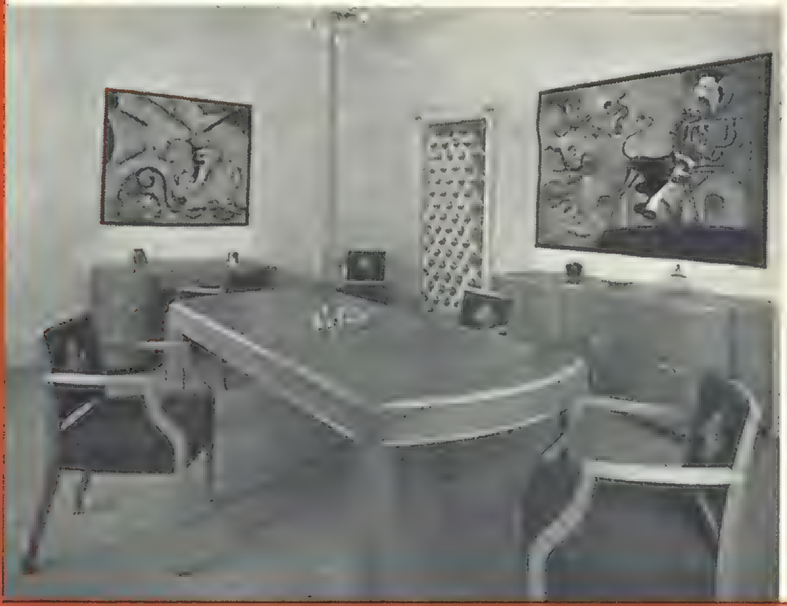
"Yes, I know. I took your order."

"I live around here." (*Continued on page* 104)



By installing false walls of plywood the head of the bed may be recessed in a shallow alcove, while at the same time unsightly architectural features are concealed. Walls and ceiling are pale carnation pink and the carpet is slate blue. Peach hangings, blue valance. (Bird Iles)

A quite original suggestion for the transformation of an old-fashioned door is seen in the dining-room shown below, where the door has been upholstered in buttoned satin. The tasteful furniture is in sycamore and the tapestries were specially designed by Anna Zinkeisen



HOW THE OLD PLACE

IMAGINE, if you please, a house or a flat with the kitchen and dining-room at opposite ends of the suite; with long, dark, winding corridors full of awkward corners, and with several of the rooms more or less irregular in shape, perhaps diversified with unexpected nooks and recesses which look as though they will be awkward to furnish. Imagine, too, old-fashioned, cavernous fireplaces in every room, massive marble mantelpieces, and everywhere elaborate and grimy mouldings.

London and every large city are still full of places of this kind, which, at first glance, look quite unsuitable for modern homes.

Yet these rambling, formless, pretentious and seemingly inconvenient houses are the happy hunting-ground of the modern decorator. It is in the transformation of these—making good their deficiencies, devising comfort where little comfort ever was and investing the whole work with the glamour of appropriate decorative style—that some of the most satisfying masterpieces of modernism are achieved.

One of the reasons why this is so is that the various nooks, recesses, alcoves, awkwardly shaped rooms and similar features which look as though they are going to be so difficult to deal with often have the exactly opposite effect in practice.

To an inventive mind they suggest ideas. In this way some of the most ingenious and useful fitted furniture comes into existence. Fitments of this kind are sometimes sufficient to transform an interior almost beyond recognition and this without any fundamental changes to the structure.

There has developed recently a special praiseworthy technique of alcove and corner furnishing, and of wall fitment. The most awkward and unpromising recess may be used as the site for a fitted banquette, or for cabinets and shelves. Where daylight is inadequate, part of the wall may be lined with looking-glass combined with built-in electric lighting.

In this way it is possible for dressing-tables, writing desks, sideboards, divan beds and similar essential items to be installed in corners or alcoves or along the walls, so that extremely little space is occupied, while at the same time the room is given a neat and attractive appearance.

It is also sometimes possible for furniture to be recessed in the thickness of the wall. This again, in addition to its practical convenience, adds character to a room.

There are few things that the modern housewife regards with more disfavour than corridors with angles and dark corners which are tiresome to keep clean, wasteful of house-room, and, even at their best, unprepossessing.

Even an undesirable structural feature such as this can be got rid of by removing some of the interior walls, replanning the interior so that the various rooms lead directly into one another without a connecting corridor, and by installing new walls of soundproof plywood.

In addition to getting rid of the unwanted passage-way, this has the effect of making all the rooms slightly larger. Also, the whole interior layout seems simpler; the corridor *motif* was a distinctly fussy device even at its best, and thus the *apparent* gain in spaciousness and repose is greater still.

At the same time, of course, the home becomes considerably more efficient and labour-saving.

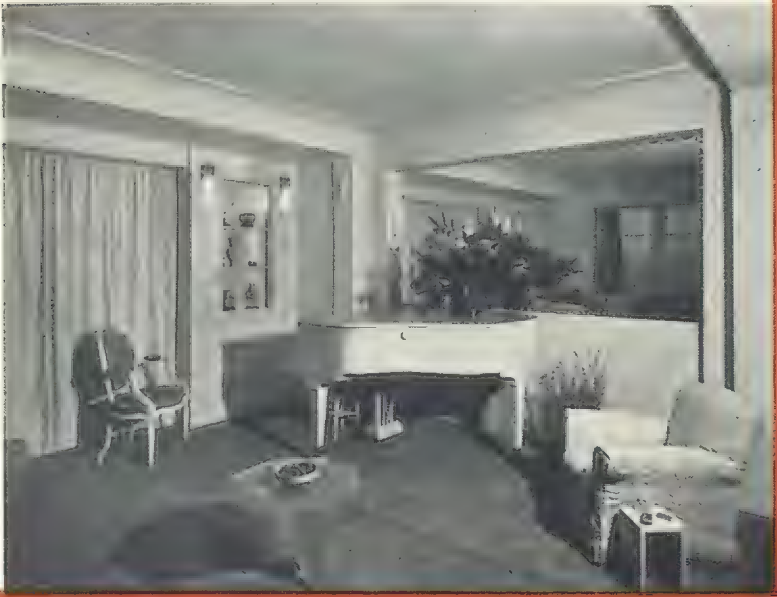
False walls are often an invaluable device for masking unsightly features such as Victorian mouldings and out-of-date fireplaces. They also act as an insulation against extremes of temperature and unwanted noise; and the additional space which they take up need not be wasted if cupboards, shelves and similar fitments are recessed.

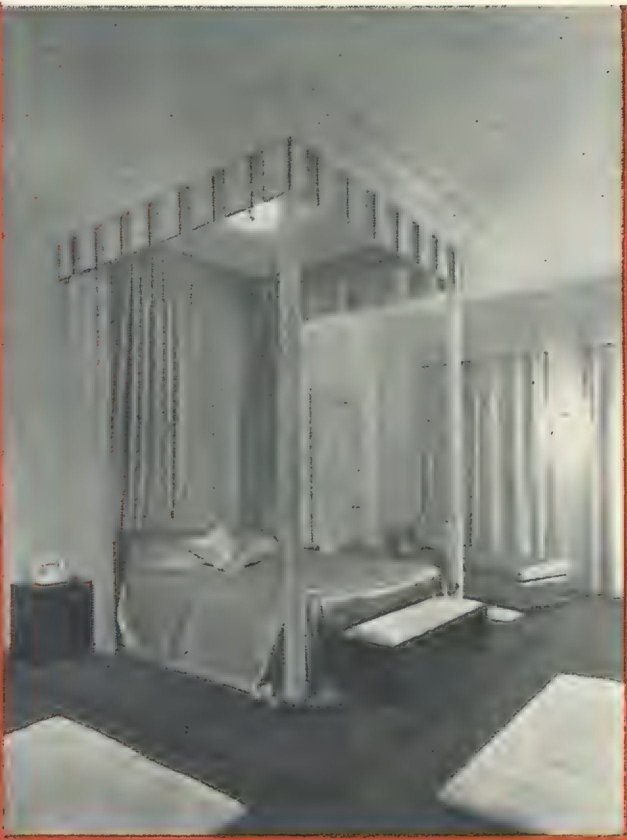
Moreover, there is no better way of making use of the warm tones and handsome figuring of our finest furnishing woods, many of which make an ideal background for modern fabrics. Alternatively, however, they may be given a painted finish if a lighter colour scheme is preferred.

The method of lighting is another detail of the utmost importance, both from practical and æsthetic points of view. With false walls, of course, it is quite easy for much

Plain fluted pilasters with concealed lighting, a display alcove for china and glass, a cupboard with flush doors and plain coved ceiling, giving charm and individuality to the modern music room below, thus masking the out-moded features. (*Leighton Pearce*)

In the unusual modern bedroom on the right in an old house the scheme has been successfully contrived without removing the mouldings to the ceiling or the panelled door. Modern character has been achieved by finishing the walls and ceiling in flat white, the carpet being dark blue and the curtains light blue. (*Bird Iles*)





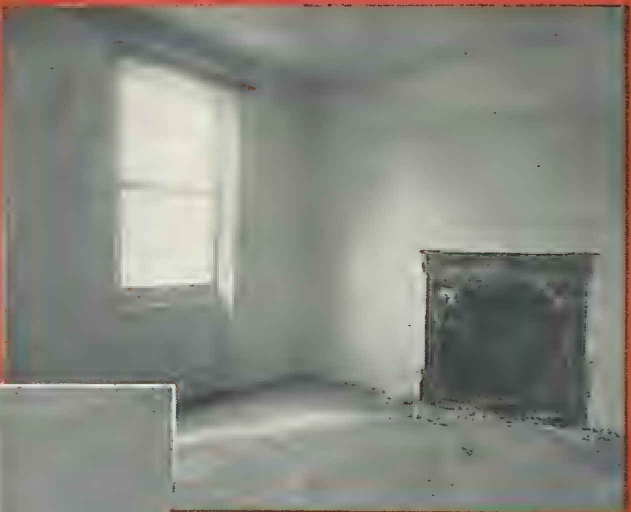
HAS CHANGED

By Baseden Butt

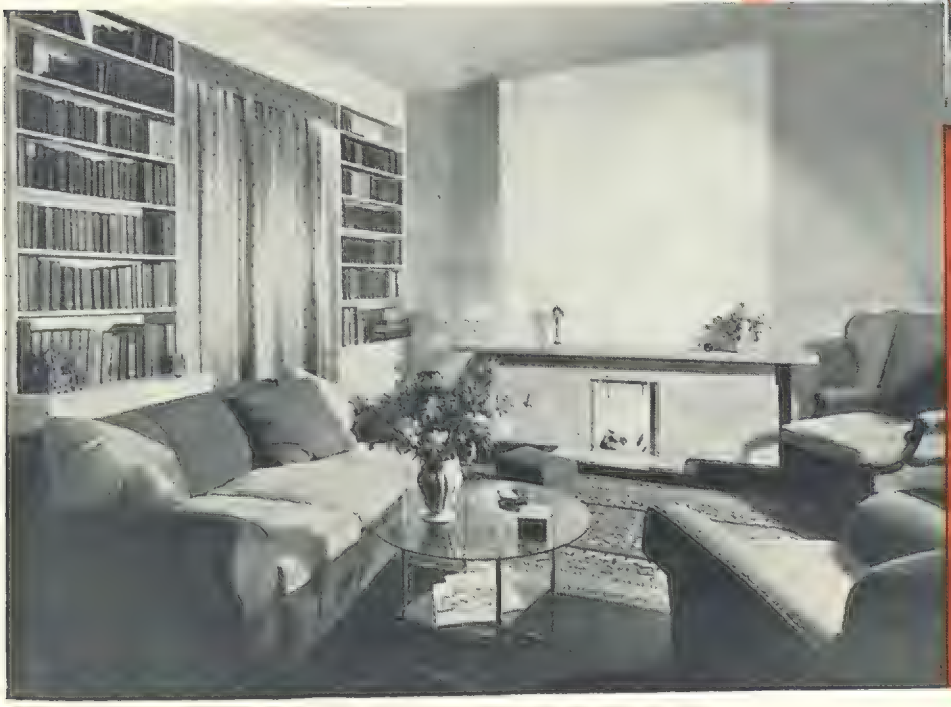
of the principal lighting to be built in, and this may be supplemented with smaller, occasional fittings consisting of table standards or adjustable wall lights.

Good positions for occasional lighting are the sideboard, writing desk, the arm-chair which is used for reading or for needlework, and the dressing-table.

It is within the strict limitations of these practical needs and conditions that some of the most striking modern-style interiors have been successfully installed in existing houses.

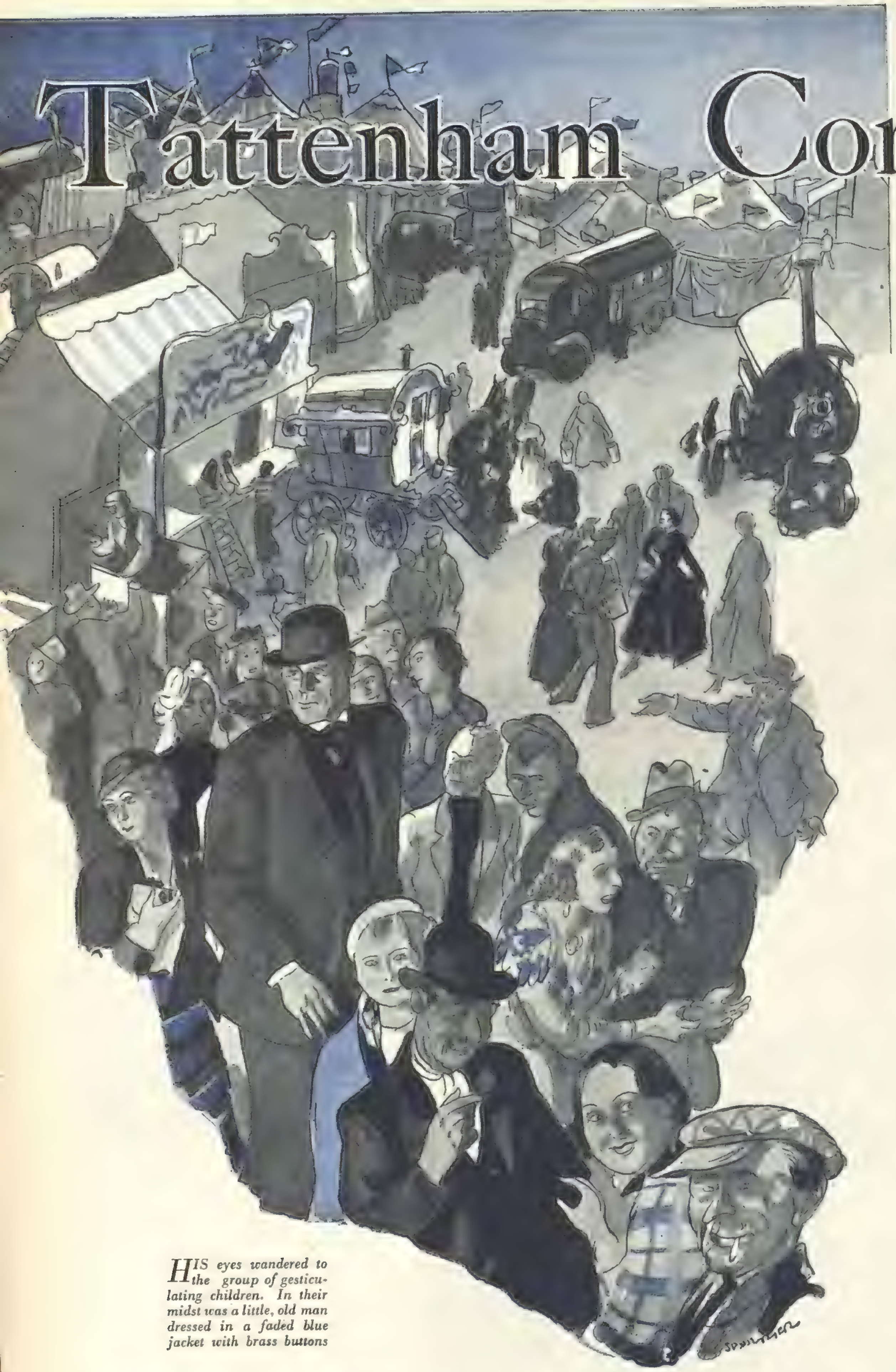


A typical old-fashioned room of about fifty years ago. Without changing the mouldings to the ceiling, the room was transformed to—



—this. The new fireplace, which has been kept low, gives loftiness. Bookshelves are introduced either side the window. Colours are dark reseda green and claret for furniture and floor; amethyst, claret starred satin for curtains, walls and ceiling flat white

Tattenham Corner



HIS eyes wandered to the group of gesticulating children. In their midst was a little, old man dressed in a faded blue jacket with brass buttons

ABOVE Epsom hung a crystal and violet English twilight. The wagons of the gypsies, some red with yellow wheels, some red with yellow trim, but all predominantly red, were still pouring in upon the Downs, as they had been for the past week; for the past fortnight. The stalls of the bookies were up. The gamblers, tipsters, fakers, mendicants, had gathered. Queer smells were in the air—human smells, animal smells, the stale reek of rank tobaccos. Strange languages were muttered. Strange foreign faces, mingling among the English, grinned and grimaced in the fading light. It was as if a vast melting-pot had been overturned in the heavens and its heterogeneous contents spilled out on the Downs. And yet, the members of this fantastically mixed assemblage had something in common, not only between themselves but with the thousands soon to flow into Epsom like a human river with every corner of England as its sources. To-morrow was the great day—the day of the Derby.

"Tors" Talbot and Johnny Cann pushed their way through the milling, jostling throng. And among all those chaotic thousands gathered on the Downs there was no more ill-assorted pair. Talbot was a giant of a man, six feet four in his stockings, with the neck and shoulders of a prize-winning bull. His face might have been carved out of some wind-swept mountain in the West Country from which he came, and from which and by reason of his size he had derived the

Johnny Cann *had* Always *been on the* Level, but *riding in the* Derby *set him a great* Problem

entirely suitable nickname of "Tors." His thick, grizzled hair was like the mane of an ageing but still alert lion. He walked with a slight stoop and his great legs were bowed a little, as befits one who has been much around horses.

On the other hand, Johnny Cann looked as though he might have been designed to fit Tors Talbot's waistcoat pocket. He was hardly more than a boy and his head, with its shock of unruly, wheat-coloured hair, barely came up as high as Talbot's armpits. He had grinning blue eyes and a tooth was missing from the scraggly ramparts in the front of his mouth. But, undersized though he was, Johnny Cann and the gigantic Talbot who stalked at his side shared a mutual interest. They were, respectively, trainer and rider of Lord Melchester's Arrowburn, the odds-on favourite to win to-morrow's Derby.

Tors Talbot waved a shovel-like hand over the scene surrounding them.

"Well, my boy," he said, in his thick West Country burr, "this is what it's like the night before the Derby."

Johnny Cann's keen blue eyes were missing nothing.

"Not much like the East, it isn't," he commented at last.

IT was in the East that Cann had done most of his riding. A drifter by nature, he had gone out four years earlier, after a brief experience of the English tracks. He had ridden at Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Colombo. For a time, he had gone down to Australia to ride at Randwick in Sydney; at Flemington in Melbourne. Then back to the East again, and it was at Colombo that Lord Melchester, coming through on his yacht, had first seen him.

Johnny had piloted three winners that day. And Lord Melchester had liked the look of him; liked the way he got the most out of a horse; the way his hands seemed to lift the beast across the line when the finish was close. He'd offered him a job in England. And Johnny, itching to be on the move again, had accepted. He had come home during the previous season and ridden at Doncaster and Newmarket. But this was his first Derby. And because of the ability of his knotty, freckled-backed hands to transform Arrowburn from a snarling black devil into something that seemed like a dark poem of swift motion, he had the leg up on the favourite.

Some of the gypsies had lighted fires by their wagons. The flames laid coppery tints over the seamed, swarthy faces ringed about them. The voluminous skirts of the women, moving about the fires, cast grotesque, malignant shadows. Near one of the wagons a girl was dancing in the firelight, some weird, nameless dance out of Romany. Her body seemed to move in a golden flow. Her hips twisted sinuously, snake-like. The fire bathed her blue-black hair in livid light. Her eyes were like rapiers. The tambourine she clutched chattered against her knuckles.

"Barmy ain't they?" said Tors, stopping to watch the performance.

Johnny Cann did not reply. Johnny Cann had things on his mind. He was thinking of how he was going to do as the bearded man had instructed—and not be found out.

Tors's hand rested on his shoulder.

"Let's have a look at that black devil before we turn in," he suggested.

Johnny nodded, and they began edging through the crowd in the direction of the stables. Presently, however, they were aware of a group of small boy tatterdemalions from the gypsy wagons, shouting in mingled derision and delight. At the same moment a shrill, piping sound came to their ears.

"Wait a tick," Tors said. "Here's something you'd ought to see—a character."

Johnny's eyes wandered to the group of gesticulating children. In their midst was a little old man, dressed in a faded blue jacket with brass buttons. A brown felt hat, disreputable with age, sat uncertainly on his sparse, greyed locks. He had a dirty white goatee and his eyes were weak and dimmed. But he was active in a strutting, monkeyish way and evidently pleased with the reception accorded him by his doubtful audience. He was gambolling and capering about the Downs, abandoning himself to a dance that might have been a weird combination of the Highland Fling and the goose-step. As he capered, he blew shrill reedy notes on a small flute. And, at intervals, he would take the flute from his lips and twirl it in his fingers, goose-stepping as he did so after the manner of a pompous, cock-sure drum-major.

"Character, did you say?" said Johnny Cann, laughing. "More than that, if you ask me. Looks right off his chump."

"He is a bit dotty, that's a fact," said Tors, "but he wasn't always. You wouldn't believe that that little old bloke was one of the best jockeys in England thirty years ago, now would you?"

Johnny studied the wretched old man. No, he wouldn't have believed that. He said so.

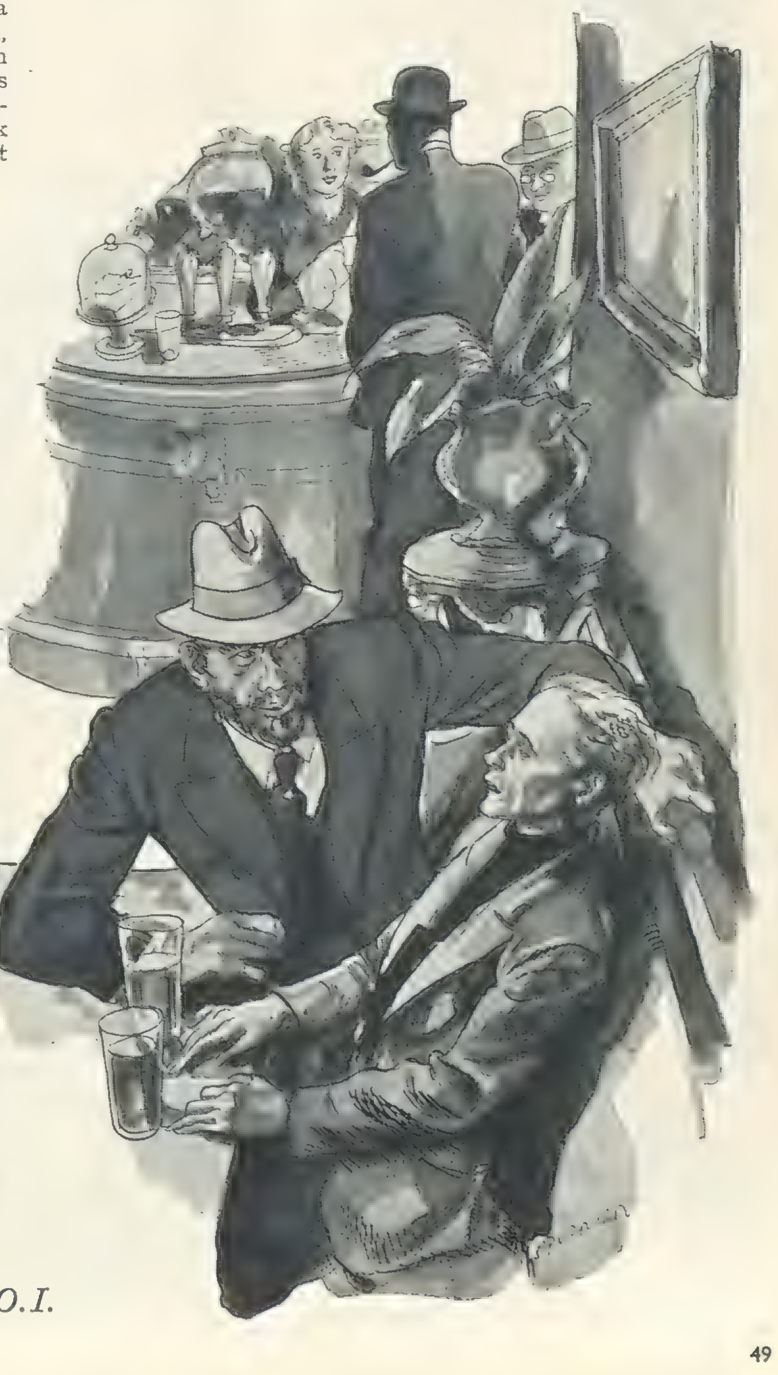
"Fact," said Tors Talbot, decisively. "Rode a Derby winner once, he did. Brought him in as pretty as ever I see. But"—Tors shook his great head—"a month afterwards he was finished."

"What happened?"

"Pulled a horse," said Tors, laconically. "The stewards set him down for life."

Pulled a horse? Pulled a horse? Talbot's words started a kind of devil's chorus in Johnny Cann's brain. And the low, even, insinuating voice of the black-bearded man came back to him: "Pull him easy all the way around—easy, mind. No one'll suspect. That black brute's got a reputation for temperament. They'll put it down to that."

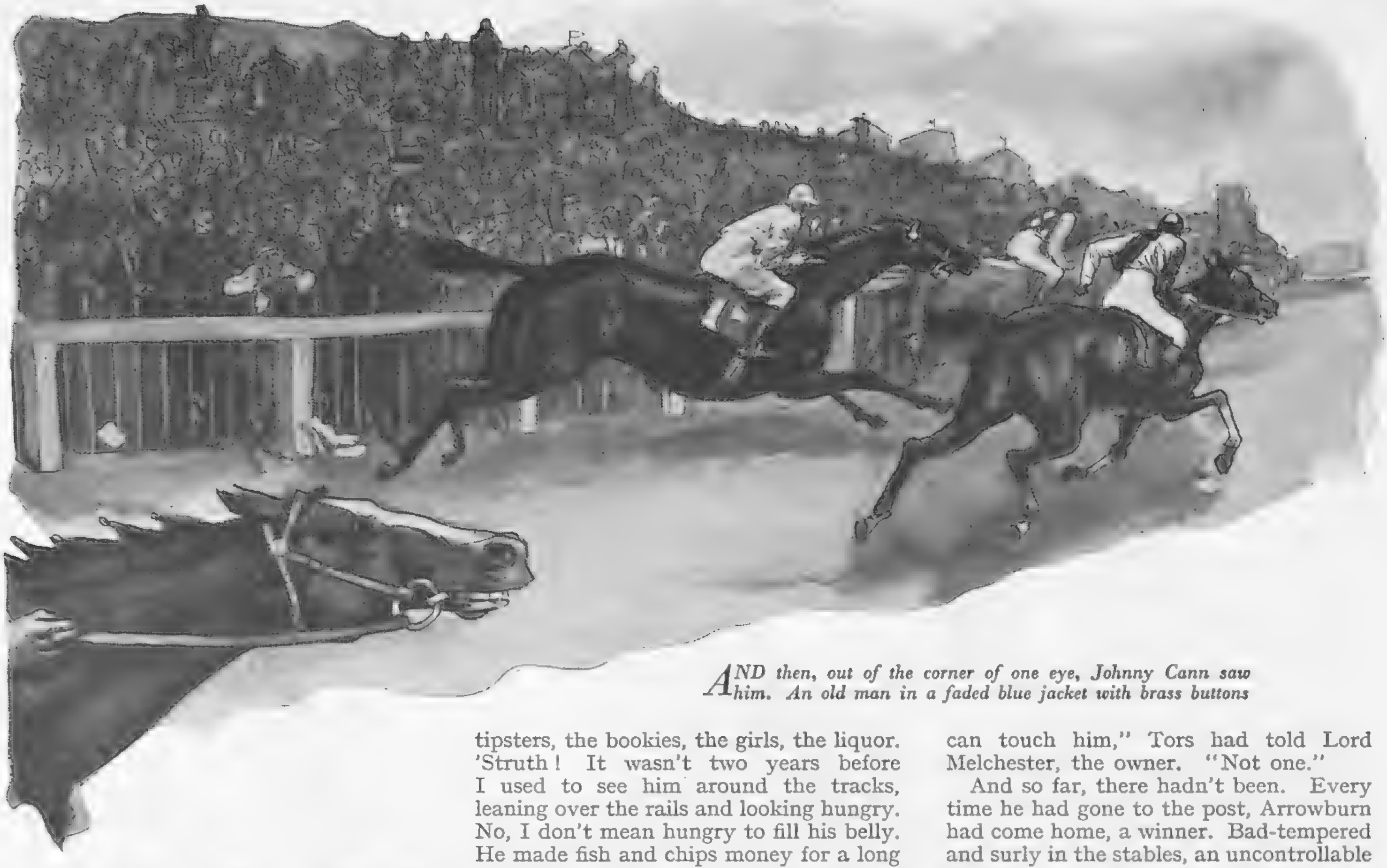
Johnny shook his head suddenly, as if to shake the remembrance of those low-spoken words out of his mind. He pointed



"NOW then," the bearded man continued after the drinks were brought, "I have already intimated that money is no object to my—er—associates"

By Edwin Rutt

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



AND then, out of the corner of one eye, Johnny Cann saw him. An old man in a faded blue jacket with brass buttons

to the capering old man. "What's this bloke do now?" he inquired.

"Just what you see him doing," Tors replied. "On every race track in England: Dances about like that, he does, blowing his flute and the people toss him coppers. If you"—Tors squinted—"was to have time to see anything to-morrow, which you won't have, you'd see him capering around Tattenham Corner and the crowd laughing fit to die."

Tattenham Corner? Again the persuasive voice of the black-bearded man seemed to glide back into Johnny Cann's mind like a sinister snake: "Pull him last at the corner—Tattenham Corner. Easy does it. Apollyon will be laying back. He'll come up on the outside. Remember, pull him at the corner, there's a smart lad."

"Yes," Tors was saying, "he'll be dancing his blooming head off to-morrow. That's how he gets enough to follow the gee-gees. But"—his big hand smote Johnny Cann's shoulder—"you won't see him, boy. You'll be too busy bringing Arrowburn home. Your first Derby winner. God, how I wish I was young, and your size!"

THEY began to move away. Over his shoulder Johnny Cann glanced back at the little old man. He wasn't dancing now. He was waving the pitiful flute in the air, making futile efforts to answer the jests of the small, scurrilous crowd of hobbledehoys.

"But wasn't the old chap—er—paid off for pulling the horse?" Johnny asked.

"Paid off?" Tors snorted. "Of course, he was paid off—paid plenty. I don't know what he got—five thousand quid, maybe. Six or seven, for all I know. But they got it away from him soon enough."

"They? Who?"

Tors looked down at him pityingly. "God, you're young, Johnny. Who? Why, the whole blasted lot of them—the tipsters, the bookies, the girls, the liquor. 'Struth! It wasn't two years before I used to see him around the tracks, leaning over the rails and looking hungry. No, I don't mean hungry to fill his belly. He made fish and chips money for a long time. I mean hungry for—for something he couldn't ever have again."

Johnny Cann's brain wasn't of the steel-trap variety at its best. It was a shrewd enough brain, though. It knew that there were twenty shillings in the pound. It knew, or thought it knew, where its bread and butter came from. But just now it was a little confused, a little startled; a little frightened, even.

"Hungry?" he repeated. "You mean . . ." He stopped. He didn't at all know what Tors meant.

"Why, I mean this," said Tors. "Hungry for the horses—the chap was a jock, lad. As fine a jock as ever put foot in stirrup. But he let his horse down. See what I mean?"

Johnny Cann didn't know if he saw or not. He was silent all the rest of the way to the stables.

TALBOT thumped on the door that led to Arrowburn's great comfortable box-stall. There was a shuffle of feet inside. An anxious voice inquired, "'Oo's there?"

"Me, you ape," said Tors, "and Johnny."

A bolt slid. The door opened a crack and the pinched, furtive face of Cocky Mitchell, stable-boy detailed to keep guard over Arrowburn on this last night before the Derby, peered out. Then, seeing that it was indeed Talbot and Johnny Cann, he swung the door wide.

"Well," said Tors, passing in, "how's the Derby winner?"

That was how Tors Talbot always thought of Arrowburn—as the Derby winner. That was how he had thought of him even when the horse was a spindly foal, wobbling on uncertain legs; how he had continued to think of him as, under his great, quiet, understanding hands, Arrowburn had grown into this thing of speed and black fire.

"There ain't a horse in England that can touch him," Tors had told Lord Melchester, the owner. "Not one."

And so far, there hadn't been. Every time he had gone to the post, Arrowburn had come home, a winner. Bad-tempered and surly in the stables, an uncontrollable black flame out of hell in the hands of the exercise boys, he would change in an instant under the knowing touch of a first-class jockey, like Johnny Cann. Then he would be quiet, and the raging fire within him seemed to grow cold, and it was as if the horse were dominated by a deadly purpose. And speed, speed that flowed and flashed like light, became the essence of his being. Always it would be the same, Arrowburn rearing and plunging at the barrier. But as soon as the field broke, he would settle down—and it was as though a dark juggernaut had been turned loose to race the wind.

Cocky Mitchell answered Tors' question.

"Gawd's truth, sir," Cocky said, "'ee's been takin' on something owful. A-rowin' around in there fit to turn you grey, that 'ee's been, sir. Seems like 'ee knows something's up."

"'Course he knows something's up," growled Tors contemptuously. "Think a horse like that don't know what day the Derby is? No damn fear."

From the big stall came a sudden stamping. A screaming whinny filled the room. Then a frenzied pawing at the floorboards of the stall.

"'Orrible," breathed Cocky Mitchell.

Tors laughed and went over to the stall. He made a clucking noise with his tongue. Instantly, Arrowburn's hoof ceased beating its tattoo on the boards, and the horse came forward, thrusting his velvety muzzle out of the stall.

As Tors reached out, Arrowburn's head jerked up as if he were suspicious for the moment. Then he seemed to recognize Tors. His nose stretched further over the partition. The fire died out of his eyes; he nuzzled against Tors' shoulder.

Tors patted the long, tar-black body.

"He'll do," he said, his eyes a-gleam with something that might have been both pride and impatience. "Watch him to-morrow."

Johnny Cann stood to one side, his

eyes riveted on that thing born of brimstone and the night wind, so quiet now beneath Tors Talbot's big, sympathetic hands. But Johnny wasn't thinking of the horse. His mind had gone back to a night in a London public house; to a stranger with a short, black beard who had so casually fallen into conversation with him over a glass of ale; to the thousand pounds that he had carefully deposited in the bank the next day.

The man had put his proposition very reasonably indeed.

"Look here, Cann," he had said. "I won't beat about the bush. I know who you are and who you work for. Now, don't be a fool for your own good. Who should know better than a jockey that a jockey's life is short. No, I don't mean that, exactly. I mean the years when he can earn money—big money. And that's all the more reason to be sensible. Why not make enough all in one clip to see yourself comfortable for the rest of your life? Particularly when you can make it easily and safely, and no one the wiser?"

Johnny Cann had hesitated, torn between desire and suspicion.

"What is it you want me to do?" he'd inquired.

The stranger's eyes had narrowed; his voice became barely audible.

"Listen," he said. "There're some of us, I mention no names, but there're some of us who'll pay to see Apollyon win the Derby—and pay well. You realise, of course, that it will be a two-horse race this year. Outside of Arrowburn, there's nothing that can even extend Apollyon. Well"—the man's eyes had narrowed to mere slits, then—"there's money in it for the man who can make this race safe for Apollyon."

Apollyon? That was Mr. Cathcart-Griscom's big bay, Johnny knew. A fine horse, but not in it with the black Arrowburn. He would have bet anything he owned that Arrowburn could have spotted Apollyon a hundred yards in a race the length of the Derby and won going away at the finish.

"Well," he had said, interested in spite of his innate distrust of strangers, "what do you mean by 'pay well?'"

The bearded man had pulled at his sleeve. "Come over here. We can talk better." And to the barmaid, "Two more pints of bitter, miss. Serve 'em at the corner table."

"Now then," he had continued, after the drinks were brought, "I have already intimated that money is no object to my—er—associates and myself. To come straight to the point, we will pay you"—he paused for a brief second, squinting one eye at Johnny Cann—"eight thousand pounds to see that Arrowburn doesn't win this year's Derby."

Johnny Cann had gasped. Eight thousand pounds! Why, it was a fortune. A ruddy fortune—and coming all at once, in a lump sum! Just for the rather simple business of pulling a horse. Well, all he could think was that this gentleman and his shadowy friends must be prepared to bet a gold mine on Apollyon's chances.

"Come," the stranger had urged, "what do you say? It's easy money, isn't it?"

Johnny's native shrewdness had prompted him then.

"How do I know," he said, looking directly at the man, "that I'll be paid?"

The stranger had laughed. "A fair question, and a fair precaution. You know it, my boy, because I've been instructed to pay you a thousand pounds down—to-night. The balance comes after Apollyon has won."

Johnny had shaken his head.

"What guarantee do I have that you'll pay the balance?" he asked.

"You'll be given a note," the stranger said promptly. "Signed by a name that will surprise you. When the amount is paid, you will surrender the note. Oh, this is business and you'll get your share right enough. You play the game with us and we'll do the same with you. Now then, speak up! What's the answer?"

Well, it hadn't been difficult for Johnny Cann to make up his mind. He loved Arrowburn, as he had never loved any of his other mounts. But after all, Arrowburn was a horse. And what did the sacrifice of one horse mean, one horse out of the numbers he'd ridden? And it would have taken him years to amass eight thousand pounds.

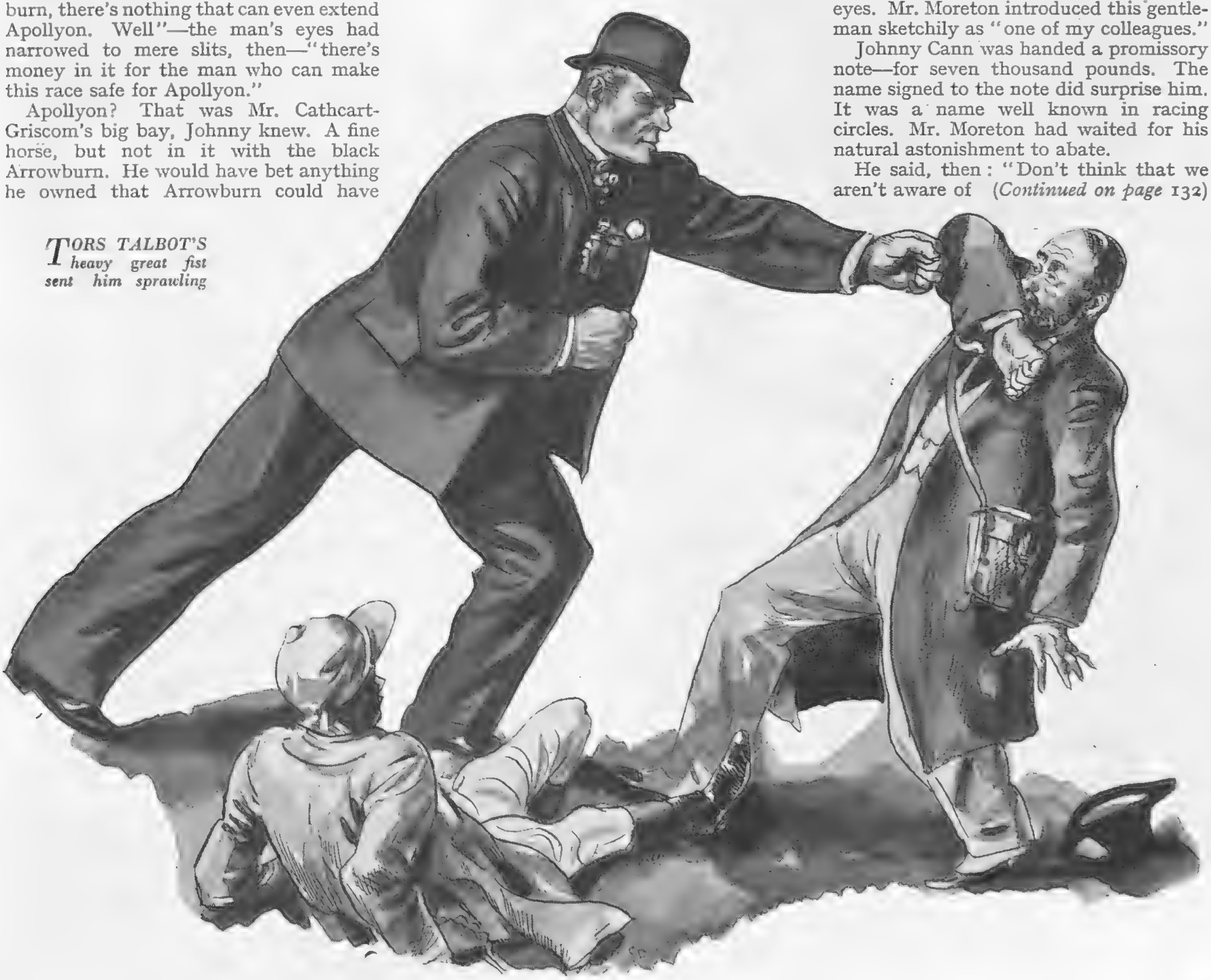
"Right-o," he'd said finally, his teeth clicking. "I'm on at that price—provided that note you mentioned is satisfactory."

"Don't worry about that," the stranger had said. "It'll be as good as gold." And forthwith he had plunged into details. He and his associates had it all figured out. Apollyon was to pass Arrowburn at Tattenham Corner.

A few nights later, Johnny had again met the stranger, who said that his name was Mr. Moreton, by appointment. This time Mr. Moreton was accompanied by a stout, elderly gentleman with hard eyes. Mr. Moreton introduced this gentleman sketchily as "one of my colleagues."

Johnny Cann was handed a promissory note—for seven thousand pounds. The name signed to the note did surprise him. It was a name well known in racing circles. Mr. Moreton had waited for his natural astonishment to abate.

He said, then: "Don't think that we aren't aware of (*Continued on page* 132)



TORS TALBOT'S heavy great fist sent him sprawling

WISE EYES

This is the month of a curious and prevailing eye fatigue, one of the well-known symptoms of spring. An eye sleepiness—just a sensation of slight burning behind the eyeball—due to the change in our circulation which follows on warmer days, to the increased sunlight, and to a longing to look out on fresh things. The eye wants to rove over unfamiliar shapes.

Give way to that longing. Take April's green opportunity and gaze over distant landscape. The eye-relaxation will give you a new lease of sight.

It is the constant staring at near objects and especially the perusal of print, which means that the eyes pass continually over motionless uniform shapes, that leads to so much short-sightedness. This is mainly because we are trying to *make the eyes see*, pushing them along, a subconscious harmful result of indoor overwork.

Sight is a passive sense to be acted upon, not itself to act. As soon as we try to make it active, we start to destroy it.

If staring is a sign of eye-strain, it is generally a sign of mind strain, too. Many people stare as soon as they begin to think really hard. That is why, when you think, you should always close your eyes.

If you ever realise that you have fallen into a stare, blink and turn your head from side to side; in other words, snap out of it.

After all, short-sightedness is merely the over-stretching of an eye muscle which fails to tighten up again, all brought about by staring.

Staring is the physical expression of eyes trying to see with a mind behind them, trying to think and failing. Closing the eyes often sets the mind going.

When the eyes have been doing too much close work, which either jumps or becomes blurred in front of you, try the following exercise: Hold the forefinger of one hand six inches from the right eye and about the same distance to the right. Look straight ahead and move the head a short distance from side to side. The finger will appear to move.

Repeat with the left. Do this twice or three times alternately with either finger, and then go back to your close work. The object will no longer grow blurred or jump.

Tired eyes should always be bathed during the day with an eye-bath, and they should certainly be bathed last thing at night and on rising. Optrex is the finest eye stimulant in the form of a lotion.

But oculists always advise a period of no close work if they prescribe eye rest. And the best eye rest is undoubtedly to look over green country, because then you are making no conscious effort to see.

A strikingly contrasting method also prescribed by them for the improvement and maintenance of good sight is *the daily reading of a passage of diamond print.*

This print is so small that it is impossible to read it by making an effort to see. It can only be read when mind and eyes are relaxed. Then, by merely looking at it without trying to see, the microscopic details of the print etch themselves on the mind and sentences become clear.

That is, the eyes are forced to be passive and to receive; consequently, no muscle is under a strain, and the sense of sight is reacting as it was meant to do.

"Large print is often detrimental to perfect sight because the eye tries to see the whole letter at once. When one is looking at an object—for instance, a chair—there is an immediate strain if you try to see the whole chair at once. You either see the back first or the seat. This is central fixation: seeing best where you are looking," says a famous oculist.

Central fixation was and is, of course, the secret of the Red Indians' marvellous capacity for tracking. They look long and passively at a limited surface and allow the details to imprint themselves on their sight.

We never look long enough at anything, nor do we look passively. Our life does not depend on our sight. We hurry our eyes over and along accustomed surfaces. Consequently, the power of penetrative observation like the power of being able to smell acutely is leaving us.

But to practise central fixation is best for sight, and this can be obtained at any time or place by means of a certain exercise which I have described here before, called seeing black.

Shut eyes. Quietly and without any special effort, call to mind a black object—piece of furniture, drapery, coat, or hat. See it in your closed eye. Place a white dot on it. This will deepen the black around. Remove the dot and place your hands over your eyes. Sink your face in them. Or sink your face in your arms on the table.

Let the black swamp the whole sheet of your vision, or non-vision. You may not be able to hold this black expanse for more than a second. Power to hold black and let it grow will only come after practise in this form of relaxation.

So, at first, do not worry if the black comes and goes.

The greater the state of your eye-strain, headache, worry or excitement, the more rainbows and shooting stars will probably cross your sheet of vision. Indeed, you should deliberately increase the rainbows if you have difficulty in seeing black, and then place a coal spot on the shimmer and then let that coal spot grow—always remembering never *to try and make it grow.*

(Continued on page 129)

NEVER GROW OLD

The cult of beauty has now become one of England's great industries. Its figures fall only a little short of those yielded by the motor industry. Consequently, the best brains among chemists are directed towards making women look attractive.

Research is continuous, and research has already succeeded in diminishing the apparent gulf in years between mother and daughter. Most women look younger than they feel these days.

Now, Pond's come out with the triumphant news that a woman's skin need never grow old at all.

For fifty years, Pond's creams have been protecting women's faces against all kinds of climates, conditioning their skins against the ravages of dry, steamy, cold or scorching weathers in all parts of the globe. Now they have found what amounts to a formula for imperishable youth for the skin, and will embody this secret in every one of their products.

The price will remain the same. But every tube or jar of Pond's cold cream or vanishing cream will contain Vitamin A in a certain form, which they claim *instigates a self-renewing process in the skin and keeps the march of years at bay.*

Vitamin A tones and rebuilds the cells and keeps the seven-skin complexion-structure soft and young and smooth. And it is not a fairy tale. It is as feasible as photography in the dark by means of infra-red rays, and marks a great step forward in the cult of beauty.

Four years ago, scientists discovered that when a certain ointment containing Vitamin A was applied to burns and wounds, skin healed rapidly and scarlessly.

They knew, too, that most harsh or tight skin conditions developed owing to the lack of this same vitamin, which is not contained in sufficient quantities in most people's diets. Moreover, such vitamin as is transmitted through certain foods is too often used up by the body before it has time to reach the skin, and the small amount that percolates to the skin is dissipated by exposure to water and air.

As most skins suffer from lack of this vitamin, the oil glands dry up and the tissues become shrunken.

So Pond's planned to feed the skin continually with its very *life essence.* Experiments lasted over three years, in a search to find the best form in which Vitamin A could be applied, and the form in which it could best be embodied in their creams. The formula was evolved, the period of trial followed.

Scores of women with different skin textures were examined, microscopically, and invited to test the creams. Ages varied from twenty-five to sixty-six. After three weeks' use of these creams they were re-examined microscopically, each one for the defects marked on her chart.

The microscope showed that oil glands were functioning again, flattened cells were rounded, shrivelled tissues had been renewed and had come back to being.

The transparent health and freshness of the skin was astonishing. The clearing, germ-destroying properties of Vitamin A are, of course, well known.

How far Vitamin A recaptures past years and youthifies the face varies from five years to fifteen; but one thing is certain beyond all question—it does stop depredations creeping on, at any age, for anyone.

The liquefying cream should be used in the same way as before, to cleanse the face of make-up; the vanishing cream keeps powder on, the cold cream should be used at night after the liquefying cream: it is a deep pore-cleanser and keeps the skin from chapping, too. After using it, slip on a suspicion of vanishing cream and leave this on all night to fight germs and keep skin-renewing.

There are certain things you should never be without. This is one—a lotion which takes all pain and swelling from stings, burns, abrasions, cuts, bruises, sprains and sunburn, and then cures. Smells divine, is invaluable, can be used on babies or their grandparents, on everyone.

A tip for those of you who have lines about your eyes. A gadget has been devised to work in cream round eyes without pulling the skin.

In shape, it is a small hollow glass powder-puff with a long screw-on handle. Unscrew this handle, fill the non-breakable glass puff with warm water, screw on the handle, and apply the cream to the puff which melts it immediately. Then pass the puff swiftly round the eyes. The warmth will not only open the pores, but drive the emulsified cream in.

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

A WEEK in the LIFE of a HOSTESS HOUSEWIFE

APRIL, 1938
Golf. Sanders children to tea
cocktails
Phone Nora
George's suit
Hairdresser 10 30
Write John
Plant seedlings
Remember flowers
Bridge Tea
George 3. 30
Gardener 15/-
Flowers 3/6

MONDAY

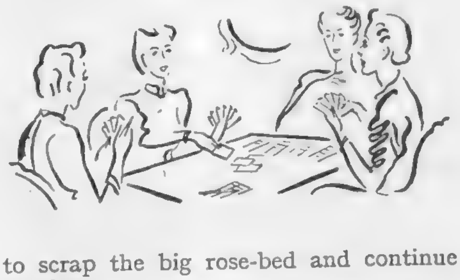
Drove George to the station. Saw Vera F. Asked her for bridge Wednesday. Mrs. Traps the "daily" didn't show up. Gave Ethel a hand with the bedrooms. Planted the front window boxes. Called up decorator about my bedroom. Arranged to start next week. Decided on pale blue, sheer white and cerise. Met children from school. Anne brought her new young man for cocktails. After dinner a quiet evening with the radio and reading.

TUESDAY

Shopping with the car. Bought seedlings for the new bed under the drawing-room window. Dropped in to the golf club to see Anne. Didn't intend staying but finally played nine holes. Marvellous drive from the sixth. Remember to tell George. Met Tim Bolton, back from the East, had a cocktail with him. Late back for lunch. Nora Grieve had phoned she would come for tea. Rather agitated as Nora needs preparing for. Managed decent tea with fingers of hot buttered toast spread with sugar and cinnamon. Hot home-made scones—Ethel's specials—and the chocolate layer cake left from Sunday. Went to the big Disney "Snow White." Adored it. Must take the children. Don't think they will be scared at the wood and witch sequences. Will prepare them in advance, and offer "Turkish Delight" at tensest moments.

WEDNESDAY

Ethel and I tried new patent cleaning preparation on the sitting-room carpet. Very good and easy to use. Talked to the gardener about making ornamental steps down the slope to the rock garden. He wasn't keen, but I insisted. Decided to scrap the big rose-bed and continue the lawn.



Seven for bridge this afternoon. Lost five shillings. Arranged to join Tim and Vera at the theatre next week to see "Robert's Wife." My angel cake a great success at tea. Long talk with George about war, politics, our son's future. Must polish up my bridge and play some serious tennis this season.

THURSDAY

Wrote a long letter to mother. Tried new recipe for lunch. Fillets of fish wrapped in rashers of bacon and baked in a fireproof dish. Tasty with creamed potatoes and braised onions.

Hairdresser this afternoon. Tried out new style. Uplift effect. *I* like it but doubt if George will. Had a manicure and went to the dressmaker. My green outfit begins to shape well. Bought an adorable nightdress in Cavendish Street. Ice-blue chiffon with navy lace.

Met George at six. Went to a news reel, and had quiet dinner in town.

FRIDAY

Decided to do a batch of cooking and leave week-end free. Prepared chicken for Sunday as Ethel will be off all day. Left it in the 'frig.

Made gingerbread with Margery's recipe.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. treacle, ½ lb. butter, ¼ lb. preserved ginger, ½ lb. sugar. teaspoonful of bicarbonate and a little milk. It wants two and a half hours in a moderate oven. Really good. The children love it.

George phoned he was bringing Fred Bassett to dinner. Planned homely menu with thought for neglected bachelors. Started with potted shrimps—my own make—cream of onion soup followed with liver and bacon done in a fireproof dish with chopped mushroom, onion and parsley. Finished with raisin pie, Stilton and coffee. Good meal.

SATURDAY

Ethel scorched her hand on the kitchen stove. Tears and bandages. Had to cook lunch instead of spending the morning in the garden. Seedlings still unplanted. Gave myself a home-made facial this afternoon. Felt good after it. Children out to tea. Quiet.

Five to dinner this evening. All admired my table decoration. Primroses, violets, lilies of the valley. Really charming with the green glass service. Ethel did well with the Crepe Suzette—in spite of the bandage.

SUNDAY

Played eighteen holes with George this morning. Wore my new tweed. Yellow looks well with it and does good things to my skin. Brought back a crowd for cocktails before lunch. Took the children for a drive this afternoon. Had tea at the Roadhouse with the private zoo. Much excitement. George and I went to supper with the Royden-Smiths. Their new house has one of the sliding windows that throws one side of the room open to the garden. Nice. We might think of that. Wore my black jersey with the shocking pink sash. Glad to be alive, and living in England and happy . must touch wood.

Be Friends With Your Relations

By Jane Graham

Relations are like riches. One is born with more than one's share or less than one's due. It depends how you look at it.

A distinguished silk once said that a man who had never quarrelled with his relatives was either a giant in diplomacy or a pigmy in resolve. It was a pessimistic view. Relations are not as difficult as all that.

But what is the secret of the happy family? What are the subtleties which spread peace and understanding between the members of one family and disunity between those of others?

Are they subtleties at all? I doubt it.

One thing is assured. Family wars can too often be traced to a complete and baffling disregard for the exchange of those simple courtesies which sweeten human relationships.

Conduct they would blush to be guilty of outside the precincts of the home is freely indulged in between the members of a family. There is an impression, all too common, that within the home any discourtesy will pass. It won't. Ninety per cent of family quarrels prove it.

I am not saying that persons living under one roof can keep up a continuous exchange of old-world courtesy. That would be comical and certainly insincere, but the interests of respect, consideration and common politeness can be sustained without "showing off."

Do you get along with your relations? If not it is time you took frank and unflinching stock of yourself. No, I am not saying it is not partly their fault, but the chances are that you are equally to blame.

Remember that the very proximity of family problems militates against your seeing them in their true perspective. It is always so. That is why, to the onlooker, so many family quarrels are fruitless and silly. Emotions are whipped up to a fantastic degree about nothing. Proximity completely upsets the perspective of the protagonists.

So, if you suffer from family troubles do try to detach yourself. Get your values right. Face facts. Above all, ask yourself sincerely, "How much am I to blame?"

Supposing your relations do treat you indifferently. Supposing they are jealous and determined to meddle in your affairs. Believe me these are not very serious offences. They are the ordinary, everyday problems of human relationships. They are the offences of people who have never given themselves time to think, to reason. View them in their true perspective and they are easy enough to deal with.

The chances are that differences of temperament and taste will prevent your ever seeing eye to eye with some of your relations, but what of it? Is it essential to agree with people to respect them?

A vital thing to remember in connection with all human relationships, intimate or otherwise, is that disagreement provides no grounds for quarrelling.

Try composing your differences in an atmosphere at least respectful to your opponents point of view. This is the way to achievement. Hysteria is unproductive and exhausting.

If your sister goes off for the evening in your newest hat when you were planning to wear it yourself don't sever diplomatic relations with her for good. It won't get you anywhere. It will merely create a very unhappy atmosphere in which to live. The boomerang merely recoils upon yourself.

Tell her that her behaviour was selfish and ill-mannered. Don't make a long speech of it because she won't listen. Hysteria on your part won't reform her at all, but you can buy immunity for the price of a lock and key. After all, that's all you want, isn't it?

If your husband's mother or maiden aunt shows an inclination to manage your household don't make open warfare of it. Show a passive frame of mind. Listen politely to her discourses, even if you forget them afterwards.

If her interference spreads tell her gently, unemotionally that you appreciate the kindness of her motives but you must be allowed to run your own home. Sugar the pill with a smile and some little extra attention to follow.

No, that is not the behaviour of a saint; merely of a diplomat.

There is no greater blessing than that of enjoying membership of a united family circle. It is a privilege worth sacrifices, sometimes worth humility.

Differences of taste and temperament between children of the same parents are often as wide and as unbridgeable as the ocean. In such cases it is fruitless to look for companionship or even for affection between them, but there is always the bond of common origin, of affections shared to assist in the difficult task of mutual adjustment.

Treat your relations with, at least, as much respect and consideration as you accord to others and you will find their responses no less disappointing than those of strangers.

Just a crowd—but each person here is somebody's relation — a source of comfort or conflict to someone

Personally Speaking

By JEAN BURNUP

You can't mention "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" nowadays without people becoming quite heated. Not about the film as a film. Apart from one or two critical carpers who would knock Michelangelo, every voice is raised in praise, and rightly.

The heat is about whether children will be frightened of the horror sequences.

One school of thought says no. It says that children actually enjoy thrills of terror if the reaction is quick enough and sunny enough, as in "Snow White." It remembers its own days of macabre fairy tale reading, when sinister, frightening things were merely the dramatic and necessary contrast to the lovely, happy ever after events that followed.

The other school says yes. It was actually frightened itself. It is one thing to read about such things in books, another thing to see them with diabolical Disney realism on the screen.

It seems to me that the whole thing depends entirely on the children. Sensitive, highly imaginative problem children are definitely going to be frightened at the horrors. But to some of the little toughs I meet nowadays, the horrors will be meat and drink.

One such gangster of my acquaintance, aged six, who has a butter-won't-melt-charm, was being entertained by his aunt to a bonfire at the bottom of the garden.

Together they stacked up sticks, branches and refuse, and got it going. When the pungent smoke began to choke the aunt she retired to the house, warning her nephew not to re-fuel with coal or wood from the nearby coal shed.

Knowing her man, she returned shortly to find blazing away a bonfire fit to guide an aeroplane in a fog, the coal shed ransacked, and, crackling away happily, the remains of the angel child's deck chair, which he had thrown on top of the pyre, in an ecstasy of arson.

Long ago a lot of great minds decided that Paris was a woman's city. It is certainly true that directly you enter the place, you are made somehow to feel tremendously aware of your femininity.

Why then, in a town which is supposed to be dedicated to the glorification of WOMAN, do they have taxi cabs so constructed that getting in and out, WOMAN has to bend practically in half, and is made to feel a hundred?

Apart from feeling a hundred several times a day, Paris, France, always stimulates and enthralls me, so that the littlest things seem invested with a strange enchantment. . . .

Little things like seeing all of a sudden the Duke of Windsor escorting his Duchess to the door of Elizabeth Arden's. . . . Gabriel Chanel insolently watching her own show from the back stairs, one hand mannishly thrust into a skirt pocket, the other fiddling with a match box, and giving it, in some indescribable way, chic. . . . A heavenly ad. for something to grow long eyelashes, showing the picture of a girl whose lashes had grown so long that they were tied up with tiny ribbon bows. . . . Two elegant and important fashion recorders arriving at a dress show wearing the identical striped silk turban. . . . A richly-dressed Frenchwoman walking through my hotel lounge, eyeing the daily papers left there for the public, and making off to her room with one. . . . A brutal-faced taximan, driving us back from a round of night gaieties, taking one hand off the wheel to fondle his little white dog, who nestled beside him. . . .

Perhaps such things would have enchantment in London too. But one way and another you somehow never seem to see them.

I can't keep taxis out of this page, this month. I left my glasses in a taxi a week ago, and they still have not been returned to the place where you go to claim things left behind in taxis.

I call this mean. I can understand the struggle with one's better self about a diamond bracelet. But other people's glasses? What use are they? The Burnup curse on the cad who stuck to them.

Last night, at a mixed party, the talk turned on actresses. A woman of sixty-something said, sweepingly: "There's no one on the stage to-day with the pulling-in personality of a Janet Achurch, a Mary Anderson, an Ellen Terry."

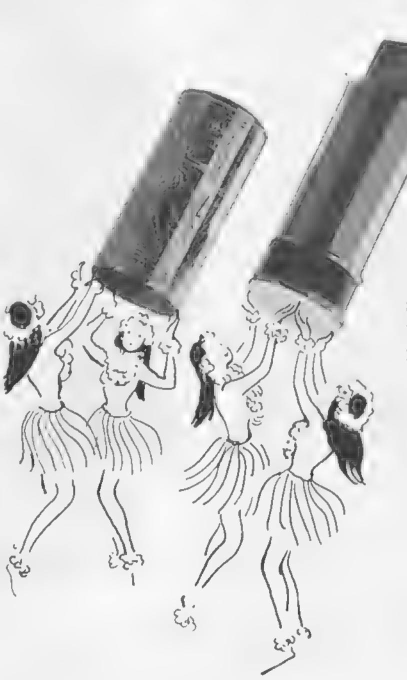
I offered her Margaret Rawlings, Flora Robson, Diana Wynyard, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies. She waved them aside. Grudgingly, she gave me Edith Evans and Gertrude Lawrence. I thought I had her with Gracie Fields. But she riposted with Nellie Farren.

Thinking about it later, I decided that while there are a whole bunch of new young actresses who are too R.A.D.A. and college-girl by far, I know that when I'm sixty-something, I shall be saying quite didactically, "There's no one on the stage to-day with the pulling-in personality of Peggy Ashcroft, Jane Baxter, Greer Garson, Jessica Tandy, Kay Hammond."

Beauty talk. . . . One of the nicest things that has happened to me lately has been the baths I have been taking with the help of our Miss Elizabeth Arden's bath mitts. I think of baths as one of the big Minor Pleasures of life, but a lot of people I know would rate them higher.

This is another of Miss Arden's clever ideas, a tied up bath glove filled with the softest, most luxurious soft soap. You dip the mitt in the water, and rub it over the body, getting the most unaccountable and luxurious lather, plus an exhilaration. . . . Anyway you try them, and you will see what I mean.

The other nice thing is Helena Rubinstein's costume vanity. It is small, slim, gold with a ruby decoration—not real of course, but who would know with rubies and diamonds looking flat as they do these days? The point is that it is flat for the handbag, and keeps powder firmly under control on one side of the case, so that there is no spilling, and on the other side, beneath a movable mirror, there is a flatter than flat rouge and puff.

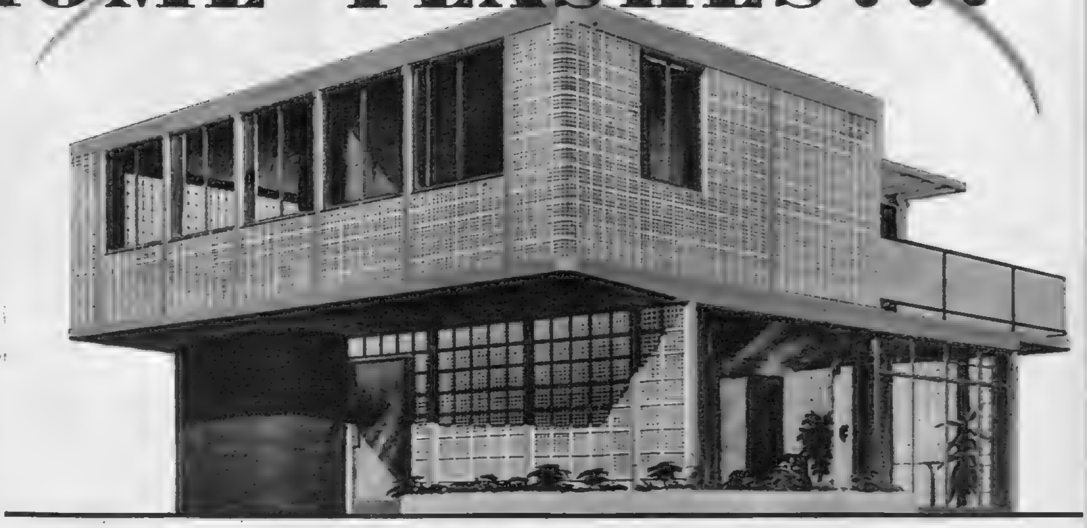


You are probably familiar with the gay South Sea Islands figures etched on the outside of the Tattoo Lipstick. If not, here they are, holding the lipstick up to you, telling you that it is brilliant and exciting, telling you that it isn't greasy, that it isn't dry, doesn't stain, doesn't come off. It comes to you in five shades—coral, exotic, natural, pastel, Hawaiian

IDEAL HOME FLASHES . . .

The Ideal Home Exhibition has come to be synonymous with spring. At the time when the promise of summer makes house refurbishing a necessity it serves to concentrate all the latest news of home matters into a navigable space. If you want to know what 's new, what 's glamorous in house decoration and equipment; if you want to be informed and entertained go to Olympia.

There is much to see, so we have sorted out the sights. Some glimpses of the more outstanding features are given here to guide you.



Dominating the hall of Olympia is the glass house. This design was selected from 283 designs submitted by architects.

The glass house is the *pièce de résistance*. You have a pre-view of it at the top of the page. Here you will see the house of the future. No, of the present. It is a really workmanlike and workable home with three bedrooms, a living room, dining-room, and all the latest essentials of equipment. An incredible example of the development of glass.

Well-known authors have a hand in beautifying the Exhibition. In co-operation with landscape gardeners each has laid plans and designs for his or her ideal garden. Mr. Beverley Nichols has created an adaptation of the now famous garden which figured in "Down the Garden Path."

Mystery Rooms set intriguing problems for visitors. World-famous authors of mystery stories have thought out the mystery rooms. Cash prizes go to observant visitors. Mrs. Darcy Braddell has designed the rooms, and Mr. Denis Wheatley has peppered them with clues.

A bedroom, dining-room, drawing-room and kitchen as they were in grandmother's day are another feature. Here you will see how the home-loving woman of 1865 chose to adorn her home. Models in each room will wear the costumes of the period.

Puzzle jugs are an amusing feature of the exhibit, "Drinking Vessels Through the Ages." A puzzle jug is a tantalising receptacle that defies you to drink from it unless you know its secret. City Companies and private collectors have contributed to a remarkable collection of vessels in this section.

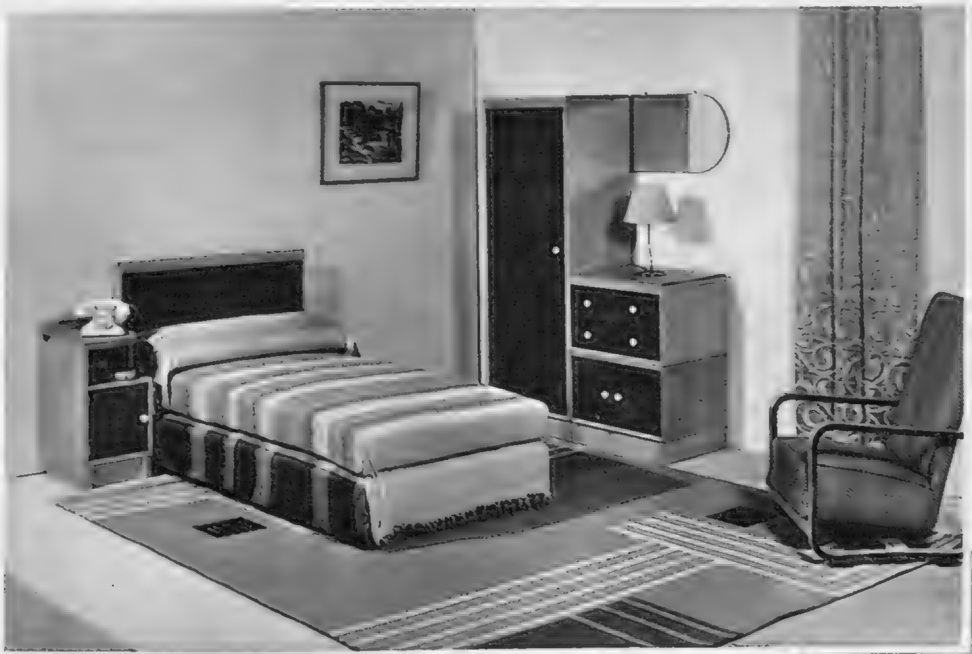
Relics from the nursery of Queen Victoria, silk stockings worn by the young Queen, and of such gossamer fineness that they can be drawn through a wedding ring; satin dancing slippers and many little souvenirs of the Royal nursery are to be seen.

The Temple of Fitness embodies the new cult of physical fitness. Displays by many prominent physical training groups are given on a specially designed stage. Five hundred spectators can see the displays at the same time.

Apart from Special features there is the usual galaxy of furnishing and decorating exhibits. One of outstanding interest is the Minty Neo-Craft furniture. This sectional bedroom furniture is of clean modern design and superb workmanship. All sections can be extended upwards as well as outwards. An important thing to note about the furniture is that the carcases are solid and not of framed-up plywood as in much sectional furniture.

The finest seasoned oak and walnut are used for all Minty Neo-Craft pieces with English white sycamore for the handles. Clear cellulose lacquer gives a smooth matt finish to the furniture which is not affected by fingermarks or dust.

Neo-Craft furniture for the library will be prominent in the Minty exhibit at Olympia. Extending bookcases which enable you to build up your library book by book, can be seen on the Minty Stand. These bookcases can be arranged to fill a corner, a wall or to line a complete room.



A suite of Neo-Craft furniture made by Minty to be seen at the Ideal Homes Exhibition. This sectional furniture is made of prime selected and seasoned oak and walnut. English white sycamore for handles.

An easy chair by Minty, who are exhibiting at Olympia. These famous chairs have pocketed springs with a generous overlay of rubberised hair to give a down-like effect without the disadvantages of down.

PARIS FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup, Editor, Women's Department

(Who was in Paris for the Spring and Summer Dress Shows)

Outstanding in the Paris collections are the new longer suit jackets, a bloused-dress line, the schoolgirl trend, rampant Victorianism, print and plain fabric alliance, and, by one manœuvre or another, spotlight on the corset area.

Do not believe, as some would have you believe, that the waistline has slipped up or slipped down. Whatever may be happening at the bosom or hipline—and a lot is—the normal waistline hits you in the eye, just where it should be, as small as it can be. At Chanel's, the waists are so pinched in that the hips swell out like Mae West's.

NEW LENGTH JACKETS

The new jackets are mid-thigh length. They are plumb-line straight over a slender or pleated skirt, or fitted to the figure. Just to be different, Chanel does the shortest little jackets, cutting in tightly at the waist; every designer on earth does boleros, from the square-shouldered, Spanish tasselled, fringed sort, to the abbreviated Fratellini ones seen at Schiaparelli over high-waisted skirts.

Molyneux has hip-length cut-away fitting jackets over contrasting skirts and blouses. Classic suits come at still another length, that of a man's lounge suit jacket, with deep lapels, one waist button, or link fastening. Smooth woollens, flannel, every sort of man's suitings, worsteds, whipcords make these, in greys, blacks, navies. Plain jackets go with striped skirts, vice versa, and there is similar interplay with plaids.

A lot of suits have revers, pockets seam edges outlined with herringbone stitchery, braid, rouleau pipings in contrast colours. Many jackets are collarless. Shaped pockets, seams and yoke seams are cut, bracket shaped. Some revers are leaf-shaped or curly. Shoulders are still squared.

SLENDER PLEATED SKIRTS

Skirts are last season's length, slender, all-round pleated, or widely pleated for walking freedom front and back, but always straight in repose. For tailored summer suits, alpacas, ottomans, twills, silk linens are used.

For dressier suits, navy with white trims is the most popular alliance, black and white following close, and, always, grey. Three-colour mixtures are favoured, as yellow, burgundy, and palish blue for skirt, blouse, jacket.

The most general line for everyday long-coat wear is the collarless redingote, shaped to the figure, with slightly widening skirt. This usually goes over a printed or contrast colour silk frock. A lot of long coats have short sleeves, many are sleeveless.

SCHOOLGIRL OR VICTORIAN

The schoolgirl trend is manifested in the girlish-bloused, full-skirted dresses—Mainbocher does them in dark, coarse net or other sheer fabrics over stem slips. In the Schiaparelli fastenings, which are sweets, liquorice sticks, gingerbread slices, and the general circus idea which runs through her entire collection, giving us clown buttons, animal, columbine, merry-go-round prints. . . . In Chanel's wide-revered short, navy, edged with white jackets, somehow reminiscent of young girl navy nap coats. . . . In the short pleated dresses seen everywhere. . . . In the preponderance of navy. . . . In the schoolgirl bows worn back of the hair with day frocks. . . . In the simplicity of white piqué and silky linen shirt blouses.

I said Victorianism was rampant. That is an understatement. There have been tentative Victorian excursions in dress for years, but nothing like this concerted drive, when designers have run up and down every year of the reign, picking out plums.

Sometimes they have gone back a little earlier to a Watteau tendency in hats, gathered, ribbon-threaded evening décolletages, ample coats pleated in back. Sometimes a little onward to early Edwardian. But mostly, Victoria has it.

Every milliner makes straw boaters. Schiaparelli sponsors breeches for sportswear reminiscent of Battersea Park cycling days. The bloused-dress has a faint echo of the pat-ball tennis era. When coat revers are there and are high cut, they are like those that anybody's grandfather wore, and outlined with braid at that.

Then, in the evening, oh, my . . . There are the great billowing crinolines, hooped beneath or of such stiff satin that they stand alone. Molyneux makes a series of them in maize, grey-blue, yellow, black, white—mostly satin or pleated many-tiered tulle—giving them drop shoulder or low-strapped décolletages and tricking them out with the accessories of the period, lace mittens, triangular lace shawls, roses worn back of the hair, a fan.

ENORMOUS EVENING SKIRTS

At Maggy Rouff, enormous skirts have Victorian bows and loops, red, for instance, on white organza. A hooped pale-blue satin skirt, bow trimmed, is gathered into a low-cut shirred corselet bodice of dark-red chiffon. Alix has an enormously full-skirted white organza, yellow ribbon sashed, with a round, gathered décolleté, puff sleeves.

Chanel makes exquisite full-skirted evening dresses with drop shoulders, a tight boned grosgrain corselet bodice, in organdie, organza, point de venise, and, eternally, lace.

She also offers—and I am a taker—some ethereal spangled net or tulle dresses with tight bodices and medium full skirts. One such, soft, deep blue, silver-sprinkled, with a foaming skirt, and a tulle, bride-like veil, is so lovely it sings.

Other Victorian symptoms are the little black Empress Eugènie evening hats, ostrich-feathered, chignons for your hair, velvet ribbon tying round your neck, cameos on a black velvet wristlet, reticule purses, Dorothy bag evening bags.

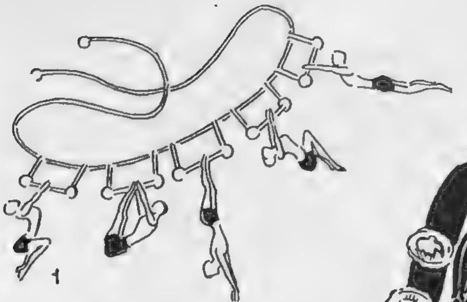
LARGE FLOWER PRINTS

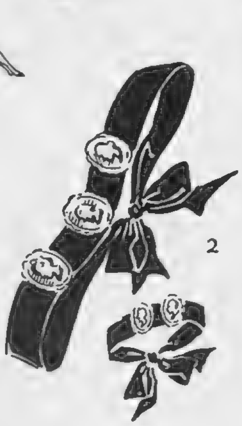
If there is no room in your life for these bouffant skirts, there are still the elegant stem dresses, mostly beltless, fitting the figure, with slightly lifted fronts, backs touching the floor, sometimes with a little train. These are usually satin or crêpe, or larger-than-life flower prints.

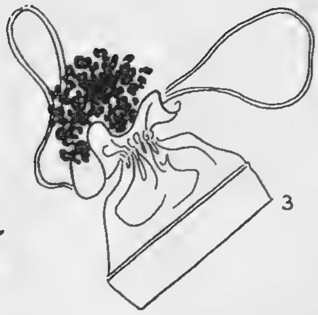
Occasionally there is a draped lifted movement at one knee. Schiaparelli has a beautiful moulded white satin, low cut, lifting slightly at the right knee, with a spray of roses, and gently flouncing into hem fulness. Other slender dresses of crêpe and jersey have statue drapery concentrated at bust and hip, or making front fulness. There is a new line at Mainbocher's (see page 61), a yellow blouse, a jade three-tiered tulle skirt. Tiers are coming along.

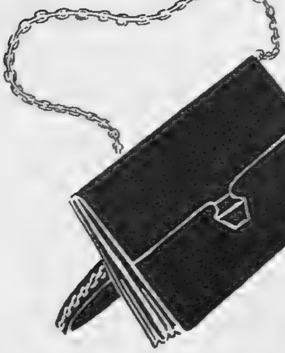
Lace has never been more popular—apart from evenings and afternoons, there are lacy prints, machine stitching imitating lace for outlining pockets and seams—cotton nets abound, and there are the

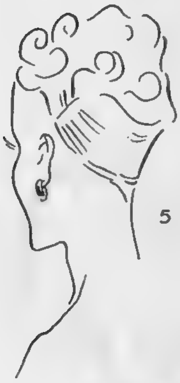
(*Continued on page* 148)

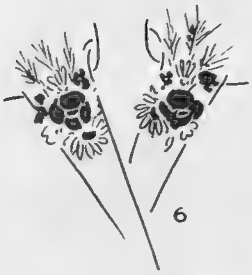


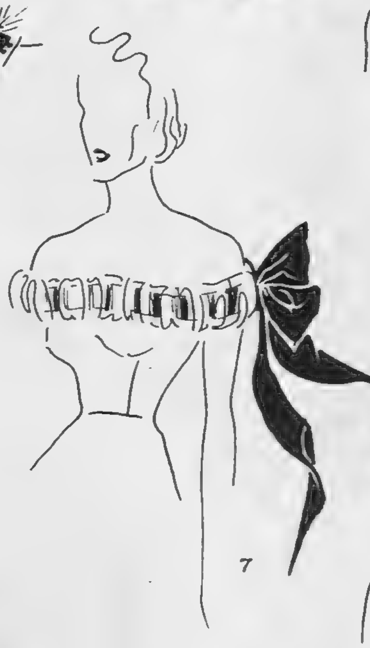


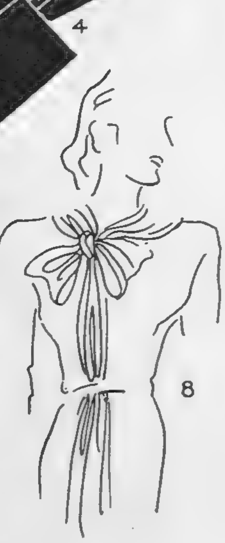








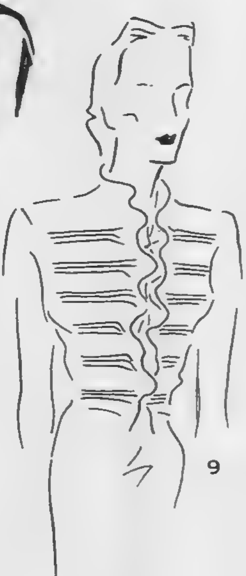


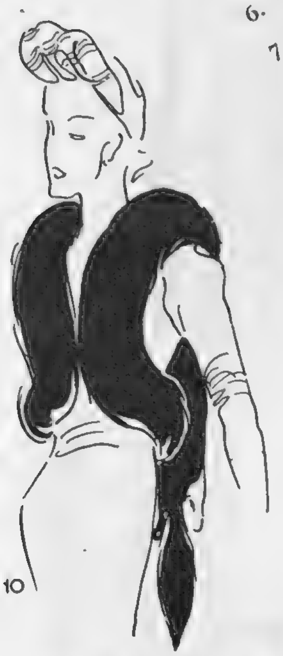


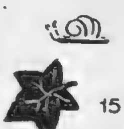
BITS and PIECES

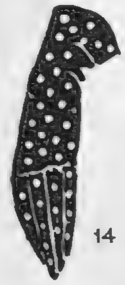
1. Schiaparelli's trapeze necklace, hanging, like many new necklaces, well below the choker line.
2. Mainbocher's cameos on ribbon for belt and bracelet.
3. Schiaparelli's satin reticule evening bag, with posy.
4. Maggy Rouff's bank messenger bag, chained to belt.
5. A high hair-do in front, the back hair swathed round, tucked in and pinned above the left ear.
6. Rochas' field-flower posies, worn on each lapel.*
7. Chanel's drop shoulder décolletage, white organdie, threaded with black ribbon.*
8. Alix's draped, bowed, scarf neckline, on a navy jersey dress, the draped ends continuing to the hem.*
9. Chanel's lingerie blouse, pink chiffon, tucked and frilled.*
10. Heim's new way of wearing two foxes, heads joined low at back, skins coming round the waist, over the shoulders, brushes hanging low behind.
11 and 12. Chanel's waitress and schoolgirl black bows, for day wear.
13. Alix's red silk jersey blouse, with draped, tied neckline, draped-up sleeves.
14. Mainbocher's spotted silk gloves, white on navy to match the lapels of a navy suit.*
15. Rochas' snail and ivy buttons.
16. Lelong's satin corset inset in tulle.*

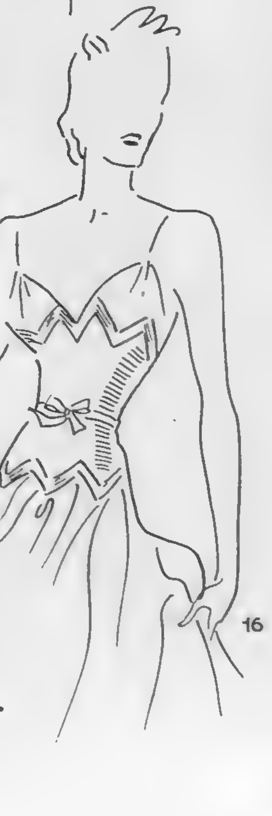
** These illustrate general tendencies.*

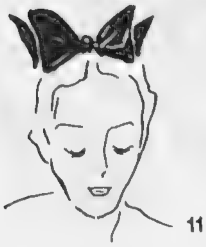


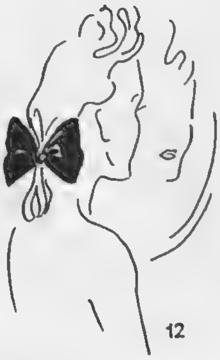


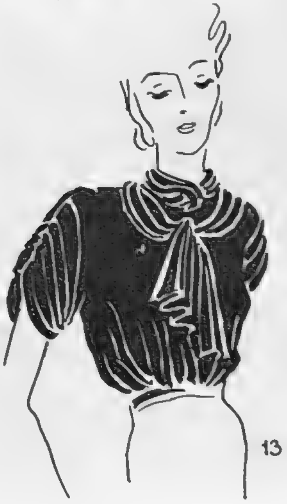


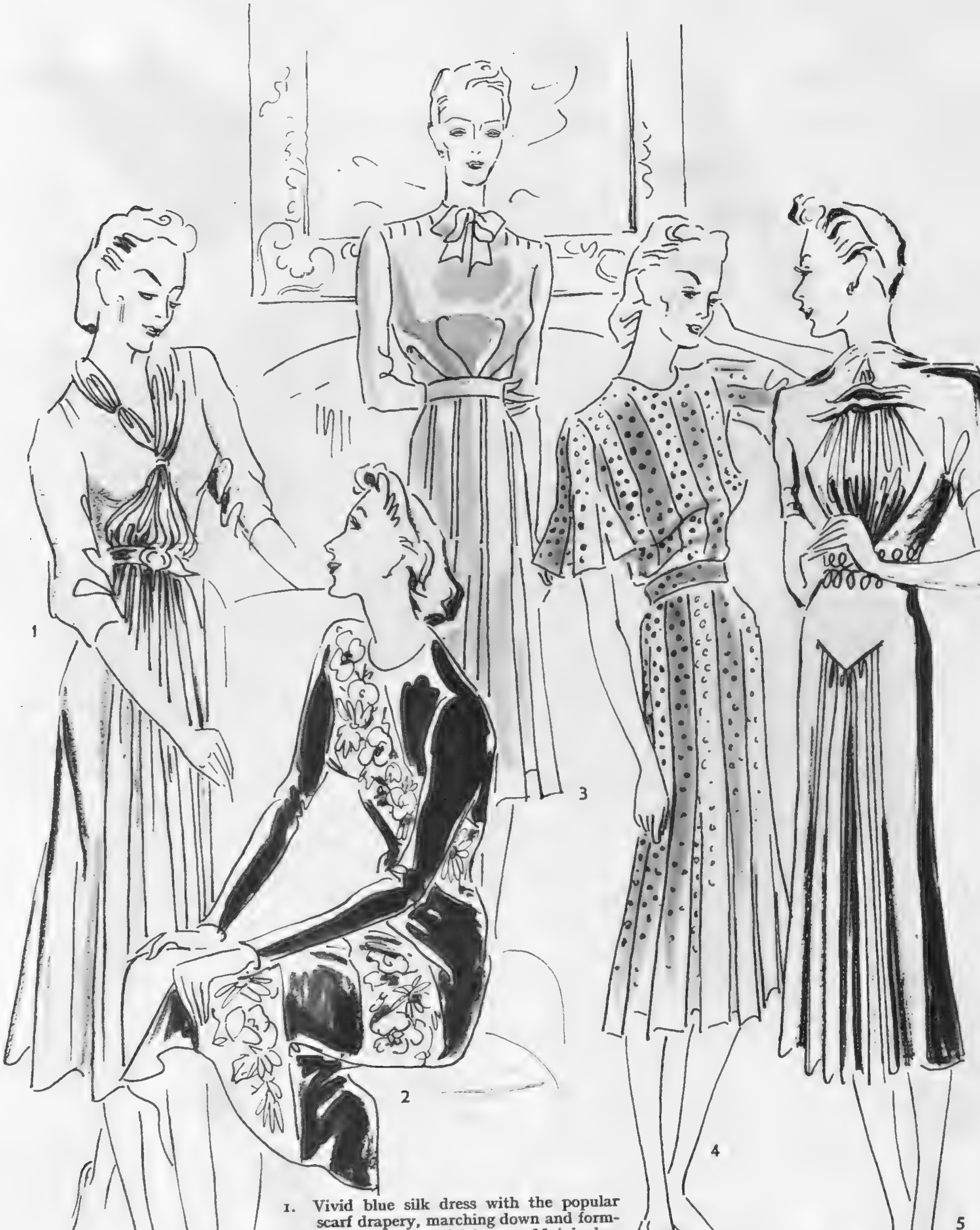












1. Vivid blue silk dress with the popular scarf drapery, marching down and forming front gathered fulness. *Mainbocher.*

2. Alliance of patterned and plain fabric, an outstanding trend, in a black, long, tight sleever, divided by wide bands of a gay field-flower print. *Rochas.*

3. The new bloused line, a shirt dress, in putty crêpe, with bodice fulness drawn towards the centre, a pleated skirt. *Piguet.*

4. Spots on vari-coloured stripes for a crêpe dress whose pleats are stitched from round neck to thigh line, then hang loose. *Molyneux.*

5. Mole-brown romaine, exquisitely draped, with the material passing through a plain, corset-like area, into front fulness. Belt of looped kid piping. *Alix.*

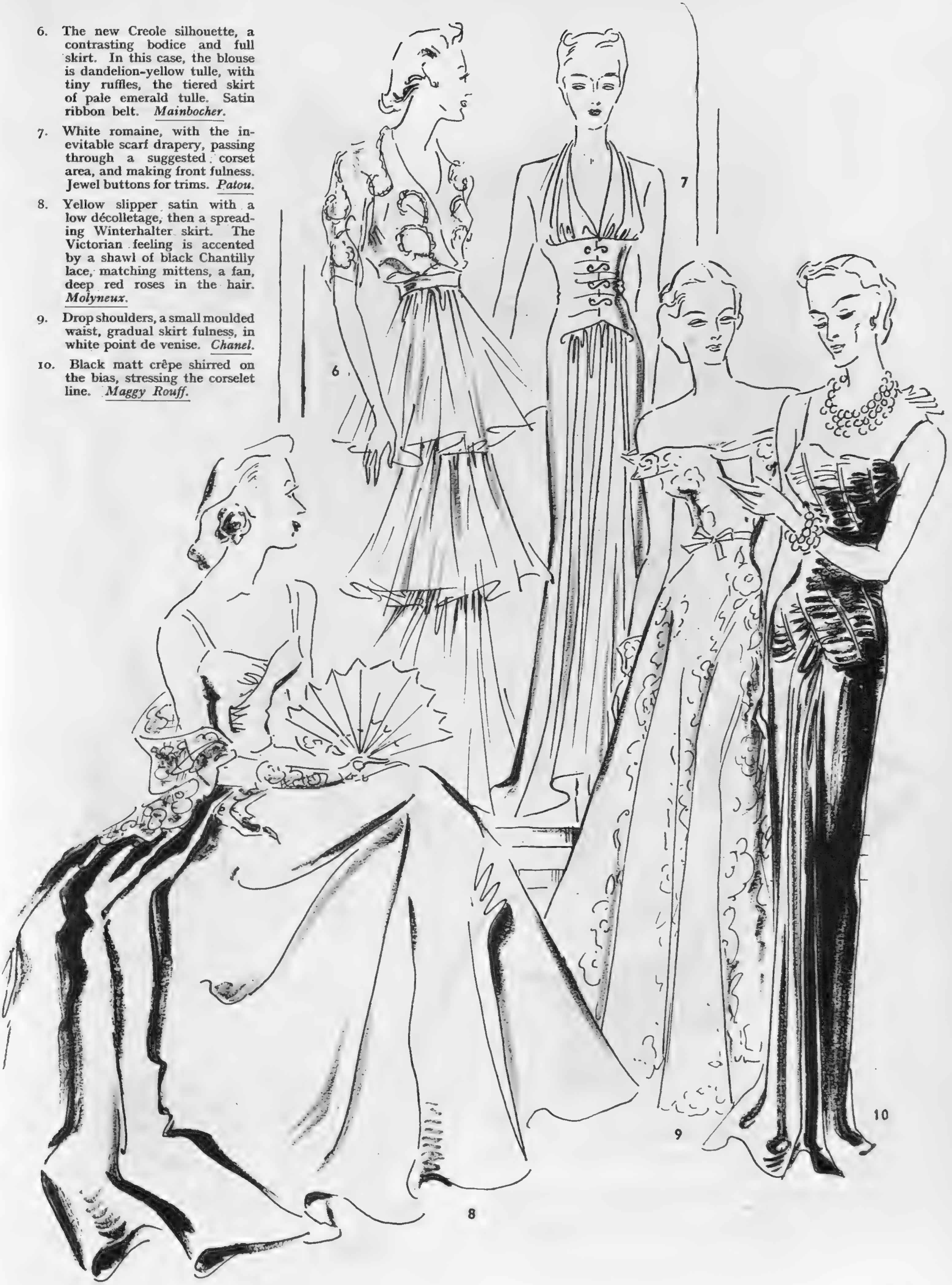
6. The new Creole silhouette, a contrasting bodice and full skirt. In this case, the blouse is dandelion-yellow tulle, with tiny ruffles, the tiered skirt of pale emerald tulle. Satin ribbon belt. *Mainbocher.*

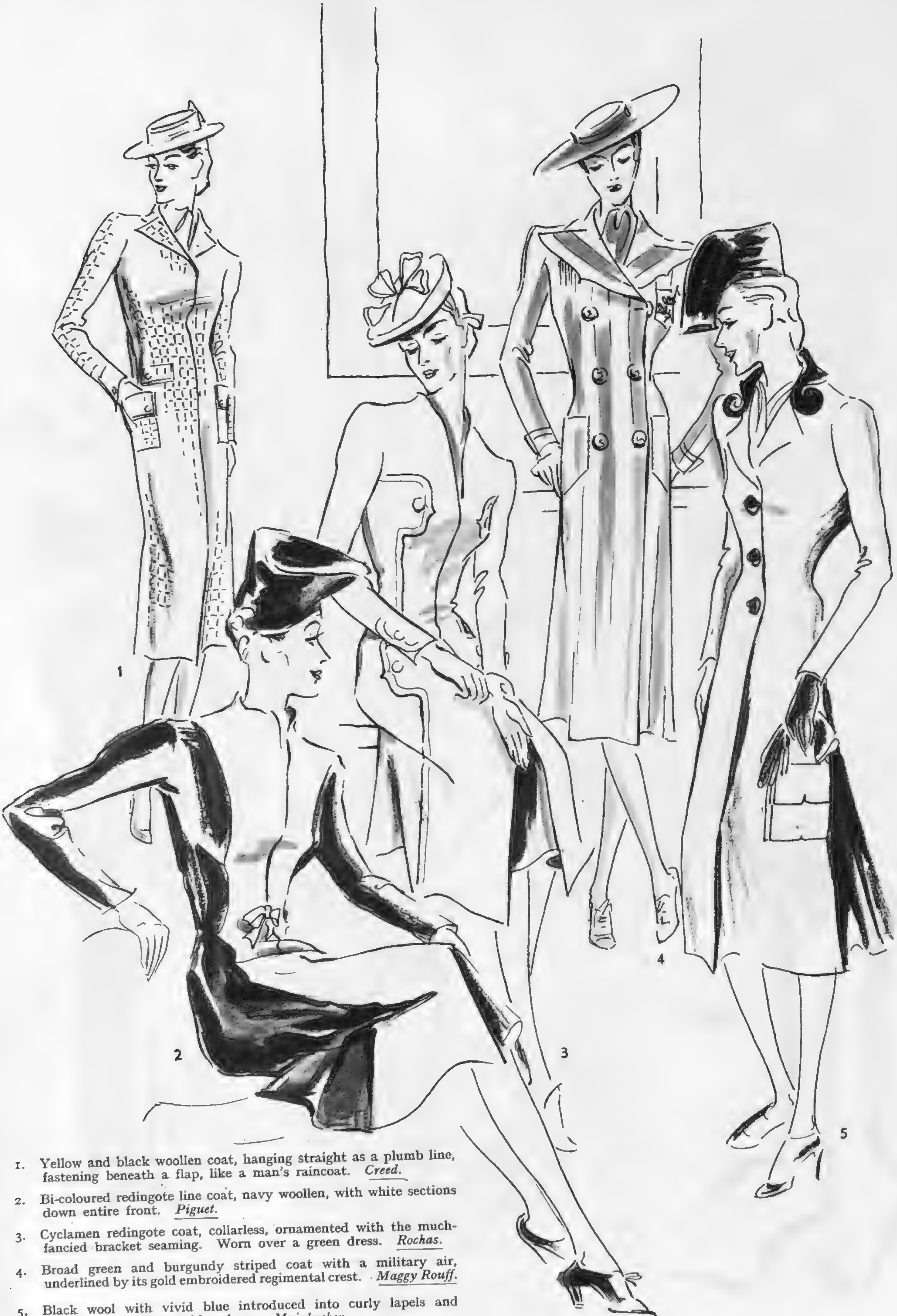
7. White romaine, with the inevitable scarf drapery, passing through a suggested corset area, and making front fulness. Jewel buttons for trims. *Patou.*

8. Yellow slipper satin with a low décolletage, then a spreading Winterhalter skirt. The Victorian feeling is accented by a shawl of black Chantilly lace, matching mittens, a fan, deep red roses in the hair. *Molyneux.*

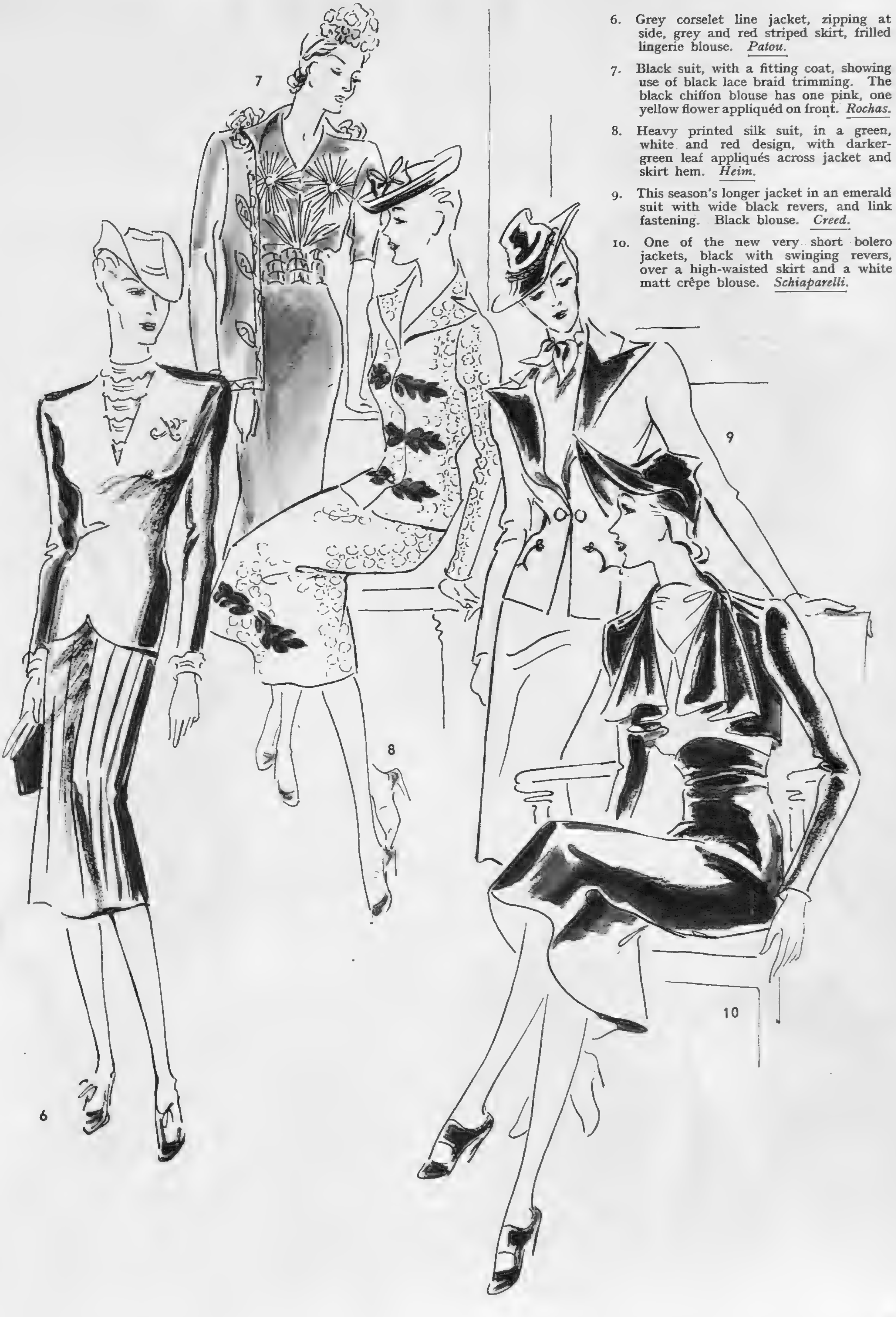
9. Drop shoulders, a small moulded waist, gradual skirt fulness, in white point de venise. *Chanel.*

10. Black matt crêpe shirred on the bias, stressing the corselet line. *Maggy Rouff.*





1. Yellow and black woollen coat, hanging straight as a plumb line, fastening beneath a flap, like a man's raincoat. *Creed.*
2. Bi-coloured redingote line coat, navy woollen, with white sections down entire front. *Piguet.*
3. Cyclamen redingote coat, collarless, ornamented with the much-fancied bracket seaming. Worn over a green dress. *Rochas.*
4. Broad green and burgundy striped coat with a military air, underlined by its gold embroidered regimental crest. *Maggy Rouff.*
5. Black wool with vivid blue introduced into curly lapels and fantail back. Over a blue dress. *Mainbocher.*



6. Grey corselet line jacket, zipping at side, grey and red striped skirt, frilled lingerie blouse. *Patou.*

7. Black suit, with a fitting coat, showing use of black lace braid trimming. The black chiffon blouse has one pink, one yellow flower appliquéd on front. *Rochas.*

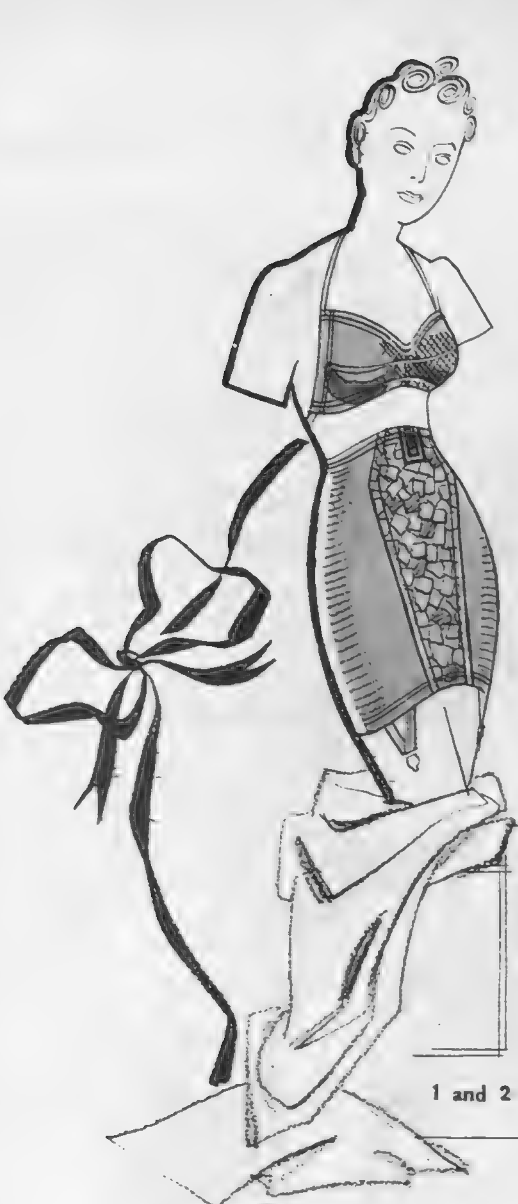
8. Heavy printed silk suit, in a green, white and red design, with darker-green leaf appliqués across jacket and skirt hem. *Heim.*

9. This season's longer jacket in an emerald suit with wide black revers, and link fastening. Black blouse. *Creed.*

10. One of the new very short bolero jackets, black with swinging revers, over a high-waisted skirt and a white matt crêpe blouse. *Schiaparelli.*

CORSET LINE

1. Halter neck bras in double net with a narrow net edging. Hook attachment for backless dresses and bathing-suits, giving good, low backline. *Kestos.*
2. Three-strand lastex belt, with an up-and-down stretch front panel containing two detachable bones. High-cut front and apron back. Flat suspenders. *Kestos.*
3. Écru needle-run lace bras lined with triple ninon. Adaptable tubular (non-flesh-cutting) shoulder-straps. *Kestos.*
4. Average fitting controlette, semi-step-in, of Pompadour voile, with lastex batiste panels. Built-up and separated bust net section. Low back. *Berlei.*
5. Berlette bras in lace, with stitched uplift batiste under-sections. *Berlei.*
6. Step-in Sasha girdle of lastex lace, for an average figure, the fronts cleverly tucked to control stomach muscles. The girdle comes well up on the ribs, avoiding a diaphragm roll. *Berlei.*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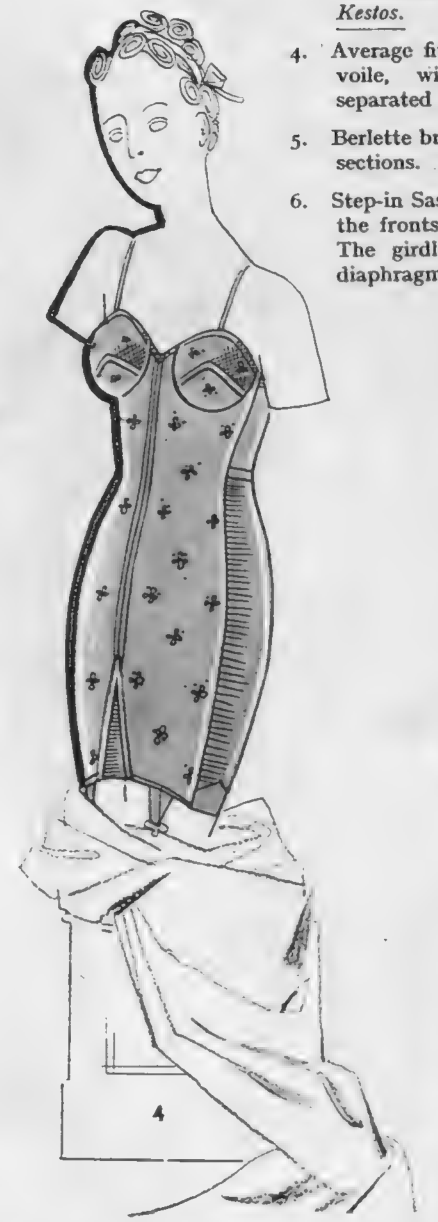
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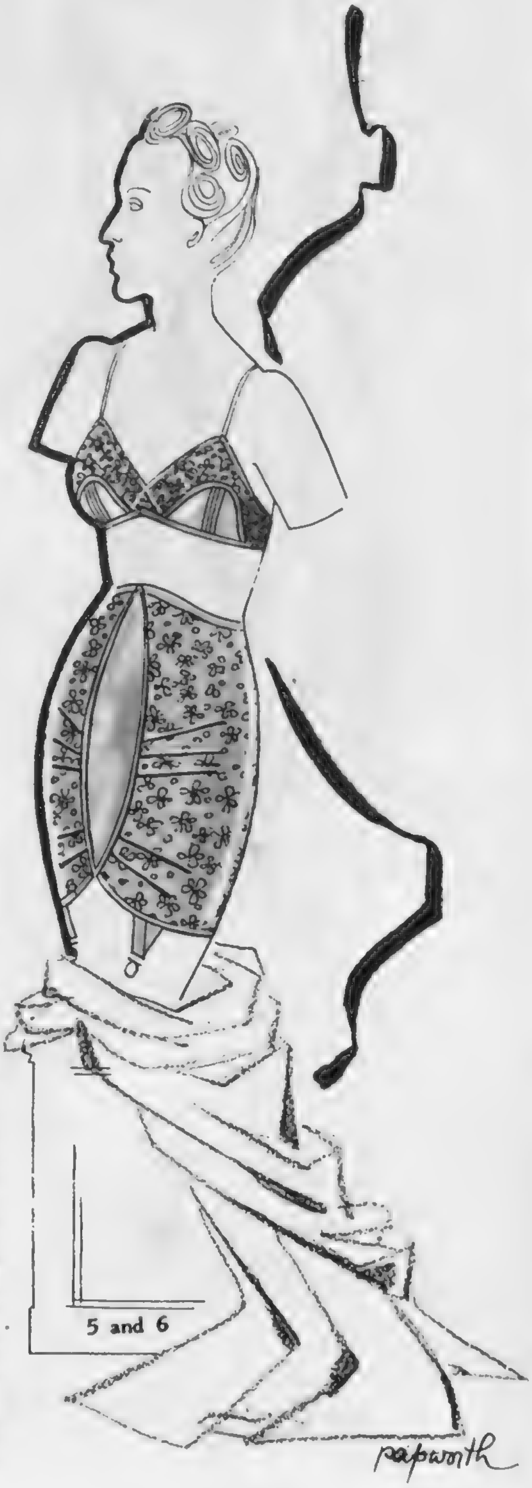
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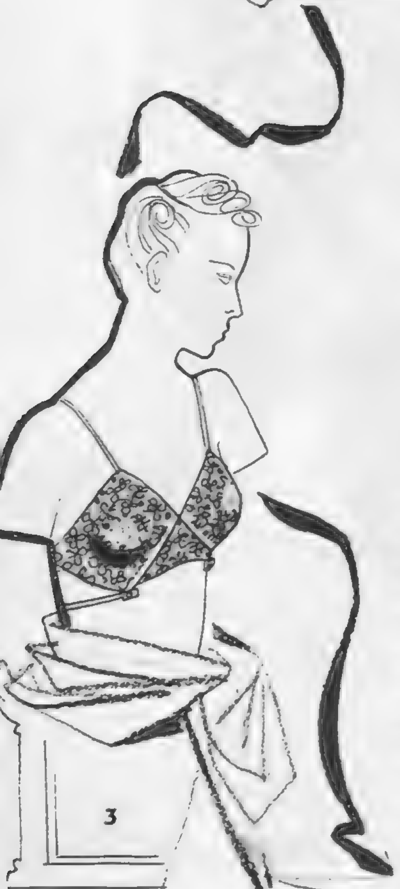
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The season's newest silhouette is actually called the Corset Line. This means that clothes, from bosom to hip, embrace the torso like any corset. But don't be alarmed. It is not so hard on the figure as it sounds. In fact, if the bosom is properly built up by correct brassières, the waist and hips disciplined by adroit belting or foundations, it is really quite easy.

Nobody is advising you to break out into a tight-fitting sweater or other manifestation of the corset line if you happen to be an over-forty hipper. That would be crazy. But it would be a good plan to see about a Berlei, who have a marvellous range of foundations for every sort of out-of-proportion women. You would be surprised what the right Berlei can do with extra flesh, and how it can mould almost any figure into a balanced line. Naturally, they also have the most flattering foundation-belts and brassières for slim bodies, although they maintain that a lot of these need more correction and control than they are generally given.

Kestos, whose two new brassières and girdle appear on the left side of the page, stress the importance of putting young growing girls into their belts and brassières, rather than letting their figures run schoolgirl-wild.

If some of our mothers had done the same by us, there would not be so many figure problems to deal with to-day.

papworth

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the
answer to your own problems, write to me at
"Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

Easy Carpet Shampoo. Spring sunshine is all very well, but it is a bit nosey. It pries into every cranny of the house, thrusting shafts of light everywhere; pointing an accusing finger at every speck of grime, and throwing its radiance over the carpets until every worn patch and every stain gazes back at you with mute reproach.

The dust gets shifted in the annual spring clean, but short of buying new carpets or pushing the furniture over them, we can't do much about the worn patches. We can, however, give our old friends a face-lift and remove stains and grime, with a thorough shampoo.

And you can do this yourself. With the shampoo I have discovered washing a carpet is as easy as brushing it. The carpet need not be taken up, and the special brush which goes with the shampoo makes kneeling unnecessary.

The work can be done in large or small sections and you will find that the carpet will dry quite quickly in a room of average warmth. Besides restoring colour, the shampoo destroys moths and acts as a pleasantly smelling deodorant. It is excellent for upholstered furniture, too. Can I say more?

Zing in the Bath. Holy men, they tell us, wear hair shirts next to their skin as a penance. Me, I'm wearing hair gloves in my bath; as scrubby and grey looking as a hair shirt (presumably) is, but oh! the zing these gloves put into my circulation of a morning is no penance, believe me.

You can use them wet or dry, in hot or cold water and either way feels good. Besides pepping up the blood stream the friction helps to chip off those bits of fat that collect here and there, where you least want them. The gloves are fine, too, for an eau-de-Cologne rub after exercise. If you prefer it you can have a back strap instead of the gloves for your rub-a-dub; the effect is just the same.

Cure for Puffy Eyes. Puffiness under the eyes is a thing every woman can do very well without. Of course, in pronounced cases, puffiness is a health symptom that should not be neglected, but at this time of the year, eyes often look a little puffed up—maybe the trouble is due to hitting up the high spots and losing sleep.

If you plead guilty to this count, you may like to hear of an external treatment that is very effective indeed. This is an oil to be applied very sparingly round the eyes at bedtime. A camel-hair brush is the easiest way of applying it, as then you do not waste any oil and can get right up to the lashes. The price is 1s. 9d. a bottle. It should be enough to last you six months.

A New Tea Strainer. There are some people to whom tea drinking would not be the ceremony it is, unless they could twirl the cup round after drinking, peer into its depths and discover "a dark man," or "a journey across the water," among the leaves. To others, tea leaves are just a soggy brown mess to be dealt with with silver strainers, slop basins and other fusses.

To most of us, however, a quick cup of tea is all we have time for, and there is not much room either, on the tray for redundancies. So I feel that a strainer that fits *inside* the pot is a really bright idea. It *is* bright, too, for its flexible stem which enables the strainer to be fitted into any size pot, is made of stainless and rustless steel. It need never be removed and it does not flavour the tea.

For Brittle Nails. Garden grubbing just now is a pleasant enough task at week-ends, with the sun warm on your back and the spring flowers popping up everywhere; but oh, when you return to town and start thinking about a hair-set and manicure! My nails, always brittle, simply will not take it. Even my best behaved index and little finger nail went the way of the others; I was ashamed to have a manicure. Then a new nail cream came to my aid.

I use it every night now, and before putting on my gardening gloves, I rub it over the nail, under the tips and round the cuticle. My nails are growing again and are becoming more supple.

The secret of the success of this cream is the presence of Vitamin F, the same little chap that is used in creams for excessively dry skins. By replacing the lack of natural oils it builds up broken nails and makes and keeps them supple.

The people responsible for the nail cream have just perfected a formula for filling out thin and crêpy necks. It not only firms the contours, but banishes those spots and neck rashes which come out regularly with the spring, tra-la-la.

Permanently-waved Pins. *"See a pin and let it . . ."* Well, you know the rest. And you may or may not believe the superstition. But if you make use of some new pins that are being seen around the best places, you will never get the chance of proving to yourself that leaving a pin lying is unlucky, for these pins with the permanent wave in them just cannot drop out.

They look a bit haywire, but in practice they are a hundred per cent efficient. Dressmakers and furriers and all who make their living by sticking pins into cloth and people, or anyone who, like myself, has known the anguish of losing a pin from a crucial place at a crucial moment, will call down blessings on the inventor.

APRIL FOOLS

Right.
Pineapple Fool . . . served in glasses with crushed macaroons and whipped cream.

The Oxford Dictionary tells us that a fool is "creamy liquid of fruit stewed, crushed and mixed with milk, cream, etc. (esp. gooseberry f.)." Well and good, but why only gooseberry?

Fools seem to be *esp. suit Spring-time* so here is a collection, together with a few samples of other soft and luscious sweets chiefly of the mousse variety.

In good old-fashioned recipes a fool was always made as follows :

Fruit (not necessarily stewed) passed through a sieve.
Thick, rich cream.
Castor sugar.

The proportions were usually half fruit pulp, half cream with sugar to taste, according to the sweetness of the fruit.

Nothing could be better than this formula, but in these days, such lavish quantities of cream are rather beyond the average means, so you must compromise either by using a thick custard or something as a basis, with just a little cream to give the finishing touch.

My own solution is an even simpler one. I always use approximately half fruit pulp, the other half being made of sweetened condensed milk and cream in equal proportions.

Apple Fool

Half a pound of eating apples.
A cupful of sweetened condensed milk.
Two macaroons, two tablepoonfuls of cream.

Peel and core the apples, cut them in quarters and put them in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of cold water and a teaspoonful of soft sugar. Put on a slow fire and cook gently until the apples are soft. Mash with a fork until you have a really soft *purée.* If at all in doubt about the smoothness of this pass it through a sieve, then let it get cold.

Now crush and roll out with the rolling pin, two macaroons. Add these to the apple *purée,* mix well and stir in the condensed milk afterwards, beating well with a fork or whip. Put this to get cold and at the last minute beat the cream in lightly. Serve cold, in individual little pots or custard glasses.

Banana Fool

Four bananas.
One cupful of condensed milk.
The strained juice of half an orange.
Two tablespoonfuls of cream.
Sugar if necessary.

Peel and scrape the bananas, cut them up, mash them and beat them in a bowl until you have a frothy *purée.* Add the orange juice, beat again and now add the condensed milk, beating well. Put the mixture in a really cold place.

Add the cream just before serving, which should be done as described above.

Tinned pears or peaches can be treated in the same way.

Pineapple Fool

One tin of pineapple chunks.
A cupful of condensed milk, cream.
One-quarter fruit syrup.
One-quarter fruit pulp.
Half whipped cream.

Strain the chunks well, but do not throw away the juice, it can be used for other sweets or in a fruit drink.

Cut the chunks up into tiny pieces and chop them until you can almost mash the pulp into a soft *purée.* Mix with the condensed milk and put into a cold place, adding a little cream at the last minute. Serve cold in individual glasses with any of the following on top :

A tiny piece of pineapple chunk kept back for the purpose;
Crushed macaroons;
Whipped cream flavoured with a little pineapple juice.

Cold courses are composed of:

One-quarter fruit syrup
One-quarter fruit pulp
Half whipped cream

(*Continued on page* 147

BETTER COOKING By A · H · ADAIR

When You Feel Like a MEAL WITHOUT MEAT

This little collection of meatless luncheon *entrées* seem to me to be perfect for April (month of changing weather and capricious appetite), as they are all of a very spicy nature.

Croquettes de Fromage

Flour, butter, milk.
Salt, pepper, nutmeg, cayenne pepper.
Grated cheese, fried bread.
Frying fat, tomato sauce, parsley.

First make a smooth Béchamel (white) sauce, cooking it rather more than usual so that it is fairly thick. Season with (apart from pepper, salt and grated nutmeg) cayenne pepper and then add grated cheese, using about one-third of grated cheese to two-thirds of sauce.

Mix thoroughly and let the mixture become tepid. Have ready a frying-pan with very hot frying fat and drop into it a spoonful at a time of your mixture.

When these have become crisp and golden brown, remove and drain well and serve them on neat pieces of crisply fried stale bread cut to a shape and size which will just take your *croquettes.* Garnish with bunches of fried parsley and hand a hot tomato sauce separately.

Croquettes de Fromage . . . . a pleasant entree for a Spring luncheon.

Beignets de Crevettes

Half a pound of shelled shrimps.
One ounce of flour, butter, milk.
Two egg yolks, one whole egg, breadcrumbs.
Frying fat, anchovy sauce, salt, pepper, cayenne pepper.

Melt in a saucepan a piece of butter about the size of an egg, put in the shelled shrimps and toss these in the pan over a quick fire until they are hot. Now sprinkle in the flour and cook for a few minutes, stirring well.

Have a little hot milk ready and add this, little by little, stirring all the time until you have a nice thick sauce, adding more milk when necessary.

Put in a dash of cayenne pepper, taste the sauce and add salt if necessary.

Add the two egg yolks and stir until your mixture is stiff. Take it out by spoonfuls which you dip first in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry these fritters in hot fat. Drain thoroughly and serve with a little hot anchovy sauce handed separately.

Italien Omelette

Two eggs, salt, pepper, butter.
Spinach or other cooked green vegetable.
Onion, shallot, parsley.

For each person there should be two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of vegetable. Peel and chop the onion and shallots and fry until golden brown. Add the green vegetables (these previously boiled, thoroughly drained and mashed or chopped) and cook until hot.

Break the eggs in a bowl, add the vegetable, salt, pepper and chopped parsley and beat all together until the eggs are beaten and well mixed with the rest.

Have ready a plain iron frying-pan, make it hot, quite dry, on the fire, then put in a small piece of butter which you swirl quickly round to grease the pan all over. Before the butter has all quite melted, pour in the egg mixture and cook on a quick fire, stirring well with the fork kept flat along the bottom of the pan.

Spread the mixture flat along the bottom of the pan, cook for a few minutes on a quick fire until you see a faint smoke arising, but shaking the pan occasionally to keep the mixture free in the pan.

You should now be able to toss the thing like a pancake, but if you are not sufficiently sure of yourself, put a plate on top and turn the omelette out into it, Devonshire Fried Potatoes fashion.

The dish will be just as good but not, of course, quite browned on both sides as it should be.

Riz à la Provençale

Half a pound of rice.
Shrimps, or lobster, or mussels.
Salt, pepper, saffron powder, butter, olive oil.
One tomato, one onion, tiny piece of garlic.

Melt a small piece of butter in a frying-pan and add the same quantity of olive oil (all butter or all oil could also be used). Put in the onion and garlic very finely chopped and cook rather gently until browned. Now add the rice, *dry.*

Cook on top of the fire until the grains become white and opaque and then add twice the quantity of boiling water as you have of rice.

Cover with a greased paper, put the lid on and, having seen that the liquid is boiling, put the pan in a hot oven for seventeen minutes.

Meanwhile take a good handful of mussels, or shrimps, or pieces of lobster (or all three) previously cooked, and make these hot in a frying-pan with the flesh of a tomato chopped (the skin, juice and pips should not be used), salt and pepper and a good pinch of saffron powder.

When the rice is ready, all the water should have evaporated, leaving you a dry rice with each grain separate Add the shell fish, a small piece of butter and stir wel. before serving.

(*Continued on page* 147)

The Cost of Having A Baby

By Louisa Kay

It would be reassuring to know that every woman who finds herself travelling the road to a blessed event could do so without a care for economic troubles to disturb her peace of mind.

In the rosy future, one hopes, this may be possible. Less then will be heard of our declining population and more of State solicitude for the middle classes, to so many of whom an increase of family presents an economic crisis.

In the meantime the vexed question remains. What does it cost?

Plainly, the answer depends to a large extent upon individual requirements, upon individual susceptibility to social factors.

It it is more important to you that your baby should make his bow within the refined purlines of a swank nursing home than that he should bow with perfect safety to you both and no ballyhoo in hospital, then you must be prepared to pay.

The exact location of your baby's birth will have much to do with the cost of it, though your happiness and comfort are not necessarily in ratio to the expense.

In deciding where the child is to be born, psychological factors are deeply bound up with financial ones. To the neurotic, highly strung type, a nursing home or hospital may prove by far the best choice. The presence of strangers may have a steadying, encouraging influence, stimulating to normal recovery.

On the other hand, a highly sensitive type of woman may react unfavourably to the complete absence of sentiment which is inevitable in a mechanised unit such as a nursing home or hospital.

At the same time, in most cases where money is not plentiful, a confinement at home is inadvisable and expensive A good midwife (and only the best is good enough) will command at least three guineas a week and often more. In addition she must be fed and her not inconsiderable bill for laundry settled.

Domestic help over and above that already obtaining is frequently essential if the home is to run smoothly without disturbing the tranquillity of the patient. Housekeeping bills may be expected to inflate alarmingly unless a relative or some highly conscientious person is present to handle the purse strings.

Nursing homes vary considerably in their charges according to the neighbourhood, the qualifications of the principals and staff and the general atmosphere prevailing.

Good suburban and provincial nursing homes cost on an average from six to ten guineas per week and in most there are graded charges according to the size and situation of the room chosen and whether it is shared with another.

It is possible considerably to reduce the cost of nursing home fees by accepting smaller quarters or the presence of another patient in the room. In a reputable home this compromise would not imply any slackening of attention or any reduction in the quality and quantity of the food served.

The doctor's fee for attendance will vary in accordance with the demands made upon him from six to ten guineas.

In hospital, payment is usually according to means. Not all hospitals have maternity wards, but most hospitals with private wards are prepared to accept maternity cases. Here, more than anywhere else is the mother likely to find the highly skilled care, the perfect co-ordination of efficiency and comfort, with the moderate inclusive charge often essential to her peace of mind.

The cost of a layette depends to some extent upon one's ability to sew and knit, but the following list is a fairly average estimate, allowing for no great accomplishment in sewing:

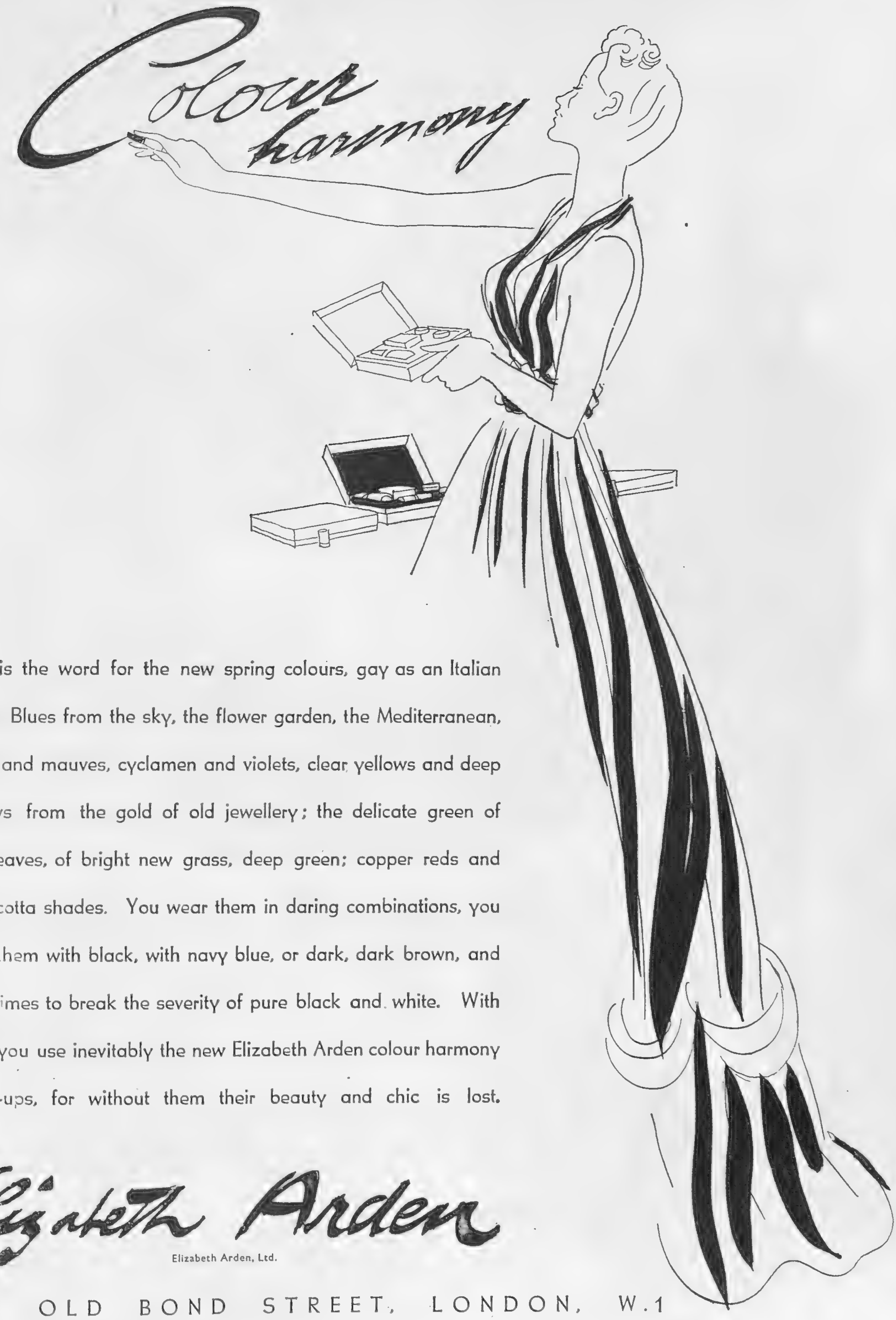
	£	s.	d.
One crêpe bandage		1	11
Four knitted vests		4	0
Three cellular cotton undershirts		5	0
Four frocks (two ready-made at 7s. 6d., two home-made) ...		18	6
Four woolly coats (hand-made)		5	0
Four nightgowns ready-made in soft nun's veiling	1	5	0
One large shawl	1	0	0
One small shawl (hand-made) ...		6	0
Bibs		4	0
Two doz. Turkish towel napkins	1	0	0
Two doz. gauze squares ...	2	4	0
Bootees and gloves (hand-made)		5	0
Total	£7	18	5

Now accessories:

The cot should be light, porous and portable. An excellent wicker pram-bassinette with wheels that can be pushed about the house like a pram costs 27s. 6d. untrimmed. The famous Treasure Cot which folds and is made hammock style from strong cotton duck (easily removable for washing) costs from 19s., untrimmed.

A firm hair mattress is best from the point of view of comfort and hygiene. A pure hair mattress costs 12s. 6d. A calico cover made at home will cost 2s. 11d. and a chaff overlay which is much healthier and more cosy than a thick mackintosh can be made at home, too. With the pillow, which should also be of chaff, this will cost about five shillings.

Feathers or (*Continued on page* 148)



Gay is the word for the new spring colours, gay as an Italian festa. Blues from the sky, the flower garden, the Mediterranean, pinks and mauves, cyclamen and violets, clear yellows and deep yellows from the gold of old jewellery; the delicate green of new leaves, of bright new grass, deep green; copper reds and terra-cotta shades. You wear them in daring combinations, you wear them with black, with navy blue, or dark, dark brown, and sometimes to break the severity of pure black and white. With them you use inevitably the new Elizabeth Arden colour harmony make-ups, for without them their beauty and chic is lost.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.

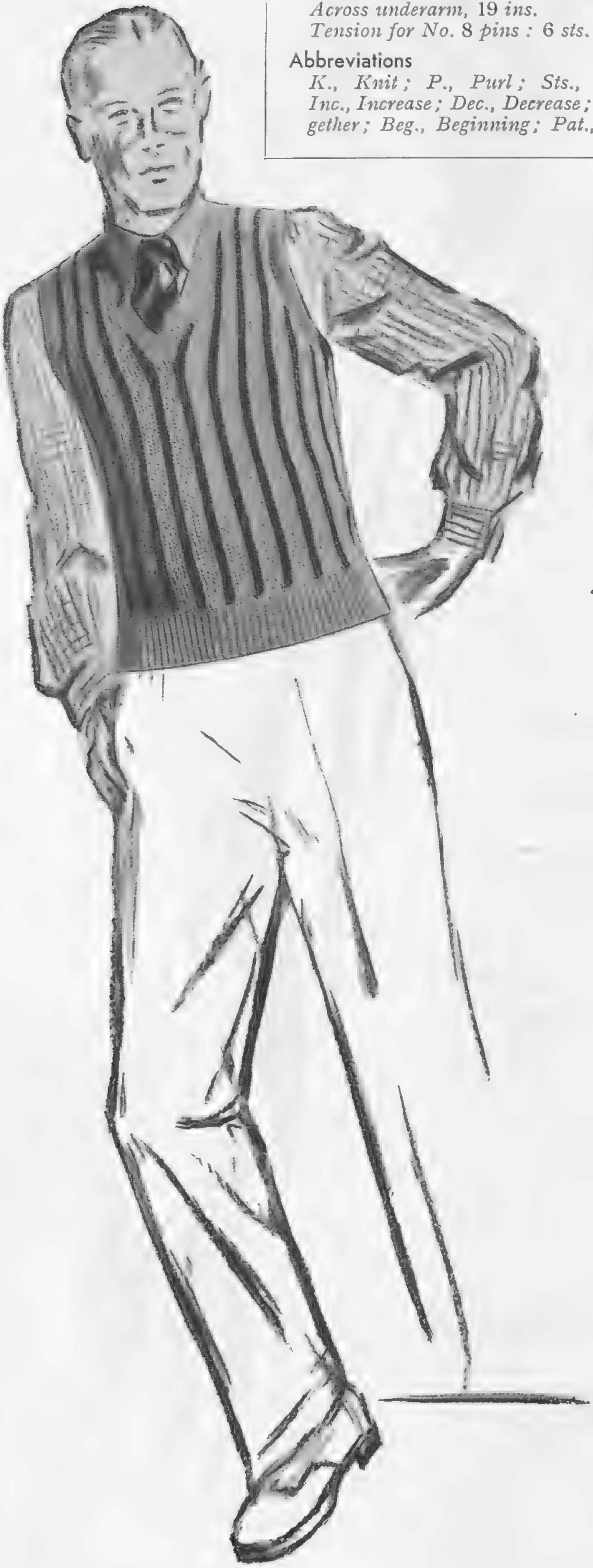
25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

KNIT THIS FOR YOUR HUSBAND —or Beau

Materials Required
3½ ozs. grey 3-ply Golden Eagle Polynit.
1 oz. red 3-ply Golden Eagle Polynit.
1 pr. No. 8 and 1 pr. No. 11 Stratnoid Pins.

Measurements
Length from shoulder, 20 ins.
Across underarm, 19 ins.
Tension for No. 8 pins : 6 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations
K., Knit ; P., Purl ; Sts., Stitches ; Inc., Increase ; Dec., Decrease ; Tog., Together ; Beg., Beginning ; Pat., Pattern.



Apart from the neck, sleeve and hip ribbing, this pullover is all garter-stitch, worked vertically instead of horizontally, so that you get your stripes—these are grey and plum—by changing wools instead of changing stitches. It couldn't be easier.

START AT BACK UNDERARM

Work in garter-st. and following stripes. Work 6 rows grey, then continue with 4 rows red, 10 rows grey throughout, ending with 4 rows grey.

1st row : Cast on 56, K. to end. Work 9 rows.

11th row : K. twice into 1st st., K. to end.

12th row : K. to last st., K. twice into last st. Repeat rows 11 and 12 nine times more (76 sts.).

31st row : Cast on 30, K. to end (106 sts.). K. 3 rows.

35th row : As 11th. K. 3 rows. Repeat rows 35 to 38 five times more (112 sts.).

59th row : K. 2 tog., K. to end. K. 1 row. Repeat rows 59 and 60 five times more (106 sts.). K. 28 rows.

99th row : As 11th. K. 1 row. Repeat rows 99 and 100 five times more (112 sts.). K. 2 rows.

113th row : As 59th. K. 3 rows. Repeat rows 113 to 116 five times more (106 sts.).

137th row : Cast off 30. K. to end.

138th row : K. to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog.

139th row : As 59th. Repeat rows 138 and 139 nine times more (76 sts.). K. 35 rows. Repeat rows 11 to 58 (112 sts.).

241st row : Cast off 4. K. to end. K. 1 row. Repeat rows 241 and 242 twelve times more (60 sts.). K. 2 rows.

269th row : Cast on 4. K. to end. K. 1 row. Repeat rows 269 and 270 twelve times more (116 sts.). K. 2 rows. Repeat rows 113 to 157. K. 23 rows. Cast off.

WELT

With No. 11 pins and grey wool, cast on 220 sts. Rib 3 ins. K. 1, P. 1. Cast off loosely in rib.

ARMHOLE RIBBING

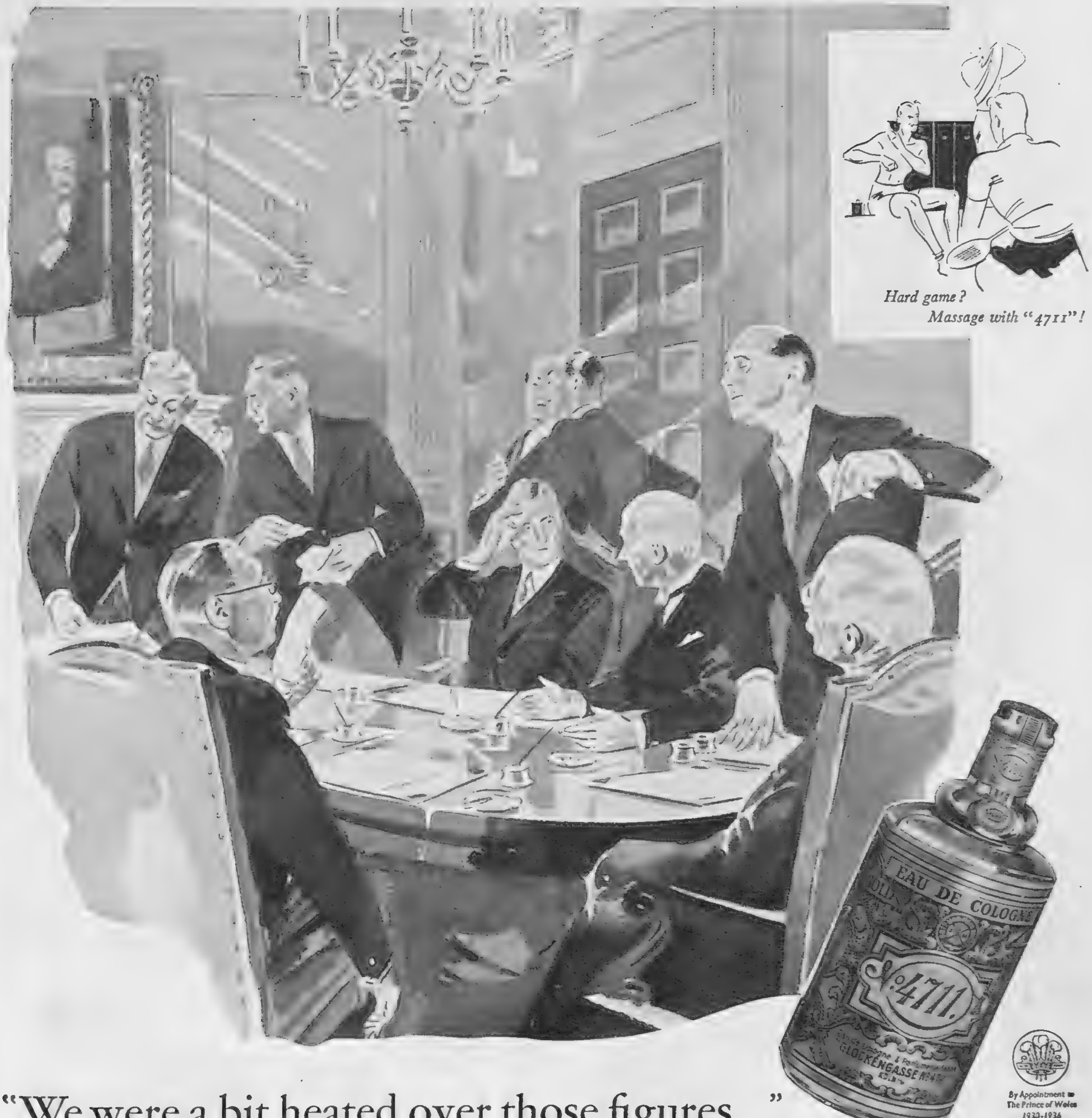
With No. 11 pins and grey wool, cast on 140 sts. K. into backs of 1st row. Rib 8 rows K. 1, P. 1, decreasing 1 st. each end of every alternate row. Cast off in rib.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 11 pins and grey wool, cast on 190 sts. K. into backs of 1st row. Rib 8 rows K. 1, P. 1, decreasing 1 st. each end of every row. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side and shoulder seams. Sew welt to lower edge. Sew underarm seams of armhole ribbing and sew to armholes. Sew seam of neck ribbing. Place seam to point of V neck and sew in position.



By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1930-1936

"We were a bit heated over those figures . ."

"Until you thought of a number—'4711'!"

"Exports exceeded . . . foreign credits taken up . . . new plant in operation. . . . ." Phew! Wonder how Middlesex are doing at Lord's. Ought to be a law prohibiting big business when the temperature's over eighty ! . . .

But see how the bored meeting really becomes a Board Meeting when "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne is passed round. See how the air clears, see how discussion proceeds without heat, and facts begin to make sense again. A little thing, perhaps, but so sensible. "*4711*"—the coolest counsellor known even to this modern generation. In your bath, sir, and as a livening massage. Putting sparkle and freshness into the air you breathe, madam . . . "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne, famed for nearly one hundred and fifty years . . . bringing every day in every way the full measure of relief and restoration . . . "*4711*," as ever, the classic Eau de Cologne !

Original bottle as illustrated
8/9 (half size 4/9)
Watch-shaped handbag bottles
2/6 and 4/9
Wicker-covered bottles and
attractive decanters up to 52/6

'4711'
Genuine
Eau de
Cologne

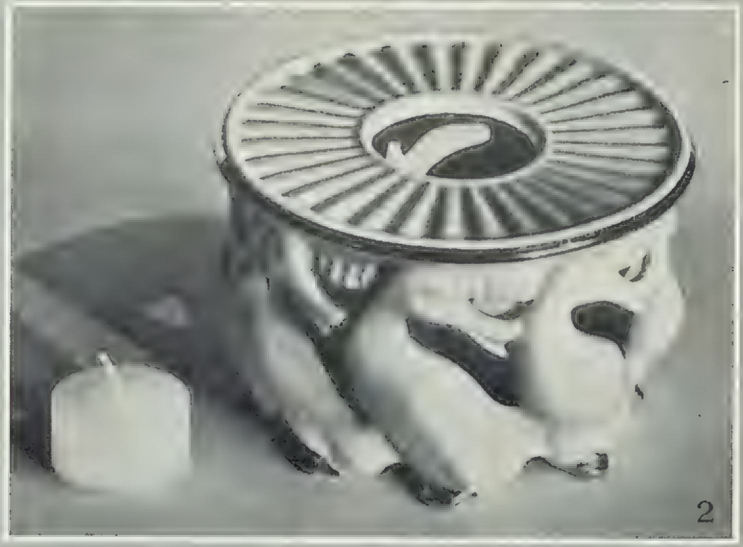
BLUE & GOLD LABEL

"4711" Slough, Buckinghamshire

SHOE MITTEN
SHOE MITTEN
SHOE MITTEN
SHOE MITTEN

1

GOOD BUYS of the MONTH



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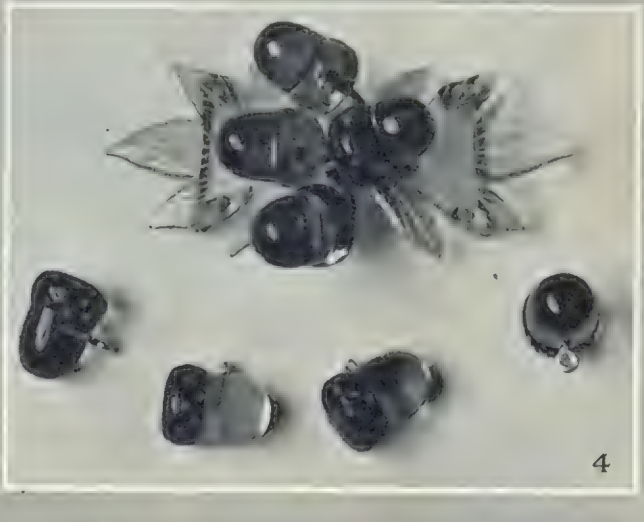
3

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are despatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.



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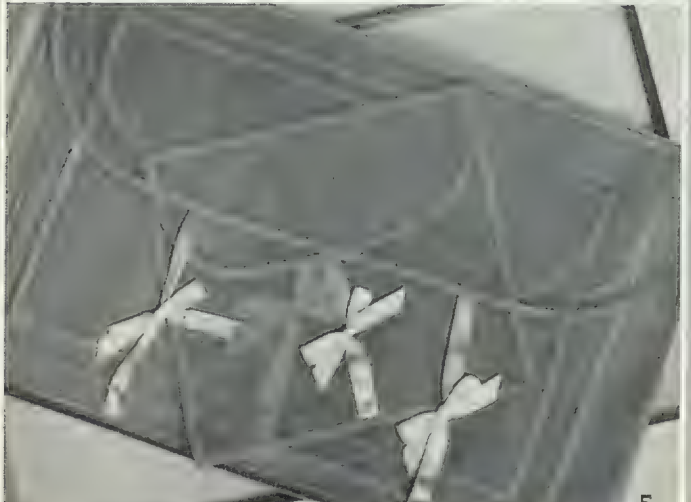

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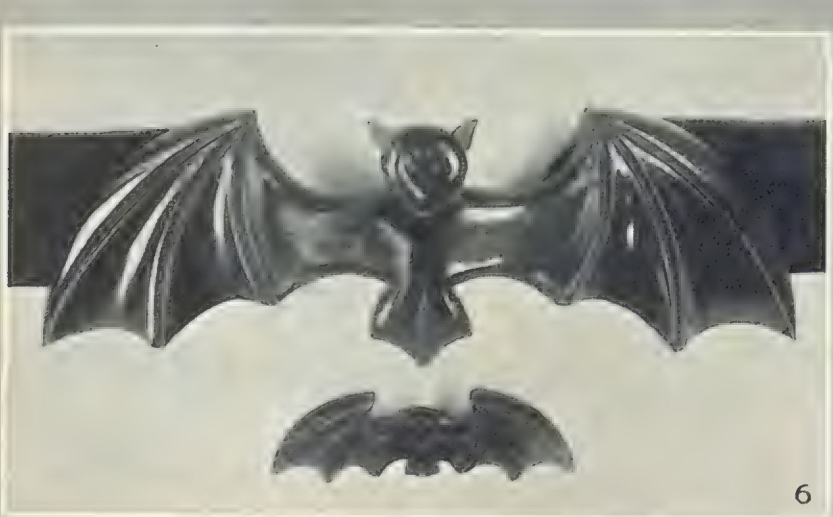


6

1 Travellers and week-enders will appreciate these neat stockinette wool and silk shoe mittens. In green, rose, black and white and brown and white. Price 1s. 11d. a pair, three pairs in a box, 5s. 6d. (Postage 3d.)

2 This table heater, kept going with a nightlight, keeps breakfast hot for the unpunctual. White china lined red to give a warm glow, gold rim and gold feet. One of the many attractive animal designs. Price 5s. 6d., nightlights 1s. for box of a dozen. (Postage 1s.)

3 Zipper wristlet purse in beige, blue, green or red morocco; excellent for sports wear, hiking and travelling. Price 3s. 6d. (Postage 3d.)

4 Catalin, a new plastic made of synthetic resin, has been used for this charming clasp of ruby red acorns with crystal leaves and matching acorn buttons. Price 14s. 6d. (Postage 6d.)

5 Set of five transparent organdie travelling cases for lingerie, handkerchiefs, blouses. In pink, yellow, mauve, blue or green. Price 4s. 11d. (Postage 4d.)

6 A Catalin tortoiseshell bat makes an original belt clasp. The smaller bat can be worn at the neck or used in a number of ways. Price 15s. (Postage 6d.)

Decoration by Janet Kai

LIGHT AND SHADE AND . .

Hanging over the windows are soft folds of 'Celanese' Curtain Ninon. So gossamer-fine it lets all possible light flood through. Colours that give a sunny effect on sunless days. And no prying eyes can see through, however exposed the windows. The Side Curtains can be "made up" most successfully in 'Celanese' Taffeta. Soft, gleaming, luxurious, inexpensive. In richly glowing or pastel colours. But do see it's 'Celanese' for Quality and Wearability. Both the Curtain Ninon and the Taffeta wash and dry-clean to perfection.

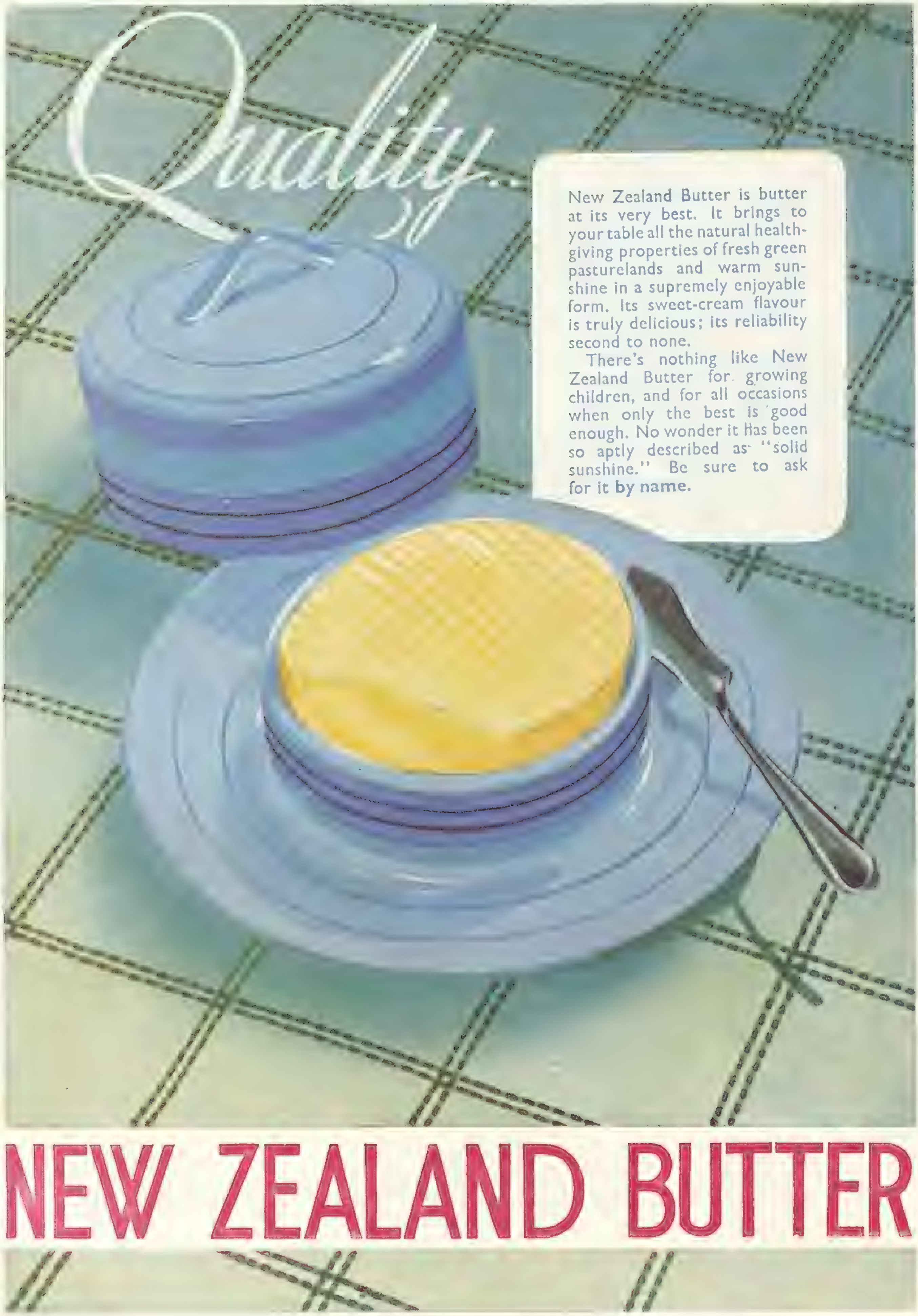
'CELANESE' CURTAIN NINON

Trade Mark

★ *Ask 'Celanese' for Patterns of the newest Colours and Designs in 'Celanese' Curtain Ninon and Taffeta. Address below. Please mark your request plainly: Dept. F.N.11.*

CELANESE'	PLAIN NINON	Width 36"	1/11
'CELANESE'	PLAIN NINON	Width 54"	2/11
'CELANESE'	STRIPED NINON	Width 48"	2/11
'CELANESE'	PRINTED NINON	Width 36"	2/11
'CELANESE	PRINTED NINON	Width 54	3/11
CELANESE'	FLOCK PRINTED NINON	Width 54"	5/11
'CELANESE'	TAFFETA	Width 48"	2/11

Sole Manufacturers of 'Celanese' Yarns and Fabrics and Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese'
BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W 1.



New Zealand Butter is butter at its very best. It brings to your table all the natural health-giving properties of fresh green pasturelands and warm sunshine in a supremely enjoyable form. Its sweet-cream flavour is truly delicious; its reliability second to none.

There's nothing like New Zealand Butter for growing children, and for all occasions when only the best is good enough. No wonder it has been so aptly described as "solid sunshine." Be sure to ask for it **by name.**

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

The comfort and elegance of suede shoes and the many attractive shades in which they are obtainable has greatly increased their popularity in recent years. It is appalling, however, how many people one can observe going about in "off black" suede shoes which have lost their rich velvet-napped smoothness and have taken on a dingy, grey look. And the reason? Frankly, laziness.

Many people think that to brush them is enough. It is not. One use of Meltonian suede cleaner will prove this by the difference it makes to the life and appearance of suede shoes.

Meltonian suede cleaner should be used at least once a week. It is sold in bottles at 6d., in black, blue, nigger, London tan and many fashionable colours.

The method of cleaning is simplicity itself. First brush in a circular motion with a Meltonian rubber brush, to raise the nap and clean out dust and dirt; next apply the cleaner sparingly with the dauber which is supplied with each bottle; allow the shoe to dry and then rub up the nap with the rubber brush with a circular motion.

If the shoes have a greasy surface or are spotted with grease or tar an application of "Mel," a non-inflammable preparation, will remove every trace of such marks in a few moments.

Remember, whether you are wearing leather, suede, buckskin, canvas, reptile, or evening shoes of satin, gold or silver kid, there is a Meltonian dressing for every type of shoe.

Meltonian suede cleaner should be used at least once a week

April, the month of spring cleaning. While you are busily employed in putting new life into carpets and soft furnishings don't forget that the sunshine and the clean chair covers will make last year's spring frock look very tired if you have neglected the spring cleaning of your personal wardrobe.

Clark's Dye Works, Ltd., Retford, can be entrusted to deal with everything for you. Write to them for their price list, and don't miss their occasional special reductions, details of which will be sent, as the opportunity presents itself, to all regular customers.

They will clean your blankets, eiderdown, carpets, curtains, loose covers, and will do any dyeing that may be required. And your linens, perhaps you would like a change from white. They will dye sheets, pillow cases and towels ice blue, vieux rose and all delightful pastel shades. All fast to light and laundering.

Your clothes too, can be dyed or Vita-Cleaned, the latter a real beauty treatment which actually rejuvenates the material. There is also a special process for cleaning skins, golf jackets, leather coats, gloves and bags, and at a slight extra cost re-napping is included to remove shiny patches.

Return postage or carriage is paid on all parcels sent to Clark's.

Superfluous hair is one of women's most distressing problems. However light and inconspicuous the growth may appear to others, the victim herself is ever conscious of it.

Madame Sueur, 11 Baker Street, London, W.1, has been engaged for some years in the effacement of superfluous hair, using a method which has been practised on the Continent for the last twenty-five years.

The treatment consists of two lotions, prepared in the laboratories of a French chemist, the first of which removes the surface hairs and the second which discourages the subsequent growth.

Provision has been made for unusually sensitive skins by special creams with a herbal basis to be used in conjunction with the lotions.

Sufferers from varicose veins can dispense with clumsy bandages, and will find in Academic Lastex Yarn Hose all the support necessary to give relief and lasting comfort, and to prevent the formation of new varicose veins.

These stockings are also of great benefit to those afflicted with swollen and painful legs and puffy ankles, and are much worn and appreciated by athletes and by those whose occupation entails long hours of standing.

They are made in two styles, knee length and full length—the first are 14s. single, 27s. a pair, and the second 16s. single and 31s. a pair.

Each style is available in three sizes, small, medium and large, and for an increase of 10 per cent on these prices, stockings can be made to special measurements.

Academic Lastex Yarn Hose are seamless and fully fashioned by hand, and are invisible so that they cannot be detected under silk stockings. They can be washed easily and repeatedly, are cool and ventilating and can be slipped on and off just like ordinary stockings.

Beautiful hands are a great asset to every woman, and their care should be a part of her daily toilet routine.

A good hand lotion is an essential for keeping them soft and white, and Coty's delightfully perfumed Hand Lotion has been proved invaluable for this purpose.

The regular standard size is 2s. 6d. a bottle, but in order that women may have an opportunity of testing its worth before buying this bottle, a new trial size is now available for only 9d.

This trial bottle will be found most convenient for week-ends when suit case space is valuable, and its screw top can be relied upon to keep the contents from leaking.

Betty Olds, appearing at the Dorchester Hotel.

ARE YOU SOMEBODY'S drene GIRL?

There's loveliness hidden in your hair . . . subtle gleams waiting to be called to life by the marvellous creamy *soapless* lather of **drene** shampoo. Ordinary soap and soap shampoos leave your hair dull, because they mix with the lime in all water and form a " film " which sticks to the hair. It is called " lime-film." But **drene**, the new miracle shampoo, is *soapless*, it can't form " lime-film," and it removes old " lime-film," leaving your hair lustrous and beautiful. ★ Try **drene** *tonight.* No messy mixing—just a few drops of **drene** and plenty of water. A brisk lathering—one thorough rinsing in clear water and there you are! Every hair clean—sparkling, and full of life.

FREE—*Ann Seymour's marvellous "Personality Hair Chart" (regular price 6d.) with the purchase of a 6d., 1/6 or 2/6 bottle of* **drene** *at your chemist or hairdresser! 30 beautiful photographs of exciting hair styles designed by the five leading hairdressers of the country. You can get* **drene** *and the "Personality Hair Chart" at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths, etc. Take advantage of this offer now—it only lasts till April 30th.*

drene

THE MARVELLOUS NEW SHAMPOO ★ IT'S LIQUID ★ IT'S SOAPLESS

ELECTRIC TIME

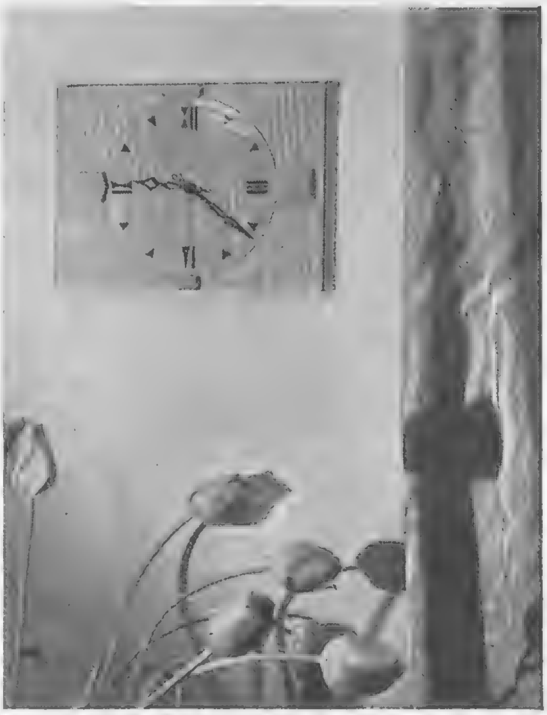
No wonder foreigners laugh. We British are queer people. In this age of invention there are still homes where the marble clock on the sitting-room mantelpiece chimes doggedly a quarter of an hour after the grandfather clock in the hall. Probably the head of the house has a watch that is reliable enough, but he is only there mornings and evenings. In the interval you mount to a first-floor bedroom and gaze through a forest of chimneys at the church clock if you want the right time.

Oh, yes, it happens.

It shows you what discomfort and inconvenience the British will endure for the sheer love of enduring. Electric time is an essential of comfort and efficiency in every household. It costs, if you wish, a mere trifle to acquire, yet many of us go on without it. Why?

If you are one of the backward ones don't be under any misapprehension about what you're missing. Even if you nurse your old-fashioned clocks with the utmost competence they can't help letting you down. Ordinary timepieces are hopelessly vulnerable. Three seconds out will lose you a train, and that's only the beginning of a chain of disasters.

This argument is fruitless, anyway. The virtues of punctuality speak for themselves. You can buy an electric clock for 23s. 6d., so why be without?



Smith's Sectric wall clock which maintains Greenwich time continuously and needs no winding or " putting right"

For kitchens and bathrooms the Sectric clock has outstanding advantages since fluctuating temperatures and the effects of steam have no ill-effect whatever

Perhaps you have the impression that an electric clock is troublesome to install. It's not. You simply plug in. Perhaps you think there might not be one to suit your particular taste or the style of furnishing you favour. But there is. Sectric clocks are made in every imaginable style and size, and at an immense variety of prices.

Electric wall clocks for the kitchen or bathroom have obvious advantages, inasmuch as there are no springs to rust.

If your furniture is modern then the choice is almost unlimited. There are chrome and glass combinations in infinite variety. These cost from about 32s. 6d. for a boudoir clock measuring 4¼ inches high and 5¼ inches wide, up to £6 17s. 6d for an exquisite circular coloured glass model, with chromium and crystal stand.

Other modern designs in wood of many varieties are priced between 32s. 6d. and £5 15s. 0d. Sectric alarm clocks, attractively designed in wood or chrome can be had from 25s. Some have luminous figures and hands, and others have silvered zones which can be floodlit at will.

For the period room there are Sectric grandmother clocks and the charming sunray designs which are perfect with furnishing of any period or character. The most outstanding of these are of coloured glass.

Needless to say, Sectric time is Greenwich time, accurately recorded throughout twenty-four hours of every day. These clocks never need winding or regulating The current operates the small silent motor at a fixed speed controlled at the power station, and this motor governs the hands of the clock.

Once these hands are correctly set and the Sectric Clock is started it continues to show Greenwich time and cannot gain or lose. The current consumed costs on an average less than one shilling a year.

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J A G U A R

Writing on the Jaguar models, the Hon. Maynard Greville said in "Country Life," "... for some time S.S. have been producing vehicles of the highest class with a performance that challenges anything in the world." Many similar tributes have been paid to the Jaguar range, and there is no question that the 1938 models are the finest Jaguars yet produced. 1½ litre saloon £298 (drophead - £318). 2½ litre saloon £395 (drophead - £415). 3½ litre saloon £445 (drophead - £465).

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Special Spring Motor Section *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

The 1938 Cars are Now on the Road

By The Earl of Cardigan

AN Austin "Big Seven" at Whittington Castle adjacent to the main Holyhead Road, near Coventry. The price of this popular model with sliding roof is £149 10s.

IN some ways, it seems rather absurd that we should have begun to discuss 1938 models as long ago as last October. True, the new cars were on view at Earls Court—and very interesting many of them were; but in by no means all cases were they then available for immediate purchase. It is only just of late that we have begun to see newer and shinier motor cars appearing generally on the roads. In some cases—such is the gap between October and April—the new radiator and coachwork designs may seem quite unfamiliar, even to those of us who made a conscientious tour of the recent Motor Show.

A summary of some of the important new arrivals may, therefore, at the present time, be opportune and helpful. This at least shall be my excuse—if excuse is required—for giving details of models and prices and horse-power ratings. We need to "rub up" and renew our information on such points.

For instance, it is worth recalling that, for the present season, the Humber company has discarded four-cylinder types. All 1938 Humber cars will be "sixes," and the smallest model will be the "Sixteen." There is a new "Snipe," which is rapidly gaining popularity, and this is a 21 h.p. car.

The former 27 h.p. "Snipe" is being continued, but is now known as the "Snipe Imperial" so that it may not be confused with the 21 h.p. newcomer. To carry large and luxurious coachwork, there is, of course, the "Pullman" chassis. Humber prices cover a wide range—for the "Sixteen" saloon costs only £330, whereas some of the "Pullman" models (Thrupp & Maberly coachwork) cost £1,000 or more.

Among "quality" cars which can be bought at reasonable prices, we ought to remember the new Lanchester models. All Lanchester cars, of course, have the unique Daimler system of transmission (although there is an optional alternative in the case of the new "14"), wherein a "fluid flywheel" is used in conjunction with a pre-selective gearbox. The result is extreme simplicity, coupled with an infinite degree of flexibility.

There is a four-cylinder, 11 h.p. Lanchester which sells at £275. Then there are two 14 h.p. models, one of which—the more expensive—has independent front springing and various other refinements. The biggest Lanchester is the "Eighteen." This car (its power actually has been raised to 20 h.p.) is a really fine proposition in every way, and is not by any means expensive at £525.

Turning for a moment to sports cars, the S.S. range for 1938 is extremely interesting. There are now three "Jaguar" models, of 1½, 2½ and 3½ litres capacity, equivalent to 14, 20 and 25 rated horse-power. All have highly efficient overhead-valve engines, of six-cylinder type in the case of the two larger cars. With any of the three, impressive road performance is assured.

On the 3½-litre chassis, a comfortable and capacious saloon model is sold at £445—a surprisingly moderate figure. In the case of the 1½-litre "Jaguar," the equivalent saloon costs only £298. For out-and-out sports purposes, the "Jaguar 100" model should also be noted. This has a short chassis, 3½- or 2½-litre engine and le Mans type 2-seater body. Needless to say, it is exceptionally fast.

A luxurious car which is also faster than the average is the Chrysler. For 1938, a number of different models are being offered. There is the "Plymouth," which can be obtained with a 20 or 24 h.p. engine, and at prices from £335. Then there is the "Kew," which has a similar chassis with "de luxe" coachwork and equipment.

The "Wimbledon" Chrysler is a larger car, easily capable, with the 24 h.p. engine, of taking seven-seater coachwork. A special attraction of this model is an overdrive gear, through which the top-gear ratio can be raised to 3 to 1. "Wimbledon" prices range from £375. Finally, there are "Royal," "Imperial" and "Custom Imperial" models of 28 and 34 h.p. The two last-named have eight-cylinder engines.

As regards variety of models, the Austin range is certainly outstanding. The familiar Austin "Seven" is, of course, still selling well; but the "Big Seven," rated at 8 h.p., is a popular newcomer. The latter sells, in saloon form, at £145. Other four-cylinder Austin models are the "Ten" and the "Twelve," at price from £185.

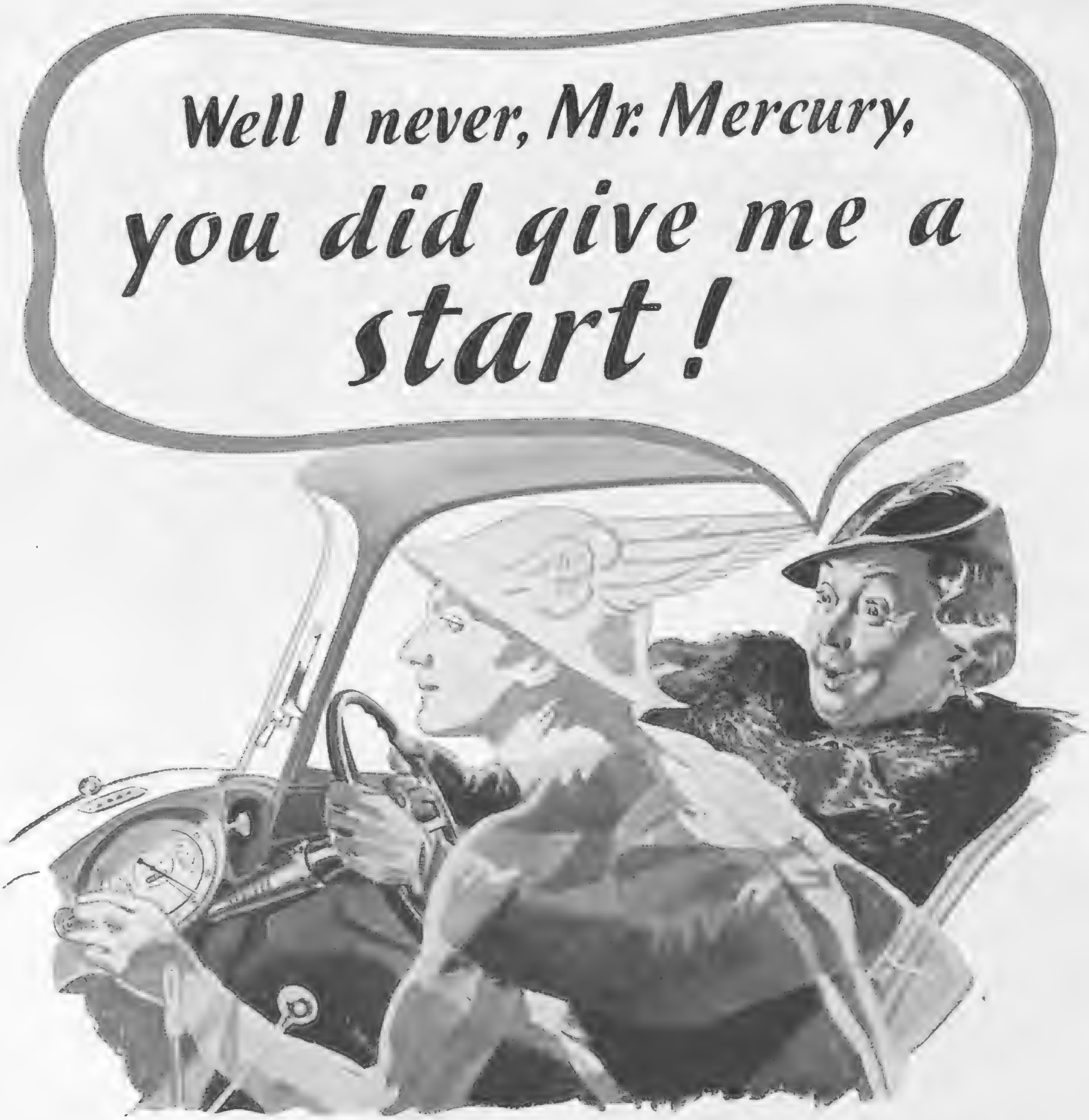
Three well-known six-cylinder models are being continued. There is the "Fourteen," rated at 16 h.p., the "Eighteen" and the "Twenty." This biggest Austin, rated at 24 h.p., is notable for the roominess and comfort of the coachwork which it carries. All these 1938 models, of course, have four-speed gearboxes, with three synchromesh ratios.

No less varied is the choice offered by

(*Continued on page* 81)

THE new 25 h.p. Morris. This is one of the latest "Series III" cars, with a highly efficient overhead-valve engine

A RECENT and very popular Hillman model is this "14." With "Even keel," independent front suspension and very roomy coachwork. The Safety Saloon sells at only £248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The spirit of 'STARTABILITY'

Special Spring Motor Section *(continued)*

THE 1938 CARS ARE NOW ON THE ROAD

the new Morris range of cars. In this case, there is everything from an 8 h.p. to a 25 h.p. model. A conspicuous feature of the new Morrises is that overhead-valve engines have been adopted, with the result that, even with the smaller types, an extremely lively and efficient road performance is achieved.

Morris cars have hydraulic brakes which are remarkably effective. Also available at a small extra cost are hydraulic jacks. These work on the admirable "Jackall" system which has been brought to perfection by Messrs. S. Smith & Sons. Where a Morris is supplied with the "Jackall" equipment, it has the undoubted advantage of being immune from unpleasant wheel-changing problems.

Incidentally, any make of car *can* be so fitted, if the buyer makes a point of specifying it.

The Riley range for 1938 is, as usual, one in which good looks and high performance are well combined. The Riley coachwork, moreover, which pleases the eye is also extremely practical. It would be a great mistake to suppose that attractive "lines" are here secured at the expense of comfort.

Of the various models which are being manufactured, the "1½ litre" is a very popular example. This has a 12 h.p. overhead-valve engine, and the transmission includes an over-drive gear. The pre-selective type of gearbox is now optional. With it, the "Victor" saloon is listed at £325. With conventional gearing, the same car is offered at £299.

If really magnificent performance is desired, the Lagonda range must obviously be studied. This year it is headed by the new 12-cylinder Lagonda, of which I hope shortly to give a full, detailed report. The engine is, of course, built with two blocks of six cylinders in "V" formation.

Although this car represents pretty well the last word in high-grade engineering, its price is not relatively high. The short-chassis model, carrying luxurious four-door saloon coachwork, is listed at £1,550. The long-wheelbase models will naturally cost more; but for cars of this category, anything inside £2,000 should be reckoned as moderate.

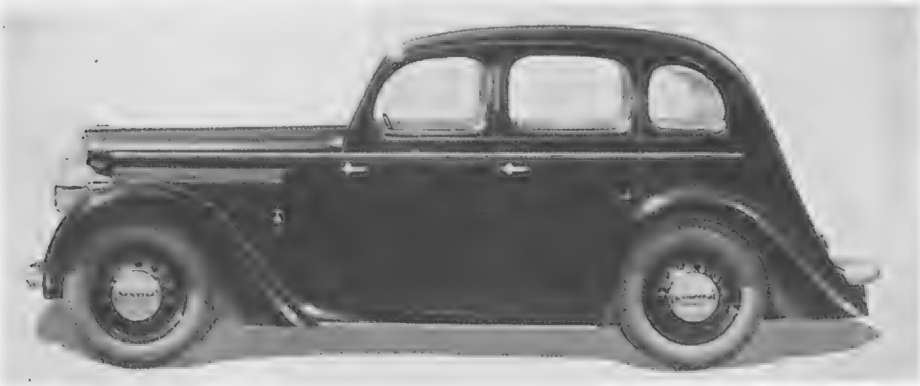
Turning again to the £400/£500 class, the 1938 Hudsons definitely claim attention. These are big and comfortable cars, with "hefty" engines, which yet are sold at prices which bring them within the reach of the ordinary man.

Thus, there is a Hudson Terraplane which sells for as little as £299. The Hudson "Six," of generous dimensions, is available from £399, while there is an eight-cylinder Hudson which must be voted extremely good value at £450.

There are many other makes which perhaps I ought to have mentioned—but it is difficult to cover more than a selected few. Any motorist who is (*Continued on page* 89)

WITH summer coming on, all-weather coachwork is sure to be much in demand. This five-seater convertible coupe—here seen on a Lanchester chassis—is one of the Car Mart's specialities.

AN attractive combination is this 2-litre M.G. chassis fitted with "Tickford" Foursome Dropend Coupe coachwork. The price of the complete car shown is £415



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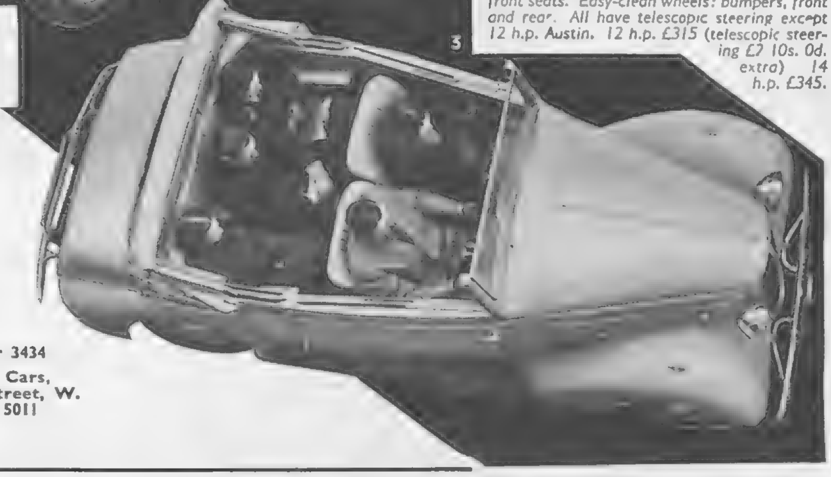
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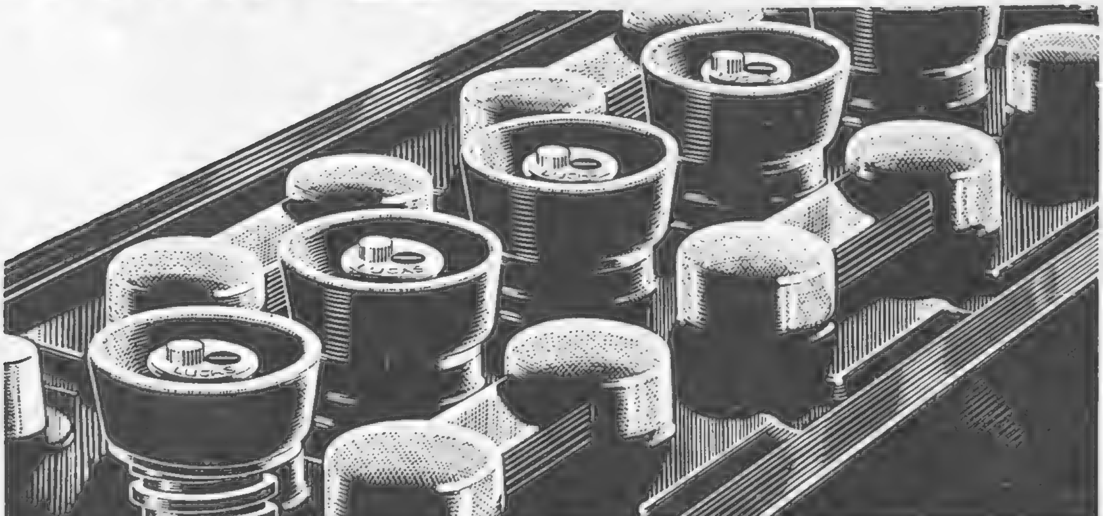

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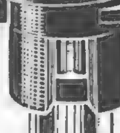

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An Alvis of Moderate Size

The 20 h.p. "Silver Crest"

By The Earl of Cardigan

IF anyone were to ask me the best method of distinguishing a really good car from a poor one, I should have some difficulty in answering; but I should probably end by propounding the following formula.

Get into the car in question. Start off, half an hour late, to get through a full round of engagements. Drive as hard as you safely can. (I am presuming that you are handling this car for the first time.)

If you never regain any of the lost time, but merely agitate yourself—then the car is not up to much. If, however, you can gain time, while feeling perfectly happy and confident—then you have a good car, and one worth recommending.

The "Silver Crest" Alvis in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves and triple carburettors; 20 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 55/60 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h. approx.

Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic in rear; admirable road-holding.

Steering: Very accurate; self-centres well.

Brakes: Efficient, mechanical.

Coachwork: Attractive and comfortable.

Price: Saloon, £595.

Judged by this standard, the "Silver Crest" Alvis gets very high marks indeed. It has an admirable engine, of the six-cylinder overhead-valve type, rated at 20 h.p. Acceleration is very lively, and it is possible to run up to high "revs" without any diminution of silence and smoothness.

Then the gearbox—an all-synchromesh unit—is above reproach. It permits of any change being made with absolute ease and assurance. There is no gear-change which is either simpler or more awkward than another.

Finally, all the controls work with extreme accuracy, and the car holds the road to perfection. Some might consider the steering to be a trifle heavy, but it self-centres well and enables the car to be guided through "tight" places, or held on a cambered surface at speed, with unvarying confidence. It is not the sort of steering which—as one may indulgently put it—"requires knowing!" On the contrary, its precision is instantly felt and appreciated.

The springing is very good, and especially to be appreciated at the higher speeds. The car rides comfortably, and also—what is so important if the driver is to feel truly "at home" with it—is absolutely steady, no matter how hard it is driven. Separate transverse springs give independent suspension to the front wheels.

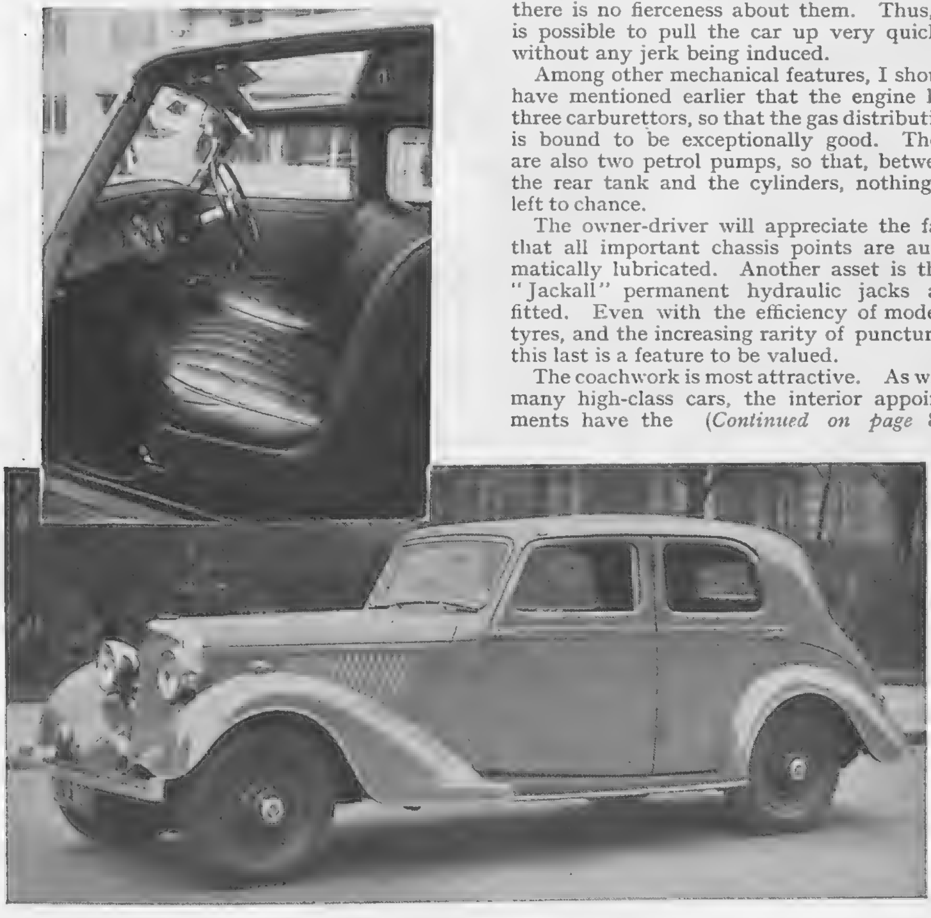
On the open road this Alvis is decidedly fast—especially since it does not become noisy or "fussy" when its full speed is used. It will do 55 or 60 m.p.h. in third gear, and can record something like 80 m.p.h. in top gear. Incidently, the speedometer appears to be extremely accurate. When one gets it up to the 80 m.p.h. mark, it means that the car is genuinely doing that speed. It is not just an optimistic estimate.

The brakes are good, and can be used firmly. They are quite light in action, but there is no fierceness about them. Thus, it is possible to pull the car up very quickly without any jerk being induced.

Among other mechanical features, I should have mentioned earlier that the engine has three carburettors, so that the gas distribution is bound to be exceptionally good. There are also two petrol pumps, so that, between the rear tank and the cylinders, nothing is left to chance.

The owner-driver will appreciate the fact that all important chassis points are automatically lubricated. Another asset is that "Jackall" permanent hydraulic jacks are fitted. Even with the efficiency of modern tyres, and the increasing rarity of punctures, this last is a feature to be valued.

The coachwork is most attractive. As with many high-class cars, the interior appointments have the (*Continued on page* 89)



The "Silver Crest" Alvis light saloon. (Inset) The front seats of the "Silver Crest" showing the ample leg-room provided

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A car of sturdy qualities is the Studebaker "Commander." The saloon model is attractively priced at £435

The Studebaker "Commander"

A Big Car with an Attractive Performance

By The Earl of Cardigan

EVERY so often it happens that I have to carry out a car test on a day of really foul weather. Sometimes there is a fog—or it may be a snowstorm. On the day when I was testing the Studebaker, there was a gale blowing. I, myself, saw slates blown off a roof, a portion of haystack blown across the road, and four aeroplanes blown into a heap on the ground !

The Studebaker "Commander" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves ; 27 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, synchromesh second and top, also controllable free-wheel and semi-automatic over-drive gear.
Performance: Second gear 60 m.p.h. ; top gear (normal) 80 m.p.h.
Springing: Independent in front ; semi-elliptic at rear.
Brakes: Lockheed hydraulic type.
Steering: Good, self-centres well.
Coachwork: Seats six in real comfort.
Price: Four-door saloon, £435.

I suppose that I might have deferred my test run, but actually I find some advantage in making tests under awkward conditions. If a car has good qualities, those qualities are more than ever apparent, and one cannot fail to appreciate them at their full value.

Certainly, in this gale, I became very appreciative of the power and sturdiness of the Studebaker. The "Commander" model has a side-valve engine which is rated at 27, but which can develop as much as 90 h.p. Even at quite low speeds, and without any gear-changing, there is power enough and to spare—so that the driver has the comforting feeling that, if at any moment he puts his foot down firmly on the accelerator, he can be sure of a generous and immediate response.

Hill climbing is extremely good and effortless, and silent running is a well-marked feature. One final engine feature should not be omitted : the Studebaker can be started up—thanks to an automatic choke and throttle device—exceptionally quickly "from cold." I kept the car overnight, and was considerably impressed by this.

The gearbox is most interesting, especially in regard to the placing of the gear lever. A miniature lever is used, with a "gate" change, the whole arrangement jutting out from the instrument panel just opposite to the driver's left hand. This is perfectly convenient—and, of course, it means that the floor space on the left of the driver is in no way obstructed. The hand brake is located in rather similar fashion on the right-hand side.

I have often said before—and I will say it again now—that such an arrangement provides an ideal opportunity (which British manufacturers almost invariably ignore !) for accommodating three people comfortably abreast on the front seat. In the Studebaker, full advantage is taken of this, so that the car is a genuine six-seater.

This surely is an important point. The Studebaker "Commander" is a big car; but it is not really wider or longer than many others. None the less, it accommodates one extra person, not on a little "occasional" seat, but with the fullest measure of leg-room and general comfort.

To return, however, to the gearbox, *qua* gearbox, this provides three forward speeds, of which the two highest have synchromesh engagement. There is also a free-wheel device which, when it is in use, enables any of the three ratio to be engaged with perfect ease, and without even the necessity for declutching.

In connection with the free-wheel, there is also an over-drive, designed to come into action semi-automatically at about 40 m.p.h. This, in effect, brings an extra high gear into operation, giving the car a somewhat higher maximum, and enabling it to attain high cruising speeds at a much reduced rate of engine "revs." To be exact, the over-drive alters the top-gear ratio from 4.55 to 3.29 to 1—a difference of some thirty per cent. Incidentally, it should be noted that the car ceases to free-wheel during those periods when the over-drive is operating.

Even without the over-drive, this Studebaker could be classed as a fast car. In second gear, it will accelerate from almost zero up to about 60 m.p.h. In the ordinary top gear it can easily do its 80 m.p.h., these figures in each case being very smoothly and rapidly attained.

Another strong point—greatly to be appreciated in a 60 m.p.h. cross-wind !—is that the steering is notably good. Although very light, it is not geared too low, and it has a nice, firm, self-centring action. This latter feature is especially helpful when it is a question of *(Continued on page 89)*

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Consider these features of the 1938 Rover range. Allied to high quality of design and craftsmanship, they have earned for the Rover the title "One of Britain's Fine Cars." Each of them is a real contribution to safer and more enjoyable motoring.

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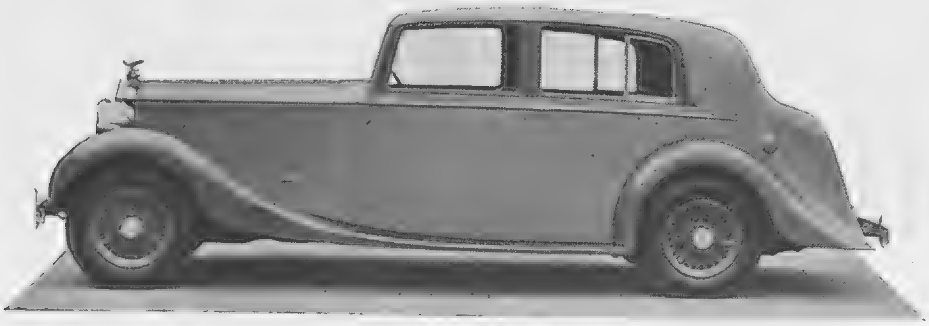


The latest Rolls-Royce "Phantom III" model fitted with coachwork by Messrs. Park Ward & Co. Ltd.

The "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce

A Superlative Car Still Further Improved

By The Earl of Cardigan

One cannot handle a car such as the latest twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce without finding a vast number of things to admire. One may allow oneself to revel simply in its tremendous speed and power, or one may take delight in its perfection of silence and smoothness.

Personally, when I was recently given the 1938 model to test, I deliberately set out to analyse some of its less obvious characteristics—things which the owner will discover with increasing pleasure, but of which the average person may be unaware.

Working on this basis, one of my first discoveries was that there is literal truth in the assertion that the Rolls-Royce company continuously improves its products. It does not merely make sweeping changes at intervals of four or five years. It really does concentrate the whole time on the task of bringing existing types still nearer to perfection.

The clutch fitted to the latest "Phantom III" provides a proof of this. Last year's demonstration car had a clutch which, while pretty good by ordinary standards, was decidedly not perfect. Not only has an improvement since been made, but the improved unit is now superlatively good. It is the acme of smoothness—as near to perfection as any friction clutch can well be. To me, this continual process of refinement seems wholly admirable.

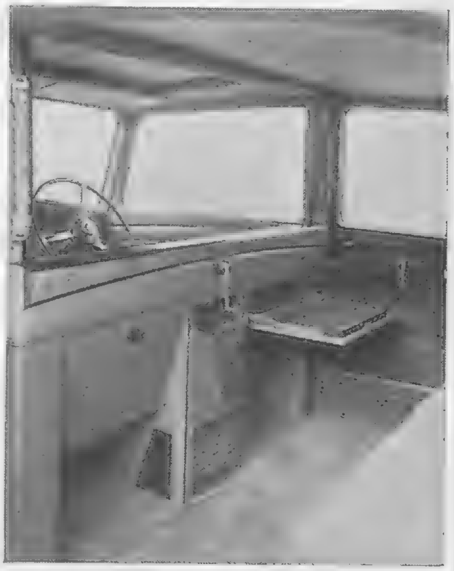
I could not observe any changes in the engine—and indeed one could hardly suggest a respect in which improvement here would be possible. I do not suppose that, in an internal combustion unit, so great a power output has ever before been combined with such silken-smooth operation.

This is generally accepted. What is perhaps less well known is the immense care which the designers have taken to make the "Phantom III" engine supreme also in the matter of reliability.

For instance, electrical distributors, contact breakers, coils and sparking plugs very seldom go wrong. None the less, in this remarkable engine, all these are duplicated. The driver has a two-way switch by means of which, at any moment, he can test the two ignition circuits, and ascertain that the engine will run perfectly on either.

Similarly, petrol pumps do not often fail; but the Rolls-Royce has two of them, and they can be tested separately. The motto seems to be that, if a unit *can* fail, it must be duplicated "just in case."

Turning to the gearbox, it is common knowledge that this is a four-speed unit, with synchromesh engagement for the second, third and top ratios. No one, I suppose, will doubt that the indirect gears are remarkable also for their quietness. A Rolls-Royce in second or third gear is almost as quiet as in "top."



The interior of the Rolls-Royce showing the folding tables at the back of the division, heater in the centre at the bottom, and cabinet and companion immediately above

What of reverse gear? This is a ratio which is not often used for more than a yard or so; but it so happened that, during my test run, I had occasion to cover some little distance in reverse. And the car was just as perfect—running just as smoothly and just as silently—in its reverse gear as in any of its forward ratios.

(Continued on page 89)

The "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce in brief

Engine: Twelve cylinders in "V" formation; overhead valves; 51 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox; synchromesh second, third and top.

Performance: Third gear 75/80 m.p.h.; top gear 95 m.p.h. approx.; smoothness and flexibility exceptional.

Springing: Semi-elliptic in rear, independent in front; shock absorbers controllable.

Brakes: Of special Rolls-Royce servo type.

Steering: Extremely accurate, with good lock.

Coachwork: Roomy and luxurious.

Price: Saloon with division, £2,865.

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Special Spring Motor Section *(continued)*

The "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce

I was hugely delighted when I discovered this—and I do not think that my delight was childish, although to some it may appear so. There is, to my mind, some *real* distinction in a piece of machinery which works to perfection under any and all conditions, normal or abnormal.

In the matter of performance (since space is limited), let us again accept those qualities of the "Phantom III" which are generally known and admitted. It is hardly necessary, for example, to reiterate that this is one of the world's fastest cars, with a maximum speed in the region of 95 m.p.h., and with a third-gear maximum between 75 and 80 m.p.h.

What is almost more impressive is that all this speed and power is combined with an extraordinary degree of controllability—of sheer "handiness." For instance a Rolls-Royce, in traffic, can get away from almost any other car when the lights change from red to green. Using second gear only, one can be off "like a flash," and be many yards ahead of other people (not excluding the drivers of sports cars!) before changing directly into "top."

Then again, although the "Phantom III" is in fact so large, it never seems cumbersome, even when manœuvring in narrow streets. The steering is supremely accurate, and has a wonderfully good lock. The brakes are of great power, and instantly responsive. For these and many other similar reasons, one will never see a Rolls-Royce driver getting "hot and bothered."

On the open road, with independent front wheel springing, the car will cruise along at 60, 70 or 80 m.p.h., with driver and passengers seated in absolute comfort. (Incidentally, coachwork space has been increased since last year.) The shock absorbers are controllable and, although the range of control does not seem very wide, can be set appropriately to differing conditions.

What is especially delightful—and again perhaps not so well known—is that the driver, to all intents and purposes, has that same feeling of confidence and absolute control that he would have if he were at the wheel of a first-rate sports car. The "Phantom III" is a "luxury" model—but it is also far more than that. It is a really grand motor car for every possible purpose, for driver or for passenger—in town or in the country.

Of course, £2,865 is a lot of money; but those who think that it is too much, should make the experiment of taking a "Phantom III" one day for a give-and-take 100-mile spin. I think they would then be compelled to agree that there is a fair £2,865 worth of real virtue in it.

END

The Studebaker "Commander"

(*Continued from page* 85)

accurate driving under difficult conditions.

The springing is extremely comfortable, and cannot be criticised except on those comparatively rare occasions when one is travelling fast over a wavy surface, having a "wavelength" of perhaps fifteen feet. Normally, it damps out all road shocks and contributes towards the car's satisfactory road-holding.

The brakes are hydraulic, and are so graduated that they can be used boldly and with firmness. That is, they act quite gently when lightly applied, and only develop their full power when the driver puts the pedal down in a determined fashion. Many people —and I am among them—find this the most rational arrangement. Certainly, it is vastly preferable to ultra-light braking, which the driver has to treat with delicacy.

Although the Studebaker "Commander" is a car which is perhaps to be remembered chiefly for its sturdy qualities, it is also replete with good and ingenious minor features. Those who are interested in coachwork should make a point of examining its door locks, which to me seem admirable. The windscreen-cleaning device (I wish I had space for a detailed description of it) is also a really practical asset. The saloon model of this car is really attractively priced at £435.

END

An Alvis of Moderate Size

(*Continued from page* 83)

appearance of being quite plain—and yet, when one comes to look round, one finds that every worth-while accessory is included. I can best express it by saying that everything inside the car is good, but that there are no "frills!"

There is a useful luggage trunk at the back, with a good, stout panel which folds down to make a platform for trunks. Another satisfactory point is that the doors are uncommonly well hung. Although the locks have a normal action, all doors can be properly shut without slamming.

When all is said and done, however, its responsiveness to hard driving remains the outstanding feature of the "Silver Crest" Alvis. There are plenty of other cars which can do their 80 m.p.h.—which can be taken fast round corners and braked to a standstill within a comparatively few yards. Where the Alvis is unusual is that it can do all these things with a stranger at the wheel, and without causing that stranger one single instant of anxiety or nervous tension.

For a car of this character, £595 is not an excessive price. Two saloon models are listed at this figure, while the drophead coupé costs £10 more.

END

The 1938 Cars are Now on the Road

(*Continued from page* 81)

in London can of course obtain a mass of further information by going to one of the big firms of distributors, and studying the variety of actual cars displayed.

In this connection, Messrs. Car Mart deserve to be specially mentioned. This firm is directly connected with many of the leading manufacturers, and has also developed a type of all-weather coachwork which is especially suitable for Austin, Lanchester or Standard chassis. In each of these cases, a very attractive combination of chassis and coachwork is the result. The body can best be described as a two-door, five-seater convertible coupé, having a rear luggage trunk of considerable size.

Prices are very reasonable, ranging from £315 in the case of an Austin "12" chassis up to £435 in the case of a Lanchester "14."

One cannot, of course, think of all-weather coachwork without taking account of the justly popular "Tickford" body, built by Messrs. Salmons & Sons. An interesting point is that this firm is willing, for the individual client, either to build a "Tickford" body to suit any desired chassis, or else to convert ordinary saloon coachwork of any make, by building into it a special "Tickford" folding head.

A very good example of the "Tickford" body is often seen on 2-litre M.G. chassis. The price of the complete car in this case is £415—and it is a highly significant fact that, last year, a "Tickford" M.G. won first prize in coachwork competitions at five different rallies.

(*Continued on page* 91)

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expressing a new note . . .
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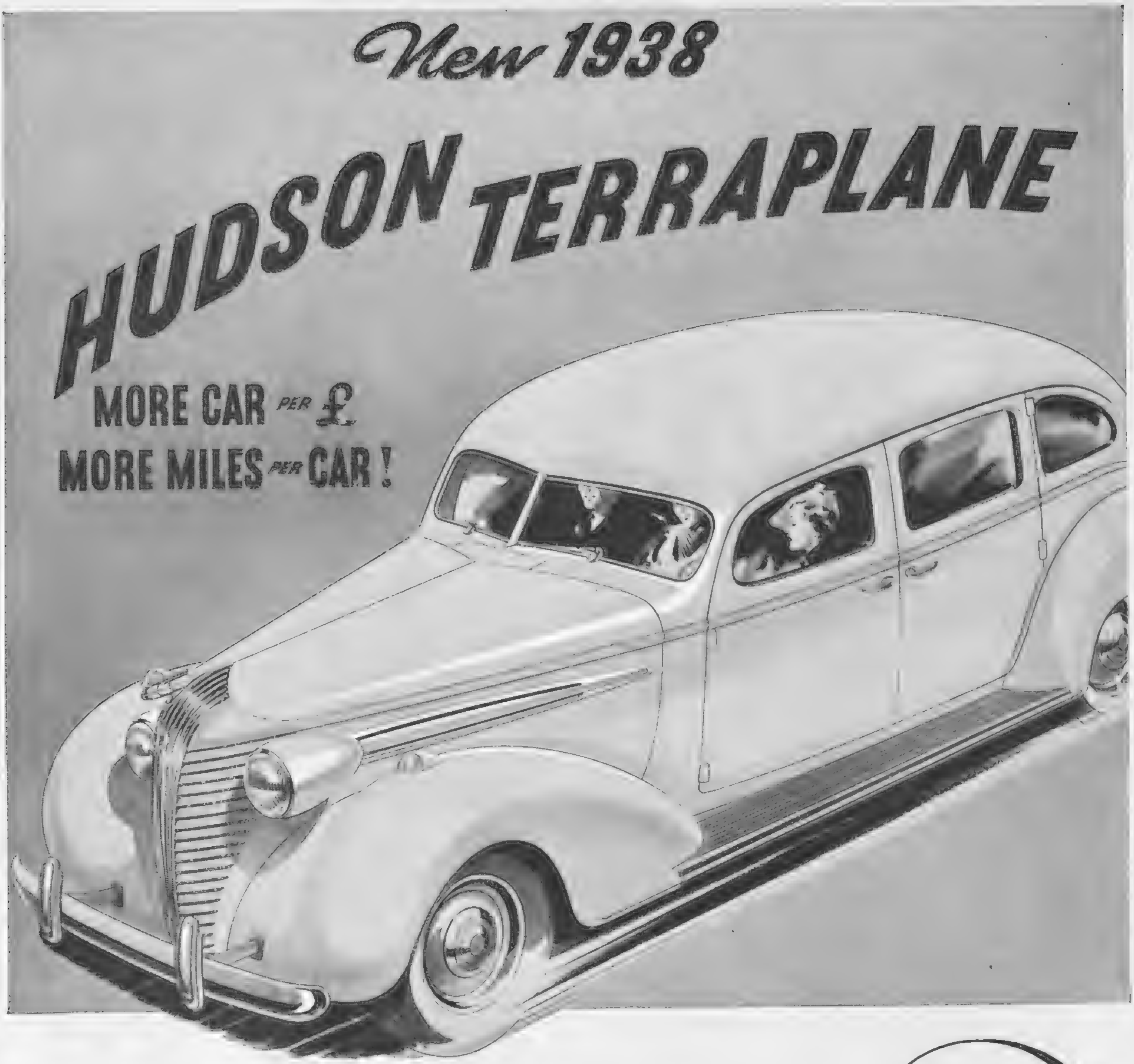

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THE Daimler "Light Straight Eight" sports saloon 6,000 feet up in Baluchistan. This fine car has been driven all round British India by Viscountess Chetwynd

The 1938 Cars are Now on the Road

In connection with the buying of new cars, I suppose that one cannot reiterate too often the need for giving an engine the best possible treatment during its first few months of life. Careful and intelligent "running in" is essential, and it is most important also to avoid keeping dirty oil in use.

When an engine is new, many minute particles of metallic matter find their way into the oil supply; hence the manufacturer's invariable advice to change the oil at a fairly early date. When making the first refill of oil, it is of course more than ever advisable to use a lubricant of the very highest quality. So-called "economy" in buying oil may be disastrous.

It is equally unprofitable to indulge in "cheap" sparking plugs, for these, in the long run, often give far more trouble than they are worth. One can now sometimes obtain what are known as "re-built" plugs—and occasionally, no doubt, one of these may turn out to be quite a good specimen. Such a plug, however, is always an unknown quantity, and can therefore never be relied upon with any confidence.

Good plugs nowadays hardly ever give trouble, or require to be discarded; but when they do, another set of some really first-rate make is undoubtedly the best investment.

With every car which I have mentioned above, a very full equipment is supplied, so that the purchaser will not necessarily feel impelled to fit any additional items at his own expense. On the other hand, the manufacturers cannot please everybody, nor can they hope to supply *every* accessory which the discriminating motorist may desire. Hence every year, when cars are bought, a big trade may be expected in special fog-lamps, spot-lamps, duo-tone horns and many other such fitments which are convenient or attractive.

Particularly in the case of electrical accessories, the demand is most ably met by Messrs. Joseph Lucas. The reliability of Lucas equipment does not need to be emphasised; but the variety and scope of the items shown in the Lucas catalogue may come as a surprise to some of the new car owners.

In these pages, I seldom venture into the realms of politics or economics. I review cars on their merits, irrespective of their country of origin. At the same time, it is only right to refer to the Association of British Motor Car Manufacturers, which carries out a ceaseless campaign to induce British motorists to stick to British cars.

The Association has a strong case and, in some of its literature which I have just been reading, that case is well put. It is certainly a matter to which British motorists ought to give their consideration.

END

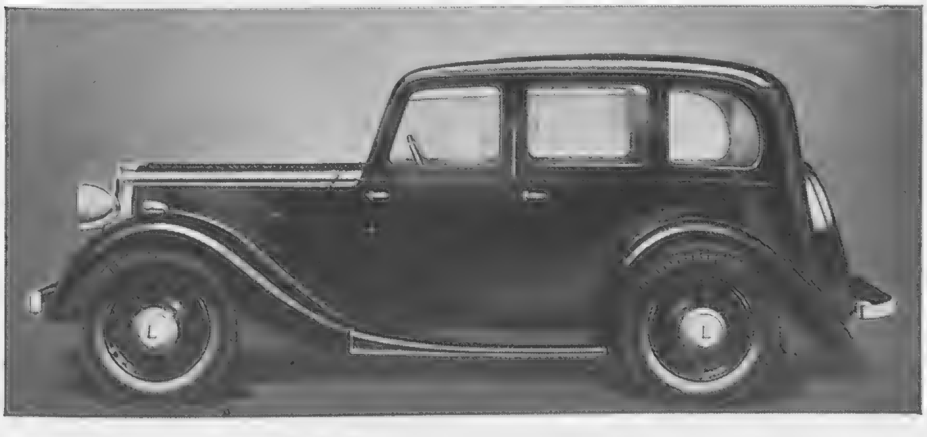
An Oil Company's Jubilee

THE Jubilee of one of the greatest Oil Companies in the kingdom—the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., proprietors of Esso and Essolube—was the story told on their stand at the British Industries Fair.

The remarkable series of photographs presented was a revelation of the innumerable directions in which oil products enter into the life of every one of us, and into almost every business. One is apt to think of oil as something which produces petrol and lubricants, but it is an essential factor in producing articles as far apart as artificial silk and road surfaces, shoe polishes and perfumes, cattle foods and laxatives, to name but a few among hundreds.

The Anglo-American Oil Company have rendered fifty years' progressive service to the British public in this great and far-reaching industry.

Also staged on their stand were two fine realistic models, one presenting one of the Company's huge British refineries, alive with moving shipping and other transport, the other visualising the Company's activities in the vital work of searching for oil in Britain.



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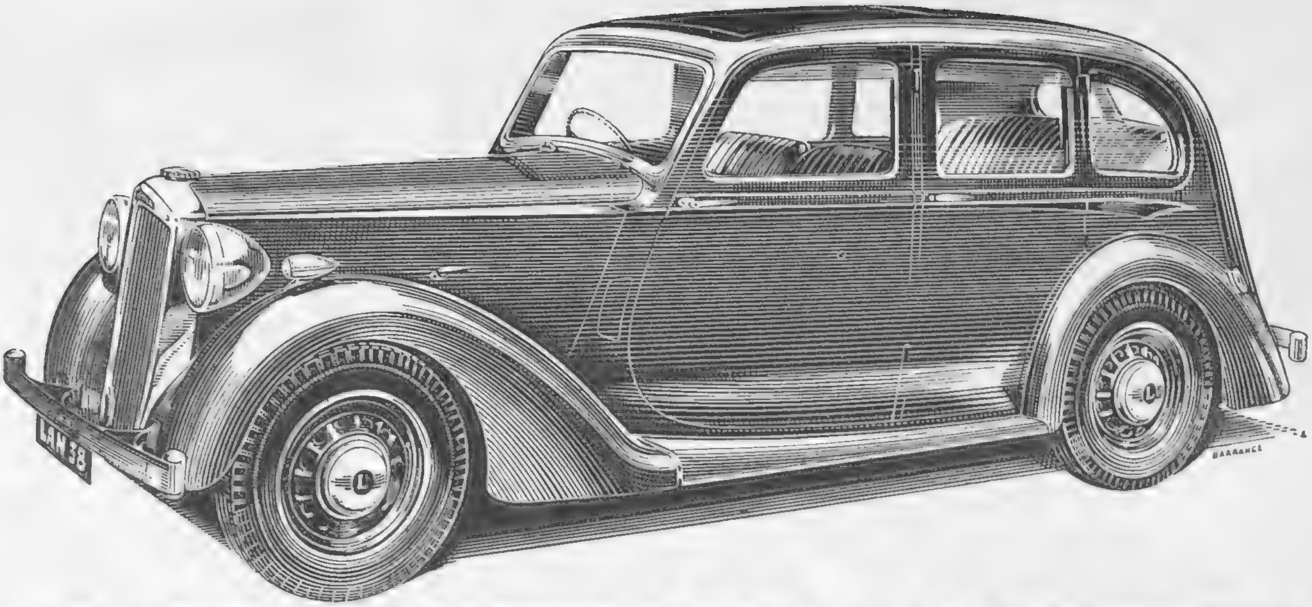
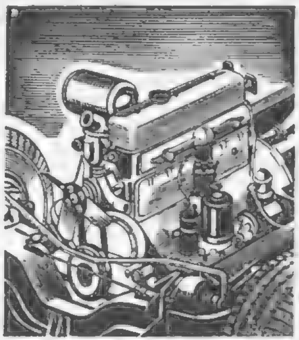
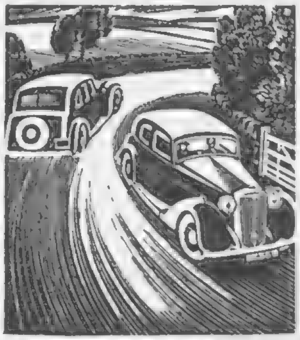


1 INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



2 HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



3 LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

4 DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents

In ONE CAR *for the first time*

What are the things about other cars that have struck you as desirable? List them—then check them off against this new Lanchester.

For in this remarkable car every single worth-while feature has been incorporated. The result is a car that makes motoring a rare pleasure. It floats you over the worst roads (independent front wheel springing). It gets you away from traffic hold-ups ahead of the rest (high power-weight ratio). It corners at speed—even on a false camber—sitting well down on the road, with no suggestion of roll (low centre of gravity and anti-roll control). An untiring car for both driver and passengers—the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission cuts the driver's work to a minimum and gives the smooth-running engine an even greater smoothness.

Truly the new Lanchester Roadrider De Luxe is a joy to drive and a pride to own.

5 SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

6 ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

7 INTER-AXLE SEATING

8 ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

9 RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

10 PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

11 HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

12 FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

13 THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

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15 LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

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India Calling!

A Travel Land to Visit and Re-visit

NO word has been more over-worked by travel-writers than "lure," largely because it indicates, as no other single word, the seductive charm and fascination of lands which the traveller feels impelled, by some force of a magnetic nature, to visit again and again.

India has this lure in fullest measure for, to an extent past explaining, its whole atmosphere grips and stimulates the imagination. The vast sub-continent offers an unending panorama of beauty and varied interest, so much so indeed that the traveller may be excused if he becomes bewildered, at the problem of where to begin.

Perhaps, however, the answer lies largely with the shipping companies whose chief ports of call are Karachi, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Colombo. The air line, which enters through the first of those ports, goes to Delhi. The railroad route, on the other hand, does not as yet get nearer than the head of the Persian Gulf.

Colombo, in the opinion of many, is the ideal place from which to make a start when touring India, not only because it is so easily reached, lying as it does on the main trade route to the East, but because it enables the visitor to see Southern India without making a double train journey.

Hathia Paur, or Elephant Gate at Gwalior Fort

No one who has not seen the south can ever really claim to know India, for it is a region rich in archæological remains, magnificent temples, shrines and pilgrim towns. Among the most important of these is Trichinopoli, Madras Presidency, the "City of the Three-headed Demon," with its renowned rock temple from which one of the finest views in all India may be obtained. Thirty miles away is Tanjore with its great pagoda which has been preserved with little alteration for nearly nine centuries.

Madras should next be visited. This city, which but three centuries ago was a mere fishing village, at first sight presents a disappointing appearance, possessing not a single street that could really be termed handsome, but it has many spots of historical interest. Turning inland again it is a short night's journey to Bangalore, administrative centre of Mysore, the progressive and third largest state in all India.

PUSHING northwards one may go to Bombay or Calcutta, according to the sailing arrangements dictating the course of the tour, and in each metropolis will be found much of the keenest interest. The Hindu Burning Ghats, the Parsee Towers of Silence, and the Elephanta caves of the former, should not on any account be missed, while Calcutta as one of the great cities of the Empire offers opportunities for the tourist so numerous that it is impossible to recount them in the space of a short introductory article.

A question that every tourist returning from India is liable to be asked is whether he saw the Taj Mahal, and the answer is usually in the affirmative, for Agra lies on the main line from Bombay to Delhi. Of the Taj Mahal itself there is no need to say very much here. Everybody knows what it looks like and nearly everyone knows its history—how it was built during the first half of the seventeenth century by Shah Jehan as a mausoleum for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and how later he was deposed by his son, Aurangzeb, and lived the last years of his life as a prisoner at Agra, stripped of temporal power, but feeding his soul on the daily contemplation of that miracle of beauty he had created out of cold marble.

Less talked about, though almost equally remarkable, is the ruined city of Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-three miles distant from Agra. This was built by Akbar, the great Mogul, in honour of the birth of his son. He designed the whole thing—the temples, palaces, roadways and public squares, the great battlements and the mosque, and his conception was a magnificent one. Yet within fifty years, through lack of water, the place was deserted and has remained deserted ever since, standing however as testimony to the glories of ancient India.

DELHI comes next, and commands attention not only as the seat of administration but as the site of many ancient buildings. New Delhi is, in fact, the eighth city to rise on practically the same spot since the twelfth century, and it is gratifying to see what a worthy successor it is to some of the earlier capitals. The Legislative Chamber, the Imperial Secretariat, and the Viceroy's residence are all extremely imposing. One should try to allow at least three days for seeing Delhi, although the lavishness of Indian decoration is liable to overtax one's appreciative faculties, after a time leaving one feeling completely glutted.

There is seemingly no end to India's travel possibilities, and in the foregoing paragraphs its resources in this direction have barely been touched upon. No mention has been made of Benares, Udaipur, with its island palaces, Kashmir, with its lakes and mountains, Ellora, Ajant, Gwalior, Amritsar and Jaipur. And so the list continues. You must go there and see for yourself.

The Jumma Masjid, Gwalior

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"That's all very fine. But we're talking about *this* car. Look at those low, sweeping lines. You're not telling me she wasn't built for looks first and foremost."

"Jump inside, then. . . . Now do you believe me? Don't you see that's exactly where Austin have been so clever? Every line in this car was put there for a purpose. They've made the comfort part and parcel of the beauty."

"And what's John got to say?"

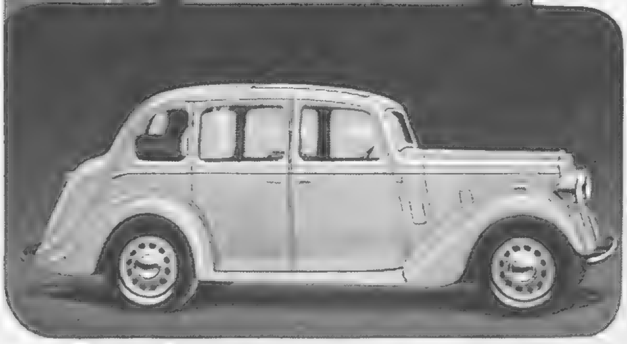
"John! He's like a sailor returning to his first ship. Keeps pointing out the miles we're doing to the gallon. Totting up our average speed on each long run. And he's right. We *are* saving money. And we *are* getting better averages. If it's consistency that counts—steady, trouble-free motoring—then you've got to hand it to Austin."

"Pat, you're incorrigible. You're talking just like a salesman."

"Sorry, dear. I'll curb my enthusiasm. Let's just say I'm glad to get back to an Austin."

You buy a car—but you invest in an

Austin



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Have you seen the Austin Magazine for April?

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

Go West—And Go Early

Some Thoughts on the Holiday Question

SINCE most of us can remember August has been the big holiday month in this country, largely, no doubt, for the reason that this is the period of the school summer vacations, and for family men there is no other alternative, unless they be richly endowed with the world's goods, than to go away at this time.

There are others, however, who, through force of habit or possibly through a mistaken belief that the weather is always at its best in August, go on holiday at this time without any really adequate reason for so doing. The result is that everybody suffers. The holidaymaker suffers because high prices have to be paid throughout August and the overcrowding at the more popular resorts is such that the beaches yield little or no pleasure, while the various places of entertainment seem to have perpetual queues before them. The hotel managers and boarding-house proprietors suffer because for this one month they are working night and day with no respite, while for the rest of the season they and their staffs are neither fully nor remuneratively occupied.

In these days there is really no need that such conditions should obtain, and many organisations connected with travel and tourism are sensibly appealing to people to take their holidays rather earlier in the year. Certainly no one would be the loser in adopting such a course, and it is certain that in June or July they would find the accommodation cheaper, would receive more individual attention from hotel staffs, and would find the countryside at its freshest and best, not to mention the fact that a heat wave, or at least enjoyable weather, is just as likely to occur as in over-fashionable August.

The Great Western Railway Company is among the many concerns taking this view, and there is no doubt that it is worth deep consideration. The G.W.R. covers areas that are well favoured from the point of view of all-the-year-round sunshine and for this reason the resorts served by this railway should be borne in mind when planning an early holiday.

First and foremost in this respect is, of course, Torquay, which, despite those who are inclined to scoff at our English Riviera, has a truly astonishing record of sunshine and, even in February and March, is able to boast climatic advantages which barometer recordings and the verdict of the rain gauge are always there to prove conclusively. Torquay is a truly wonderful spot. Built like Bath and Rome, on seven hills, her full majesty is not to be taken in in one all-surveying glance. Each separate arc of beauty is self-contained and individual. Visitors may arrive in their tens of thousands, but within a few minutes they merge into the quiet scene. Here is no hard, glittering ruler-line of a promenade, going, endlessly, tirelessly on until it joins the no less straight and no less grand sea front of the next resort. Instead of that you find yourself in the cleft of a vast bay where you may see without being seen. The high rocks stretching down to the beach are hidden in a forest of wonderful exotic palms and flowers which seem to flourish in such profusion nowhere else in England.

Yes, Torquay is unique among resorts, but there are a host of places on the north and south Devon coasts of almost equal charm in their own individual way, and Teignmouth, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Ilfracombe, Lynton, and Bude, with its first-rate facilities for surf bathing, all have their devotees who can be assured that they will be far from disappointed if they sample the charms of these places earlier in the holiday season than August.

FROM the scenic viewpoint Cornwall shares an equal renown with Devon, and from June onwards there is a full complement of sunshine, as witness the holiday resort sunshine charts published in one of our largest dailies. Cornwall does not remain entirely unspoilt (what place does in these feverish days of haphazard building) and, considering its rare attractions, it has survived twentieth century vandalism to a notable degree. For instance, the little fishing village of Mousehole, so lately in the forefront of the news, remains, for the moment at any rate, in its pristine picturesque state, and the holidaymaker will find a welcome there that comes from the heart. In fact, after a week's or a fortnight's stay, he will find his bill so moderate and the fare so good that he will leave, if he be a man of conscience, with the feeling that he has been given more than he has really paid for.

The Welsh coast is also served by the Great Western Railway, and on Cardigan Bay will be found resorts that even rival those of Devon and Cornwall when it comes to sunshine records. The impressionable no doubt will find it difficult to forget what happened in Aberystwyth this winter, and they will be perfectly right in saying that the "Biarritz of Wales" blotted its copybook. They might get a very agreeable surprise, however, if they visited the place in June or July, and they would soon realise that it is Aberystwyth's residents, who live there all the year round, who have to put up with the discomforts, if any. A few miles to the north, is the lovely Llyfnant valley and to see this in later spring or early summer is an experience not easily forgotten.

Along the same coast are a host of other resorts from which to choose, from Aberdovey, "of the bells," to Dolgelley, of the Cader country, whose obstinate inhabitants insist on including an "h" in the pronunciation of the name. It should, however, take more than that to deter you from going there, and once there you may indeed find that that sing-song, sonorous Welsh accent is the possession not only of a people of music-lovers, but of a people innately understanding the art of hospitality.

Torquay, from Abbey Gardens

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Books

(*Continued from page* 30)

John o' Groat's. He sees the show as a whole—the enormous organisation; the work of the advance parties; the difficulties of the build-up; the route with its good towns and its bad towns.

He is given a personal introduction to the great personalities, both animal-kind and mankind.; he is enabled to glimpse the hotchpotch of humanity living in Caravan Street, and he is made to feel some of the tingling excitement that is circus-life.

Mr. Williamson it was who was responsible for the discovery of the famous giraffe-necked women, and his talent-spotting adventures provide one of the book's most interesting chapters.

In the section entitled "Publicity Stunts," the author is frank almost to the point of indiscretion, but the book makes grand reading, and in its pages there passes before us once again that spell-binding panorama of demi-gods without the memory of whom our adolescence would be so colourless.

My second sawdust volume this month is on a rather different level from Mr. Williamson's book, for it is a novel in which the glorious travelling circus is incidental to the plot, instead of the glorious absence of plot being incidental to the travelling circus.

In *The Showman* (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.), Miss Anne Meredith presents life to us in the title-rôle and life, in turn, presents a motley programme to Nell Riley during her seventy-odd years.

From an exciting childhood in the romantic and sinister Limehouse of the 'sixties she passes to a quarter of a century of tenting with a travelling circus, travelling over the length and breadth of the countryside, experiencing love, childbirth, danger and loss, until in the prosperous years before the war, she finds herself landlady of the Bag o' Nails in a thriving provincial town.

The difficult years after the Armistice bring new relationships, new problems, one overwhelming tragedy; but life holds compensations for every grief and the curtain is rung down at last in a quiet room in post-war London in Nell's full and satisfied old age.

The book is written with a quiet inevitability admirably appropriate to the story it presents.

IT would appear that both the Book Society and the Crime-book Society are escape-minded just now, for I have before me *Escape on Skis* by Brian Meredith (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.), and *They Almost Escaped* by Percy Hoskins (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), recommended respectively by these two bodies.

Both books, strangely enough, contain thirty-two illustrations. Here, however, the resemblance between them ceases; for, while one concerns adventure of a legitimate sort which leads to gaiety and freedom, the other deals with the grisly activities of a number of criminals who were all brought to book—even before Mr. Percy Hoskins thought of doing it!

Escape on Skis is a fascinating account, written in refreshingly informal vein, of ski-ing in the hinterlands of the Canadian Rockies and of crossing a large part of the Swiss Alps on skis.

The book is illustrated with a collection of unforgettably beautiful photographs, and there is all the unconfined spirit of holiday in the text—holiday spent amongst the most beautiful scenery in the world.

Mr. Meredith is a Canadian ski-ing expert and a number of valuable hints are imperceptibly woven into the fabric of his story.

Mr. Hoskins, on the other hand, whilst no less an expert in his own line, is hardly in a position to give useful tips to his readers, for his line happens to be criminology!

In *They Almost Escaped* he re-tells in vivid manner the inside stories of a number of recent murder mysteries.

The author, who is the *Evening Standard* Crime Reporter, points out in each case the slip which led to the fixing of the guilt upon the perpetrator of the crime and in so doing, he presents a number of remarkably interesting psychological, and in some cases, pathological problems.

It would be insincere of me to describe this as "the ideal bed-side book," but I can heartily recommend it as a brilliant exposé of the fallibilities of the criminal mind, and the apparent infallibility of modern methods of detection.

TO me, at least, *Forty Fathoms Deep*, the latest book from the pen of prolific Ion L. Idriess, (Angus & Robertson, 6s.) is a most fascinating chronicle of the lives and loves of the Pearl Divers and Sea Rovers of the Australian seas.

It is impossible in the brief space of one lifetime to assimilate the details of the lives led by all our fellow-men whose path never crosses our own. Indeed, we should find many such existences far too dull to make such attention worth while.

The study of these divers of the deep, however, is an enthralling one. Their every-day work is carried out in a medium which is totally strange to us. Their merest trivialities are full of colourful interest. The hum-drum incidents of their working day become, through the pages of this book, thrilling adventures to us.

Mr. Idriess has a lively news sense. The atmosphere of the great pearling industry which forms the background to his story never becomes stuffy, for the author wastes no time over superfluities.

I can recommend this book whole-heartedly to those who like to know how the more interesting other half of the world lives.

ANOTHER overseas writer who has given us a fine book this month is Gunnar Gunnarsson whose *Ships in the Sky* (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.) traces the life-story of a little Icelandic boy who gradually makes his way in the world as a writer, after having migrated to Denmark.

Here and there in the pages of this book one comes upon little sensitive flashes of psychological insight, which give more than a hint that the volume is autobiographical.

It is all beautifully done with a depth of perception which, the reader feels instinctively *must* be introspective.

The publishers tell us that the reputation of Gunnar Gunnarsson in Scandinavia, and especially in Germany, is tremendous; his sales running into hundreds of thousands.

Evelyn Ramsden's translation of the present volume is a delicate piece of craftsmanship, and should go far towards popularising this Icelandic author's work among British readers.

WHAT a wonderful thing it is to be able to write!

No News by Pamela Frankau (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is named with ironical appropriateness, for the plot is so slight as to be unnecessary.

It is Miss Frankau's crisp, bright style which carries the reader along at such a cheery, if irresponsible, pace that the whole adventure becomes invested with a spurious plausibility, with the reader a very willing accessory to the deception!

All the world loves a lover, we are told, and when the lover is also a self-confessed sap, he becomes a fitting hero for Miss Frankau's amusing novel of an utterly ineffectual Fleet Street reporter "on location."

A JOURNALIST of a totally different sort is Mr. Harry Greenwall, whose important new book *Pacific Scene* (Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.), is one with which every intelligent Britisher should take immediate steps to become conversant.

(*Continued on page* 99)

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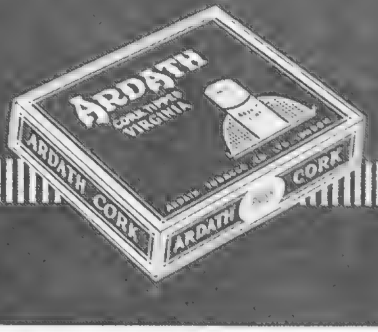

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Japan shows every evidence to-day of aspiring not merely to the conquest of China, but to the dizzy dream of world-domination.

Mr. Greenwall, who has first-hand up-to-the-minute knowledge of Japan, never attempts to foist dogmatic views upon his readers, but rather he presents indisputable facts in a manner so pellucidly clear that they readily form their own opinions upon the same lines as those which he himself holds.

Japan's ambitions may within the next few years have a very definite effect upon the lives of all British people and it is, as I conceive it, a social obligation for each of us to do some clear thinking upon the subject without delay.

No better introduction to this vital matter can be imagined than that afforded by Mr. Greenwall's book.

A COURAGEOUS woman can live down an absence of beauty and intelligence; an intelligent woman may overcome the want of beauty and courage; the beautiful women can get along quite nicely with neither courage nor intelligence.

Marian Hastings, second wife of the dynamic Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India, was blessed, however, with all three attributes.

Undoubtedly, it was her beauty which first attracted Hastings on the occasion of their informal meeting on board ship.

It was her intelligence which finally captivated him, and it was her high courage which nerved her to disregard contemporary gossip-mongers and devote her life to the interests of Hastings's career.

Intimate pictures of the Hastings' life together are chronicled in K. L. Murray's deep biography *Beloved Marian* (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.), with its thirteen illustrations.

Nevertheless, Warren and Marian Hastings do not entirely monopolise the canvas. Many picturesque personalities live again in the pages of this remarkably interesting book.

We catch revealing glimpses of, among others, Queen Charlotte; Philip Francis, reputed author of the famous Junius letters; Edmund Burke, the fiery orator; Sheridan, the playwright; while the Prince Regent makes an elegant appearance in his most attractive mood.

The period of this book is the most exciting and richly coloured of our social history, and the author has had exceptional opportunities for research. An authority on the eighteenth century, she has here blended scholarship with an easy readable style, and the result is an absorbing human document which is bound to appeal to all types of reader.

THE authenticated story of Mary Bryant, the Devonshire girl, who was destined to share in one of the undying epics of sea navigation, is one of the greatest of all time.

Commander Geoffrey Rawson, author of *Admiral Beatty* and many other nautical biographies, has done full justice to this highly dramatic narrative in his new illustrated book *The Strange Case of Mary Bryant* (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.).

In 1768, Mary Bryant was convicted of having aided her lover to escape from prison and was condemned to transportation for life.

Shipped with the first batch of prisoners to Botany Bay, she was there reunited with her lover and married him.

Enduring a succession of incredible hardships and constantly faced with starvation, Mary Bryant was always on the look-out for a means of escape.

Finally, she and her husband decided on a desperate bid for freedom in their fishing boat.

After weeks of preparation, eleven souls, including the Bryants and their two children, slipped off in the night and set sail for Timur in Batavia.

The alternations of hope and despair which characterised these three thousand miles in their open boat, are chronicled in a manner which enables the reader to share in their amazing vicissitudes, as all manner of dangers assail them and threaten their frail argosy with disaster.

Incredible as it may seem, they arrived at Timur with all the eleven alive; but even then their adventures were by no means ended, for they were still fugitives from justice. . . .

A most stirring story, stirringly written

DOREEN WALLACE'S *The Time of Wild Roses*, which Collins & Co. publish at 8s. 6d., is a new novel which definitely comes into the category of literature.

Deep feeling and a turn of succinct expression distinguish this book, in which the dialogue is successfully used to convey characterisation.

The story of a boy born to be a farmer but translated by a domineering mother, is an interesting one, and the style with which the narrative is presented suits it so admirably, that the resultant effect is memorable.

IT is good for us to be startled out of our twentieth-century lethargy every now and then.

In one way Cronin's *The Citadel* did the trick.

But in *The Healing Knife* (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.), George Sava blows us sky-high with a straight-from-the-shoulder account in autobiography of a young man who, by sheer force of will, against almost impossible odds, fought his way to fame as a surgeon.

When first we see Sava he is a seventeen years-old lieutenant of the demoralised White Russian Navy.

The story of how he performed his first operation to save the life of a comrade, without medical knowledge and with the aid of only a jack-knife, is not pretty reading, but it is important reading, for it proved the turning-point in his important life.

After the Revolution, George Sava was a penniless and stateless fugitive.

He starved, he strove, he studied, wandering from the Caspian to Constantinople; to Sofia (where he learned dissection in a hospital mortuary by night, whilst employed as a stoker); to Paris (which he reached after a mad stowaway ride, and where he worked as a waiter).

In Florence, after sinking to the depths, he obtained his degree with the highest honours and was awarded one of the most coveted medical scholarships.

After brilliant achievement in Germany, he at last reached his goal—England.

"Dr. Sava," at the age of thirty-five and after his most extraordinary life-time of adventure, is now in established practice as a consulting surgeon in this country. His pseudonym has to be adopted and must be rigidly protected for reasons of medical etiquette.

This book is strong meat—it had to be. But it is a book which every one of us would be proud to have been able to write, for it is an unassuming narrative of great achievement from beginnings which would have corrupted beyond redemption any character less intrinsically noble than that of the author.

END

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

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Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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Now listen. Next time you've been reading late—or sitting over fine needlework—try bathing your eyes with Optrex before going to bed. Have some Optrex on the bathroom shelf in readiness. See how a cool Optrex eye bath takes away the feeling of strain. And how your eyes open tomorrow clear, free from heaviness, their bright best.

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John Prioleau, "The Observer," 9th January, 1938.

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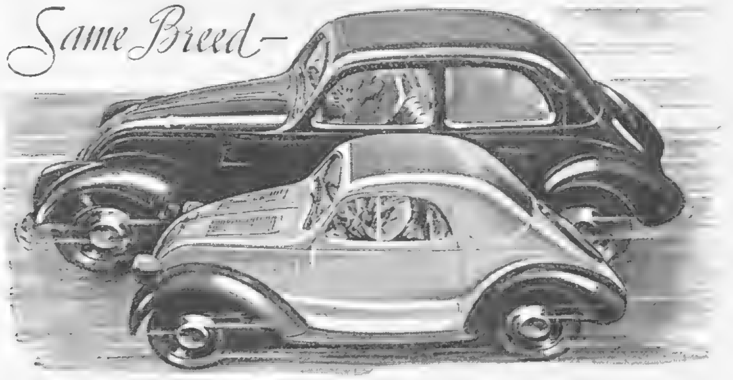

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Eton—Training Ground for Diplomats

(*Continued from page* 13)

This end is achieved not by the more usual method of placing the boys under the direction of adults, but by making them as far as humanly possible the custodians and architects of their own lives.

Thus we find at the top storey of each House an institution known as the Library. It consists of four or five boys only, chosen not by the Housemaster but self-perpetuating. Whenever there is a vacancy, the remaining members choose someone to fill it and their vote must be unanimous. Each Library makes its own rules and though it sometimes appeals to the Housemaster for advice, it is well understood on both sides that the advice need not be taken.

Next below Library comes Debate which holds elections at the beginning of each term, and meets perhaps three times in between to hold actual debates. These functions may not always be inspiring, but they do at least help to destroy the self-consciousness which so many schoolboys still carry with them at the outset of their adult lives.

Organised social existence at Eton does not end with these two classifications. A boy who climbs toward the so-called years of discretion without getting elected to Debate belongs to a nondescript class known as Uppers not in Debate. Even the juniors who still have to perform (with zest, be it added) the menial task of "fagging" are organised and boast their own captain.

When we move on from House activities to the wider sphere of the School as a whole we find the same basic principle at work. That most famous of all school organisations—the Eton Society, more widely known perhaps as Pop—is to the School what the Library is to the House. It runs itself without interference from the Masters, perpetuates itself, admits and keeps out whom it will. Be it noted that birth has very little to do with election to Pop, and being a good mixer a very great deal. Here is another Eton characteristic which perhaps helps to explain why old Etonians play such a large part in public affairs. Etonians find their own level at school. They are not moved into position like pawns by the masters.

No doubt an Etonian is better fitted than a "foreigner" to describe the place Pop holds in the Etonian heart. So let us hear Mr. Bernard Fergusson, author of *Eton Portrait* on the subject. "To get into Pop," he says, "is a greater thing than elevation to the peerage and an inducement to throw a chest to the end of one's days." He goes on: "Beautiful in his own eyes and in the eyes of Eton is the member of Pop. Beautiful are his shirts, his sponge-bag trousers, his coloured waistcoats, his rolled umbrella, the black braid that trims his coat, the stamped sealing-wax upon his top-hat. Finally," says Mr. Fergusson (and how typical the observation is of British adult life!), "members of Pop have no official powers at all, but 'the duties are delightful and the privileges great.'"

No official duties! Yet they keep order. How do they do it? Well, like the policeman they represent the majesty of the law—the unwritten law, generally. Also like the policeman, they rarely punish. The awe they inspire is usually enough. Unlike the policeman, however, custom permits them to punish if they deem it necessary. They may impose a fine upon your pocket or something even more drastic—upon a nether portion of your anatomy. And there is no appeal court to which you may take the case. Naturally, Pop sometimes errs; but surprisingly seldom.

It is worth noting, by the way, that neither Mr. Eden nor Sir Robert Vansittart succeeded in getting elected to Pop, whereas Sir Alexander Cadogan was actually President of the Society. It is also worth noting that the British Cabinet resembles Pop at least in this—it has no legal status in the British Constitution.

The roster of Eton societies does not, of course, end with Pop even if it incontestably begins there. There are innumerable others—most of them, though by no means all—vaguely connected with some branch of scholastic activity. But their aim is not so much to promote scholastic efficiency as to develop a natural bent. There is, for instance, a Shakespearian Society whose name speaks for itself, and a Caledonian Society whose less obvious *raison d'être* is the dancing of reels. There is also a Cercle Français, a Musical Society, a Natural History Society and—more intimately connected with the immediate object of this study, the Political Society.

The Political Society, like most Eton organisations was started by a group of enterprising lads without any lead from above. Appropriately enough the moving spirit in this case was one of Eton's future Foreign Secretaries, Lord Curzon. Its membership is limited to sixty and there is invariably keen competition for the honour of being elected. Again, like most Eton societies, the Political Society is ruled by a small committee of boys in whose hands the exclusive right of electing the common herd of members rests.

Sticklers for democracy may boggle at such an autocratic procedure, but the object of the Political Society is, after all, not the pure milk of any political theory but interesting debates. And it not only gets them but lays a foundation on which budding Etonian politicians are still building with astounding success in days when other schools are knocking at the door as never before.

The Committee of the Political Society sets itself the task of getting together as many representative opinions as possible into the Society, however unpopular they may be. It also sees to it that the net is cast both far and wide for speakers. Among the "fish" it has caught in the fairly recent past are the Duke of Windsor (when Prince of Wales), Mr. Gandhi, the late Lord Birkenhead, Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. James Maxton, Lord Halifax and Lord De La Warr. Yet another was the late Mr. Edgar Wallace who, according to Mr. Fergusson, had just come from Ascot and talked mainly about certain "four-footed criminals worse than any politicians."

It is non-scholastic activities such as these that have put Eton so high in the political and diplomatic world. Eton is in fact not merely a school but a miniature world with a cabinet, parliament, code of laws and organised social order all provided by the boys. Thus when they come to man's estate they have already had five years training in the art of government.

Sir Robert Vansittart and Sir Alexander Cadogan were already at Eton when their late chief Mr. Anthony Eden was born. Mr. Eden himself would be the first to admit that they taught him not only the ABC of diplomacy but its XYZ. The two permanent officials would reply that Mr. Eden was the aptest of apt pupils. Between them they have done much to humanise the conduct of affairs at the Foreign Office. Not one of the three cares very much for the formal deference that used to be regarded as an essential part of Foreign Office routine.

Sir Robert Vansittart was head of the Foreign Office for seven years—from 1930 to 1937. Brilliant and imaginative, he writes French almost as easily as he does English. He and Mr. Eden are both experts in oriental languages. Mr. Eden took First Class Honours in Arabic and Persian at Oxford; Sir Robert studied Persian and Arabic while stationed at Tehran and Cairo, during the early years of his service. Sir Alexander Cadogan carries on the same tradition, having acquired a knowledge of Turkish while at Constantinople before the War.

Sir Alexander Cadogan on whose shoulders the mantle of Elijah (as Permanent Chief of the Foreign Office), has now fallen, is cast in quite a different mould from his predecessor. Methodical and inclined to caution where Sir Robert is quick and (*Continued on page* 102)

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Eton—Training Ground for Diplomats

impulsive, Sir Alexander has perhaps a better grasp of both the uses and limitations of the League of Nations than any other British diplomat. Whereas Sir Robert may be said to lean towards the so-called "old diplomacy," Sir Alexander has a definite penchant for the new. He was in charge of the League of Nations department of the Foreign Office for several years before going out to China. In this capacity he visited Geneva a number of times, and is thus already personally acquainted with many of those in foreign countries with whom he now has to deal.

THOSE people who think of the Foreign Office as a place where they begin work at eleven, take two hours for lunch and leave for home at six after an hour's break at four-thirty for tea, have no idea of the really formidable job Sir Alexander has undertaken. In these critical times, the political despatches to and from the British Embassies abroad which are printed for the confidential use of members of the Diplomatic Service may run into a round dozen quarto volumes each year. Every volume consists of several hundred pages. Sir Alexander has to study carefully all the incoming despatches. All the important outgoing ones, for the final form of which he as Permanent Under-Secretary is ultimately responsible, have to be drafted, revised, and examined from every possible angle under his own direct supervision. In addition he must have an encyclopædic knowledge of countless memoranda and other highly confidential documents, which remain in the secret archives and are not included in the printed volumes.

Sir Alexander's work however, only begins with things like these. In addition he must be ready to meet and talk—maybe several times a week—to foreign ambassadors and distinguished visitors, to "advise" the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and give the necessary background information when he is to discuss important decisions with the rest of the Cabinet. In fact, the Permanent Under-Secretary needs a day of forty-eight hours if he is to get through the whole of the work that comes his way, when the affairs of the world are as tense and delicate as they have been almost continuously since Sir Robert Vansittart's "reign" began at the Foreign Office.

Sir Robert's new post has as yet no precise duties attaching to it, but there will be plenty of scope for his abundant energy, although some people have assumed that he has been, so to speak "kicked upstairs"—that he has in fact been promoted as a polite way of getting rid of him.

It is true that Sir Robert has many enemies. He also has devoted friends. Apart from all else, however, Sir Robert is not the man to accept a sinecure. If his new post does not give him enough to do he is not likely to stay in it. In that case, it may be that he will return to the literary activities which used to occupy a large part of his spare time. Latterly he has had a very little leisure, but a few years ago he was a prolific writer—in French as well as in English. He has even published books of verse in both languages and a French play of his, *Cap and Bells*, was produced in Paris for a short run.

So far as the outside world is concerned, both Sir Robert and Sir Alexander are something of enigmas. Even that master of anecdote, John Gunther, author of *Inside Europe*, has no tales out of school to tell about either of them. Of Sir Robert, perhaps the most revealing thing to say is that his juniors at the Foreign Office all know him as "Van," a familiarity which would almost have caused his fellow Etonian, Lord Curzon (to whom he was private secretary for four years), to have an apoplectic fit. Sir Alexander, who is generally known as Alec, carries on the "Van" tradition in this respect.

The régime of Sir Alexander is still too new to have established any very well-defined characteristics. That it will lead to a marked change of policy is most unlikely—indeed the more the personnel and tactics of British diplomacy changes, the more its fundamental stability is demonstrated.

Which, of course, is another way of saying that Eton is likely to continue to direct British foreign policy in the immediate future, as it has done for at least half of the past one hundred and fifty years.

END

Would you be a Sailor's Wife?

(*Continued from page 31*)

is not full such passages can be arranged. Then you do your travelling at a cost of some 6s. a day for your keep.

Married quarters are not provided for naval officers, except for such exalted personages as Commanders-in-Chief and Admiral Superintendents of dockyards. On the other hand in most of the naval centres abroad living expenses are, for what you get, less than in England. In most places, too, it is possible to rent a house with a "Service clause" in the lease. This means that, if our friend the "exigencies of the Service" steps in, the lease can be broken at any time. It ensures that you are not saddled with a house in Southsea when you want to follow your husband to Simonstown.

THE darkest aspect of marriage in the Royal Navy is that, at present, the naval officer gets no marriage allowance. The naval rating gets it; officers of the army and the Royal Air Force get it; but the "N. O." doesn't. It is a matter about which there is some bitterness. This is realised in high places, and it seems probable that married naval officers will become entitled to a marriage allowance in the near future. It will make a tremendous difference, but even as things are thousands of naval officers succeed in living very happy married lives.

The brightest spot—and it is *very* bright—is that marriage in the Navy avoids the sharpest rock on which marriages are apt to split—boredom. If there is uncertainty, there is also a spirit of adventure and lasting romance. A sailor's wife is never left staring down the garden path, wondering whether that farewell peck has become as automatic a habit for her husband as catching the 8.30.

Partings there are—but "journeys end in lovers' meetings." No truer words were ever written. That is why so many marriages in the Navy resolve themselves into a series of ecstatic honeymoons.

Of course, not all naval wives can follow their husbands round the world. The majority cannot always do it. Children have to be considered; and few men who serve the sea will be content without children. But separation will never exceed two and a half years, and it will be succeeded by a long period of "foreign service leave" and a spell of home service. In the meantime, family and friends must be the consolation of the grass widow.

Lastly, a few "don'ts" for those who are thinking of getting "spliced" to a naval man:—

Don't mug up all the naval phraseology and work it off to try to impress. It doesn't. A sailor has a horror of what he calls "Navy wives." He would far rather his wife didn't know one end of his ship from another than hear her talk intelligently of tons and guns.

Don't talk about your husband being "on his boat." In the Navy a ship is a ship and a man, even if he happens to be perched at the masthead, is "in" it.

Don't talk or act as if you were conscious of the seniority of your husband relative to the husbands of your friends. This is one of the deadliest of sins.

Don't be clingingly helpless.

Do enjoy life. Your husband wants to when he gets ashore.

END

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Youth Must be Served—Sometimes

(*Continued from page* 45)

"Yes, I know. I saw the address."

"Do you?" he said boldly.

"Oh yes, I have to live near my work. I have to get here at nine-thirty in the morning."

She did not vouchsafe any further information. She smiled at him and moved away.

He said to the waitress, "Mrs. Strong is a very beautiful woman."

"Yes, isn't she sweet! She's awfully nice to us girls. When I had measles and I was still really infectious, she had me to tea. Ever such a sweet flat she's got in Maddison Avenue."

That evening his fingers trembled as they searched the telephone directory. She was there. Margaret Strong, 15 Maddison Avenue.

The black dress came the next day. Of course the house was empty except for his sister resting on the sofa in her room. He took in the box himself and hid it away on top of the silver lace evening frock.

Before the month was up he had added to the collection a wine coloured sports suit, price seven guineas, and a negligée trimmed with egg shell blue swansdown, price fifteen guineas.

"I'm just crackers," he mused, using a phrase of Flick's.

He was secretly amazed and elated by his mental state. He found a satisfactory period word for it. "Vagrant youth." It was better than "crackers."

HE was a restless sleeper. He liked and slept in a double-bed that had belonged to his mother. It was almost his only positive whimsy.

A registry office had put him in touch with a girl in Guildford, a general with excellent, in fact quite astounding references. The family were so tired of chores and chars that they had persuaded him to go down and interview the girl personally. If she was at all possible he was to engage her.

He had been glad to escape into the country. Mollie and Flick were going to a big dance with their own crowd, and the air had been thick with fuss and incipient preparation. Five or six of them were coming on to a scrap meal beforehand. Beer and sausage rolls. He was reluctant to return to an atmosphere that went subtly against the grain. He lingered on in Guildford walking about the quaint old town up to Shemley Green, where the grass had never looked greener or the trees fresher. A giant moon hung in the sky before he returned, and he was filled with a pleasant peace.

He came home to the most racketting noise, voices and high pitched laughter.

He sneaked into his own room, and on the bed was a scarlet evening dress, and sitting beside it a young woman in the briefest of cami-knicks, who was not a whit abashed at the sight of him.

She said, "Oh, you must be the uncle! Look here, I'm frightfully sorry; we've got your room."

A man adjusting evening dress studs turned from his mirror to say casually, "I do hope we're not putting you out, sir. It was your niece's idea that Gladys and I should stay the night. We come from Yorkshire."

He said, "Oh, not at all!"

But suddenly he knew he had reached the limits of long years of endurance. Shutting the door with a shaking hand, he confronted Flick in a yellow evening gown.

She breezed at him at once. "Oh darling! Look! You don't mind Gladys and the Parsnip having your room, do you? They haven't been married very long, and it would be too, too cruel to shove them in different kennels. You've got the only double-bed in the house. And oh! you naughty old man!"

He said, "I beg your pardon!"

But she was excited and full of beer and bonhomie, and didn't heed the note of warning in his voice.

"They're staying the week-end, too, darling. You know, just over Sunday. And the whole crowd's going pub crawling somewhere cosy in Sussex to-morrow. Gladys and Parsnip and Bobbie and Karl, and I and Mollie. And oh, darling, look! I found some awfully mysterious boxes in your wardrobe, and I just had to peep—and then I found the most divine frocks, so I took them up to Mummie. I do hope you don't mind."

He said, "You what?"

She looked at him sharply.

"I do hope you're not going to make a fuss. You're not going to be starchy about your room or anything, are you? They won't hurt it! They had to have somewhere to stick their clothes, and Gladys is the type who travels with a trunk load."

He said, "Your insolence is unpardonable. You've no manners. What right had you to go foraging among my things like a curious servant? What right had you to calmly hand over my personal room and my personal bed to a couple of ill-bred strangers? It's intolerable, miss! It's intolerable!" He raised his voice.

She said, "All right! Don't yell the place down, you'll upset the party."

He heard the baize door open and his sister's voice. "Sammie, Sammie, darling!"

He said, "I'm leaving! I can't stick it any more. These intolerable intrusions on one's privacy and one's personal life! It's like living in the lowest type of middle-class boarding house, where nobody has any rights or privacy."

"Well, don't yell, uncle, they'll hear you."

"I don't care whether they hear me or not, my dear. In any case they wouldn't be affected. They're entirely insensitive."

Mollie came running along the passage.

She said, "What's all the row, boys."

"Uncle's as stuffy as hell because they've got his room."

He said thickly, incoherently, "You had no right! You had absolutely no right! It was an intolerable impertinence!"

Very slowly, and with great dignity, Charlotte, his sister descended the stairs.

She said, "What is this rather unseemly brawl."

"I told you I'd given Gladys and Parsnip uncle's room. You said I could."

"Not if your uncle objects, Flick."

"Is this our home, or isn't it, Mummie!"

"Not entirely," said Samuel Saunders slowly. "It's also that of your mother and myself, in which we, barely tolerated, permit you to live, sleep and entertain at our expense."

"That's a lie! We pay for our own beer—and Flick paid for the sausage rolls and the melon and stuff herself. Mummie, are you with him on this?"

"You're being childish," said Samuel Saunders. "Very childish! There's no question of for or against. Courtesy is courtesy, and consideration is consideration."

"You could have my room, uncle."

"I don't wish for your room, my dear Flick. I wish for my room and my own possessions."

"Very well," said Flick, "there obviously isn't room for all of us. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll clear out with the gang to-night, and we'll go down to Sussex after and dine, and put up at one of the pubs, the whole gang."

"No," said her mother. "You can't go with Karl."

"Oh, but I shall! And if anything happens it's your fault."

"Flick!"

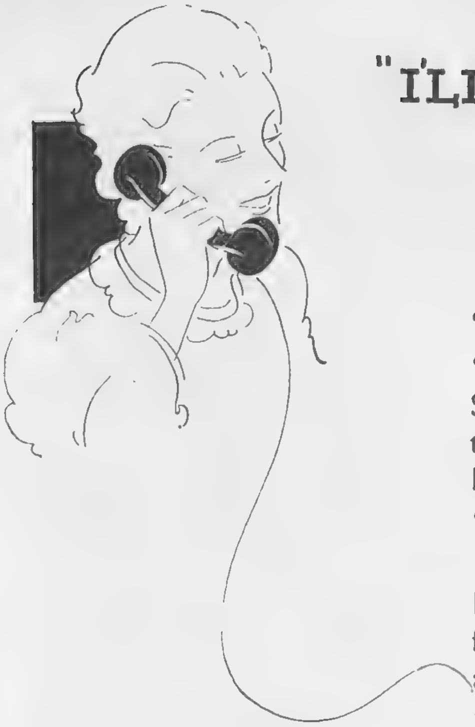
"She's had too much to drink, I fancy," said Samuel Saunders in his quiet, measured voice.

"Oh no she hasn't," said Mollie. "I'm fed up, too. Always putting a spoke in our wheel! There's no freedom in this house."

"Mollie!"

"There isn't, mother. You don't know anything about it upstairs. There's a general air of disapproval. There's nothing in a week-end. It's very educational. We just haven't done it before like millions of others, solely out of consideration for your Victorian prejudices and inhibitions."

(*Continued on page* 106)



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"Sounds wonderful to me, dear."

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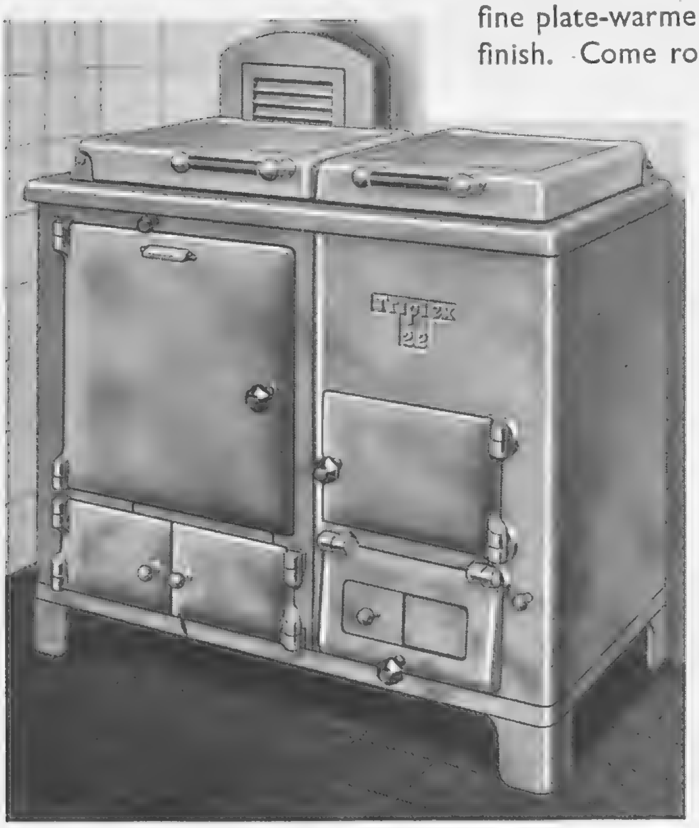

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"You haven't done it because it was infinitely cheaper and more comfortable to entertain at this liberty hall, with no regard whatever for the fact that the other inmates in it frequently didn't get to sleep till the early hours of the morning owing to the 'good time that was had by all.' No, my dear, I don't think that you can pull that stop. It doesn't work," said her uncle.

"I forbid you to go," said Charlotte shakily.

And then suddenly the hall was full of young men half dressed, and young women with negligées tucked round them, and Gladys saying in a high, shrill Cockney voice:

"I say, if I've put anybody out I'll clear out like a shot!"

Flick, the spoiled and the slightly neurotic, was putting her case in a high voice.

Slowly Samuel Saunders joined his sister on the stairs. "My dear," he said, "I don't think we belong here. Come along."

"But, Sammie, they can't go! I won't have it!"

"They're not children," he said. "They're just rather unpleasant young savages at the moment."

He took her arm and piloted her upstairs.

THE great storm was over. Charlotte and her brother were empty and receptive to each other as they had not been for years. They had no real vitality left. Charlotte had stupidly had hysterics and it had galvanised her out of the lethargy of years.

Samuel Saunders had stood by stonily and listened to her pleading with her girls not to be silly. He had regretted the exhibition because it had given Flick and Mollie ample scope for easy, ridiculous drama.

After the dance they had swept off in a series of sporting motor cars, making such a noise that he knew that the next day would produce a crop of letters from neighbours.

The house was quiet and calm as it had not been for years, and suddenly Samuel Saunders heard himself say:

"Let's give a party."

"Us?"

"It's a mistake to let youth's feelings register too much," said Samuel Saunders. "Better to take a leaf out of their book. You can wear that lovely silver dress I bought you. You'd look very beautiful, Charlotte."

"Who should we ask?"

"People we've lost touch with because we thought the children would find them a nuisance and think of them as old fogies. For instance, Sproggie. You can bring some of the things downstairs from your room into the girls' room and make it look quite different. And flowers! We can get servants; you can hire them by the hour—and smart caps and aprons, too. I know where."

"I'm not strong enough, Samuel!"

"Nonsense. We'd have a damned good party. We'd ring up Winifred and ask her to bring her music. I'd love to hear her play again. She was a great artist. A party like we used to have years ago—good talk, and good wine and good music."

"Sammie! Could we?"

"Sproggie would like to see you again, and he'd like to see you in that silver frock."

"The children?"

"What have they got to do with it. This is your home and mine, we pay for it. The things in it are ours. We've been ruled and mesmerised a shade too long, you know. 'Youth must be served,' as you frequently say; but not *all* the time."

So they used the telephone, and Charlotte descended from her room and arranged the lovely flowers he had bought her, so that the girls' sitting room lost its raffishness and had again an air of faded elegance.

"Isn't there anyone you'd like to ask, Sammie?"

"Yes there is—a charming little woman who lives near here. I met her by chance. As a matter of fact I bought those frocks for you from her. Her name is Strong, Mrs. Margaret Strong. I think I'll go round and leave a note."

"You don't think I'll be ill after, do you, Sammie?"

"I think you'll be better than you've ever been in your life. It's no good living in a state of suspended animation above the present generation, because you don't feel you're equipped to participate in their life. The thing to do is to go on valiantly with a life of your own, in surroundings to which you are accustomed, with the people who belonged to your era. I'm damned sure of that."

"Perhaps you're right," said Charlotte meekly. "I should like to see Sproggie again anyway."

They came. They came in their faintly old-fashioned dresses. Their low well-bred voices. Their air of mutual flattery. They came like figures from a period piece, stealing in with their music. For them it was perhaps a little like a masquerade in which they moved freely as themselves of yesterday. There were only a handful. They talked of old friends. Of long ago parties. Of the Thames when it was fashionable. They sang in tired, well-trained voices from which the zip had gone and only the technique remained.

Charlotte looked beautiful. She wore her silver frock and she was flushed.

Margaret Strong was at home with them all. She wore a dull red frock and she looked beautiful, too. Sammie was never far from her side.

He said, "I want to take you out more than you imagine. Quiet places where the likes of us were wont to go years ago. There's an inn in Richmond, overlooking the river. So many places I'd like to take you where we've both been before when the world was very young, and we were young, too. Do you think one can ever recapture?"

"No," she said, "but you can enjoy in retrospect so thoroughly what once was. And even more, you yourself as you fancied you used to be. It's a beautiful feast usually," she said smiling.

And Sproggie said to Charlotte, "By jove, Charlotte, you look as young as you did that day when I . . ."

She said, "I'm old, Sproggie."

"Never to me, my dear! Never to me. Look, I'm going to call for you to-morrow and take you down to Hurlingham. It won't tire you. I've got a very comfortable Daimler. We'll just sit and have tea and talk over old times. Now say you'll come."

And Charlotte thought of the black frock, and she said, "I'd like to, Sproggie, dear."

It was on this that Flick and Mollie and the bunch, minus Gladys and Parsnip, burst in.

Flick said, "We ran out of gas and we ran out of cash and the whole shemozzle was lousy. Gladys had a hell of a row with Parsnip and went home in a huff, and the whole thing was just nuts from beginning to end."

She stopped suddenly. All these people in their charming, outmoded evening gowns were looking at her with faint, not unkind surprise. She wore her corduroy suit and no hat. She had driven in an open car.

The crowd in their pullovers and their tweeds stood behind her.

Her mother looked lovely. Quite, quite lovely. She saw her world as a thing apart from all this. It gave her for a second, a feeling of isolation.

Her mother spoke.

"Come in, darling. Won't you all come in? Sproggie, this is my little girl. Flick, this is Brigadier-General Arthur Mayhew-Sprogg. I don't think I know the names of all your friends."

Mollie said, "Oh, just Bobbie and Karl—oh, just the gang."

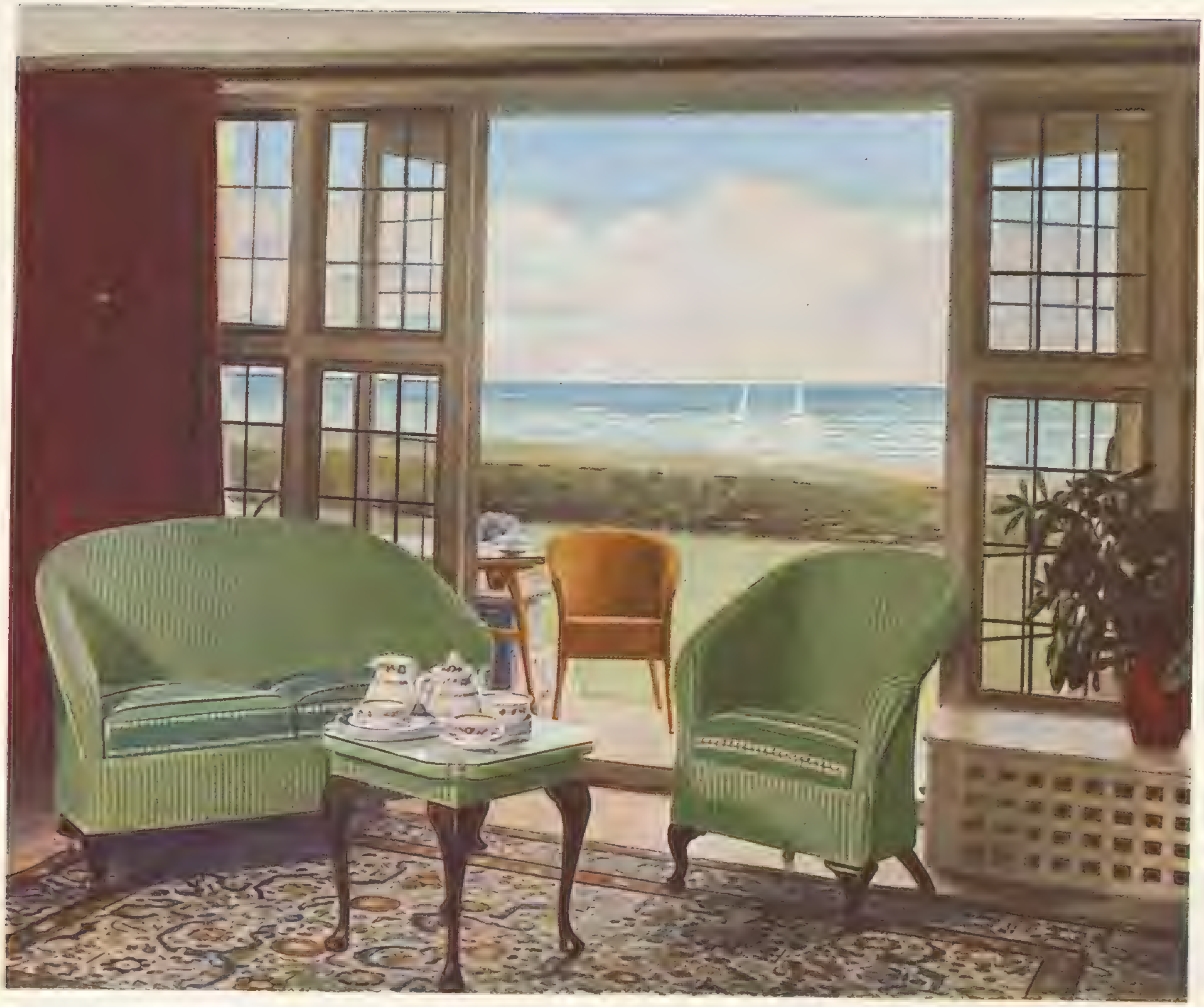
They stood there in a bunch, young and tousled and vigorous, in the doorway.

"What dears, Mr. Saunders," Margaret Strong said.

"What pretty girls," said Winifred. Her lorgnette went up in her long, delicate hand.

For a minute the two different sets of animals surveyed each other through the eternal bars before they essayed an uneasy social and domestic fraternising.

END



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The Flower Farmers of Britain

(*Continued from page* 11)

Covent Garden Market at four in the morning; although the popular idea of the salesman of that market and the modern reality are poles apart. Meet, for instance, that famous veteran, John Austin, who, with his wife, founded his firm some thirty years back and more; and who himself is a practical horticulturist. He still gets up at three-thirty in spite of his seventy years; but there is order and tremendous shrewdness behind those dealings with growers from all over Britain's flower map and the growers from the Continent; a steady stream of flower merchandise reaches his firm from Devonshire, Scotland, Essex, Sussex, Lincolnshire and the West Country and the Channel Isles.

Or meet George Bird, well-known salesman handling flowers in quantities and incidentally the only man to handle some rather charming bunched "posies" that appear to sell like hot cakes.

Covent Garden has well over six hundred tenants and is looked upon as the hub (and the Mecca!) of the fruit, flower and vegetable trade.

As regards the flower *business*—at Spitalfields they furnish me with some figures; the salesman gets his seven and a half or his ten per cent commission—which fines down to a net profit of not more than one-half per cent—but on such a turnover as makes him an increasingly satisfactory figure as the trade figures soar to further prosperity since the imposition of tariffs.

First, the Scilly Isles—Duchy of Cornwall property—where the flower industry was intelligently supported during and after the depression by the last Prince of Wales: where now sheltered by tariffs and stimulated by increasing demand, flowers are booming. Some hundred farmers working perhaps 4,000 acres and nearly every one of the 2,000 inhabitants of the Isles actively engaged in the trade—cultivating the small fields with their wind-proof hedges and (at the height of the season) picking and dispatching perhaps *one and a half millions* of blooms each day.

Special steamer, the famous *Scillonian*, and thence, special express to London to feed a market that has actually increased from some 250 tons in 1921 to well over 1,250 in 1937.

CORNWALL gets natural spring next: and tells the world with some *thirteen million* bunches of anemones from about 430 acres and perhaps a thousand growers with a yearly wage bill of about £30,000. Penzance alone is responsible for over three and a half thousand tons of flowers in one season. Then, Devon and its violets, among other things; of which £50,000 worth came to London last year. The flower-growing districts literally come alive as the season reaches its peak: take—as a good example, that lovely Tamar Valley and the small rail station of Bere Alston. Last year (it is an ex-army major, now a famous horticulturist at Rumleigh, who provides these figures) some 200,000 boxes of flowers—six and a quarter hundred tons!—were handled during the spring flower season.

I refer to him, because that personal link between a salesman and his growers was illustrated by finding his produce, his reputation for excellence and even a hint of characteristic methods of growing and packing—by chance in the premises of George Bird, in London. "He grows lovely daffodils," remarked Mr. Bird and proceeded to give a sketch of his methods and almost —his character. No, they had never met; but a good salesman studies his growers and builds up a careful list of reliable experts. The season for this Tamar area starts in February with, maybe, some three hundredweights a day, rising rapidly to its peak from March to April of perhaps ten vanloads every day.

The Lea Valley—another high spot. Cheshunt, with the largest concentration of glass in Britain—capital "sunk" in it to the value of some one and a quarter millions of pounds and a wage bill of perhaps £350,000 a year. Even more imposing is that fuel bill to be paid for 90,000 tons of Welsh coal. And—indication of efficiency—there is also a relatively young research station at Cheshunt. Here we are thinking mainly in terms of roses, for they pick more than ten million blooms every year. . . .

And Hampton (since one must pick rapidly in a brief survey) within one nursery alone two million tulips under glass cheating the climate in the nurseries of Messrs. Page Bros., with the controlled heat from 7,000 tons of PhurnoD a year—controlled heat that is artificially summering some hundred thousand carnation flowers just coming into bloom as this article is written.

And so, via Essex, to that other Holland, in Lincolnshire and the brilliantly successful growers of the Spalding district. The "Daffodil Harvest" of Lincolnshire is spectacular! In the ordinary way daffodils would bloom in late February and March; but by juggling with Nature, wintering the bulbs in refrigerating chambers in September last, giving them their glasshouse spring in December—they are tricked into blooming in early January. Says the Horticultural Commissioner for the Ministry of Agriculture, "There is a healthy fight going on between

(*Continued on page* 110)

Spring hits the Scilly Isles first. Picking Scilly Whites for the London market

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the West Country and the Spalding growers; *between the sun school and the coal school. . . .*"

It was in 1895 that Spalding sent one and a half hundredweights of flowers to London; now, there comes daily some 200 tons. If statistics can speak, these do! For in one year sales of bulbs rose by twenty-five per cent—and, if this does not mean a lot to the uninitiated like the writer, a rise from the production of eighteen to eighty million bulbs in one year between 1932 and 1937, does register!

Talking of "daffs" we are now the greatest growers in the world; talking in terms of tulips—this year Londoners will see for themselves some of the 200,000 tulips massed outside Buckingham Palace, and in St. James's and Regent's Parks.

From Quadring the famous grower, Cecil Robinson, reports a market for which cropping begins in the middle of December and goes on until June. By ingenuity the bulbs are made to "play up" and, in the beginning of August he puts them in cold store for five or six weeks; then they go in boxes in the open until the last week in November when they are brought back into the glasshouses and the temperature is increased from fifty degrees gradually to some seventy degrees which persuades them to react to this speed-up of their spring. And the same thing is done to narcissi, only at comparatively lower temperatures.

So much of this speeding-up, this juggling with the season depends on the technicians of heating, the glasshouse specialists and—as a last resort the workers who stoke to the directions of the appliance makers and fuel research people. Fuels that burn with

what is called a short flame in (Crane) boilers designed for fuel of a low volatile content (in the technical terms!) are those upon whom this synthetic spring and summer mostly successfully depends. Fortunately for the growers there is British coal mined in South Wales, a "Welsh smokeless" coal—reactive and containing high heat values and carefully graded—that fills the bill most nearly and will keep alight for long hours at slow, steady rates of combustion. This is the vital munitions of this yearly campaign to give us what Nature and the seasons, would withhold!

Meanwhile, behind all this cheerfulness of a flourishing industry is the pleasant human interest of the workers, mostly (in the South and West especially) folk within their families. It is Mr. "X," of Spitalfields, who picks from his years of experience the amusing memory of being "walked off my feet" lately by an old lady of over seventy on a visit to her family. She is one of a flower farming family, the average age of whom is—sixty-eight, and all of whom grow, pick and pack with skill that makes their produce more than acceptable to the market!

And, behind it all, *what is the value of this most successful industry, to the nation?* Before the war, says a representative of the Lea Valley district, "the flower industry was of such modest proportions that its wholesale value was little more than £500. The whole value of British flowers taken to the market now varies between seven and ten million pounds a year." A good, healthy state of affairs, then, behind the romantic façade.

END

Poor Miss Erica!

(Continued from page 27)

In a fortnight The Leader"—he mentioned a name at which the whole country salutes—"will attend a monster gathering in the south. His speech will be broadcast. He will make certain demands from the powers. Those demands will be couched in unmistakable terms. If they are refused there may be—interesting developments. *There will be war.* You may let the Englishman go, but only for a fortnight. We may need him then. Of course, he will be still closely attended. One should never entirely trust a traitor. You will see to his welfare?"

"Otto will attend him as his valet and Carl as his chauffeur," said the fair man. "They will watch over him night and day. He will have every . . . attention."

On the following day, the small Swiss hotel was—as much as ever it could be—in an uproar. For the mysterious Mr. Loderer had come back.

That is to say, there was a good deal of excited though restrained whispering at the dinner-table, the Reverend Claude Mortimer was known to be having his meal in bed upstairs, and Celeste, hitherto irreproachable, had forgotten to bring Mrs. Elgin Airey her "greens." One knew what the trouble was. Miss Erica had threatened to resign.

Threatened to leave, one should have said, but everyone felt it was tantamount to a resignation from a board of directors, or even to an abdication from her throne. Madame must give her a definite answer by the end of the week.

"Either he goes or I go," Miss Erica had said.

Everyone knew about it.

"Celeste, my greens!" almost wept Mrs. Elgin Airey.

Celeste, distracted, brought her a sweet.

"What a world!" said Mrs. Elgin Airey.

Flushed but stiffly upright, Miss Erica surveyed her companions at table. She had firmly put her foot down. Madame had her ultimatum. The other guests glanced at her furtively and tried to imagine what the hotel would be like without that tall, gaunt woman striding down the paths carrying her umbrella. They failed. For five years she had been there, growing into the place like a . . .

"Poison ivy," someone had once said.

Lèse majesté! That person had soon been packed off to find other lodgings.

"I have refused to stay here," announced Miss Erica, "while that horrible man Loderer remains. Mark my words, he's up to no good. Six months ago, when he came here before, he did nothing but drink, drink, drink like a camel. Now he comes back, with two men. His valet and chauffeur, indeed! Accomplices, no doubt. Or keepers! And before we know where we are, we shall all be robbed and murdered in our beds."

Several people who had been rather envying the Rev. Claude Mortimer at the moment in the sanctuary of his room, suddenly began to pity him, vividly imagining an ascetic clerical corpse badly mixed up with the food even now, perhaps, between a pair of Madame's spotless sheets.

And, indeed, they had noticed that the white-faced, youngish man with the sad eyes, who was called Mr. Loderer, could never move a step without being accompanied either by his valet or his chauffeur.

Moreover, Celeste, shrewdly cross-examined by the Rev. Claude Mortimer at lunch that day, admitted that the chauffeur slept on the balcony of the young man's bedroom while the valet slept in the actual room itself.

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Elgin Airey to Miss Erica.

"Please!" said the Rev. Claude Mortimer, unhappily misunderstanding the remark.

It was two nights later that the strange things happened. Only one person that night heard the soft swish of tyres as the strange car, running downhill without ignition, pulled up silently outside the gates of the small Swiss hotel some time after midnight. Miss Erica quickly slipped out of bed, put on her fur slippers, pulled a dressing-gown over her night-dress and seized her

(Continued on page 112)

NEW!—*now these Creams bring to Women the Active* "Skin-Vitamin"

A NEW development in face creams! A cream that does more to beautify the skin than has ever been possible before! Because it puts into the skin the substance essential for rebuilding skin tissue—the "skin-vitamin."

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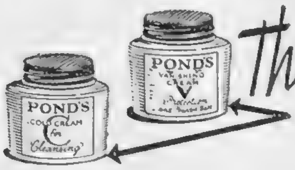

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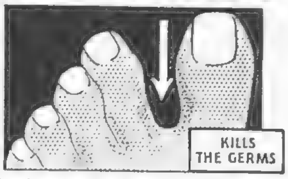

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umbrella by the ferrule. Then she tip-toed to the door.

For ten minutes she waited with one ear pressed to the panel. At length, with the most delicate tread in the world, she opened her door and made her way along the dark passage to the solitary wing in which the young Englishman, the valet and the chauffeur had their quarters.

She glided past the bedrooms in which the other guests soundly slept, turned a corner in the passage and like some old yet active ghost flitted along towards the room of the Englishman. At its door she paused and held her breath.

From underneath the door came the white flood of electric light. Miss Erica gripped her umbrella more firmly. She heard a savage bump and an indistinct cry, quickly muffled. There were sharp mutterings in which she could distinguish anxious undertones. Quick breathing! Then came the click of metal. She stood rigid.

Soon she realised that whoever the men were inside the room, they had now relaxed their tension. Stooping over on one knee, she peered through the keyhole. The trousers of men passed and re-passed before her vision. They moved farther away. Now, by screwing down and then up, she could see two men moving quietly but purposefully about the room. On the floor sat the man whom she recognised as the Englishman's valet, bound and effectively gagged. There was a fourth one in the room, Loderer himself, sitting or dazed on his bed, with handcuffed wrists.

Miss Erica restrained a cry.

"Hands up!" said a sharp, low voice.

Involuntarily, Miss Erica shot her hands above her head.

Through the keyhole, straight in her line of vision, she had seen the chauffeur step in from the balcony with an automatic poised in his right hand. He moved out of her sight and, smiling faintly at her illusion that the hard-featured, muscular man had been addressing her, she lowered her hands. Now there was a tense silence in the room. The visitors had evidently overlooked the chauffeur!

By twisting her body, she saw the chauffeur edge slowly round the wall until he stood near the centre of the room, with his back to the door. She could no longer see anything but his pyjama trousers but she heard him curtly order one of the men to release the valet. Very quietly, Miss Erica turned the handle and opened the door without a sound. Her mind took a quick photograph of the group inside the room. The valet was still on the floor. Francis Loderer sat looking with dazed eyes at the handcuffs on his wrists. The eyes of the two strangers did not stray for one moment from the eyes of the chauffeur.

"Will you untie those cords!" he commanded.

Miss Erica took a silent step into the room and with a lightning movement brought the handle of her umbrella, heavily loaded with lead, down on the unsuspecting head of the chauffeur. Then, with a gaunt finger, she beckoned to the two strangers, who seized Loderer quickly and bustled him out after her as she led the way swiftly out to the waiting car. She stood there silently until the car had slid quietly off into the darkness. Then she returned to the bedroom and contemplated the bound figure of the valet and the unconscious form of the chauffeur. She looked at her wristlet watch and waited . . . waited . . . until thirty minutes had gone by.

Then she screamed, the hysterical scream of an elderly old maid shocked by a scene of violence, until the other guests came running into the room and calmed her.

FIVE days afterwards, General Dainger paused before a locked door in the Tower of London. Two sentries on duty at the door saluted smartly on their rifles. The general turned to the officer who accompanied him.

"You may dismiss these men, Lieutenant Laird. We shan't need them now."

General Dainger unlocked the door. At the far end of the room Loderer rose from a chair and stood facing the general. His eyes were bright and clear and the pallor had left his cheeks. The general crossed over to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"It's all over, Francis," he said. "Thanks to you, we've got sufficient data to make them go carefully for a time. Our friends won't be so eager to make an attack now that we know every detail of their plans and the strength of their forces. You've done so well that you won't have to go back there again after all, so we can release you now."

"Thanks," said Loderer. "I haven't minded. I felt like a rest cure, too, after all the strain. It's been pleasantly quiet in here."

"You didn't mind our sending two men to arrest you at the Swiss hotel?" asked General Dainger. "After all, it was quite the safest way to bring you home and, besides, it was just possible that we might have had to send you back for more information. If so, we could have arranged an escape from here. The only thing I'm sorry about is that you didn't get my warning about the arrest. If you had, you could have warned those two men of mine not to overlook the chauffeur."

"Oh," said Loderer, "number twelve satisfactorily attended to him. Your Miss Erica. She's a remarkable woman!"

"Remarkable!" agreed the general, and added with a twinkle: "Now that convenient engagement of mine with Daphne is broken off, I've a good mind to propose to Miss Erica myself."

"Don't," said Loderer. "If she's like that with an umbrella, I'd hate to think what she'd be like with a rolling pin."

THERE were several consequences.

Everyone remembers the wave of relief that spread over the City on the notable occasion when the speech of The Leader, instead of being the roaring of a lion, was the cooing of a dove. Many celebrated the renewed sense of confidence and security by a visit to the Romantic Theatre.

Slim, dark and exquisite as a flower, Daphne Fair sang that night an old favourite. As the orchestra played the opening bars the packed audience rustled with excitement. And when she came out on the stage at the head of the regimental ballet, giving her orders with that delightfully ridiculous imitation of the army drawl and slapping her leg with her cane, every eye turned to where a grey head and a dark head, the head of General Dainger and the head of Francis Loderer, showed once again side by side near the front row of the stalls.

"I can't make it out," said Gerald Berkeley into Verity Mitchell's ear. "Loderer leaves England in disgrace nine months ago, he returns under arrest, he is released, he is gazetted major yesterday . . ."

"*That is fine, fine, fine!*" sang Verity to herself, in time.

"Daphne marries him this morning . . ."

"*Of the line, line, line!*"

"And that old engagement-breaking philanderer of a Dainger," scowled Gerald, "gives her away!"

While at that identical hour on the same evening in a small Swiss hotel, Miss Erica, still rather pale and ill, was led into the dining-room by the Reverend Claude Mortimer and received with hushed and flattering sympathy by the other guests.

"Poor soul!" whispered Mrs. Elgin Airey to a new boarder. "Such a terrible experience she had. Yes, almost a fortnight ago. She found two men lying on the floor of a bedroom in this very hotel. Keepers, she thinks, attacked by their lunatic. One of them was bound and gagged, and the other was unconscious. And the lunatic, my dear, had escaped! My greens, Celeste, you won't forget them, will you? Poor Miss Erica! She has been prostrated with shock ever since. . . ."

END

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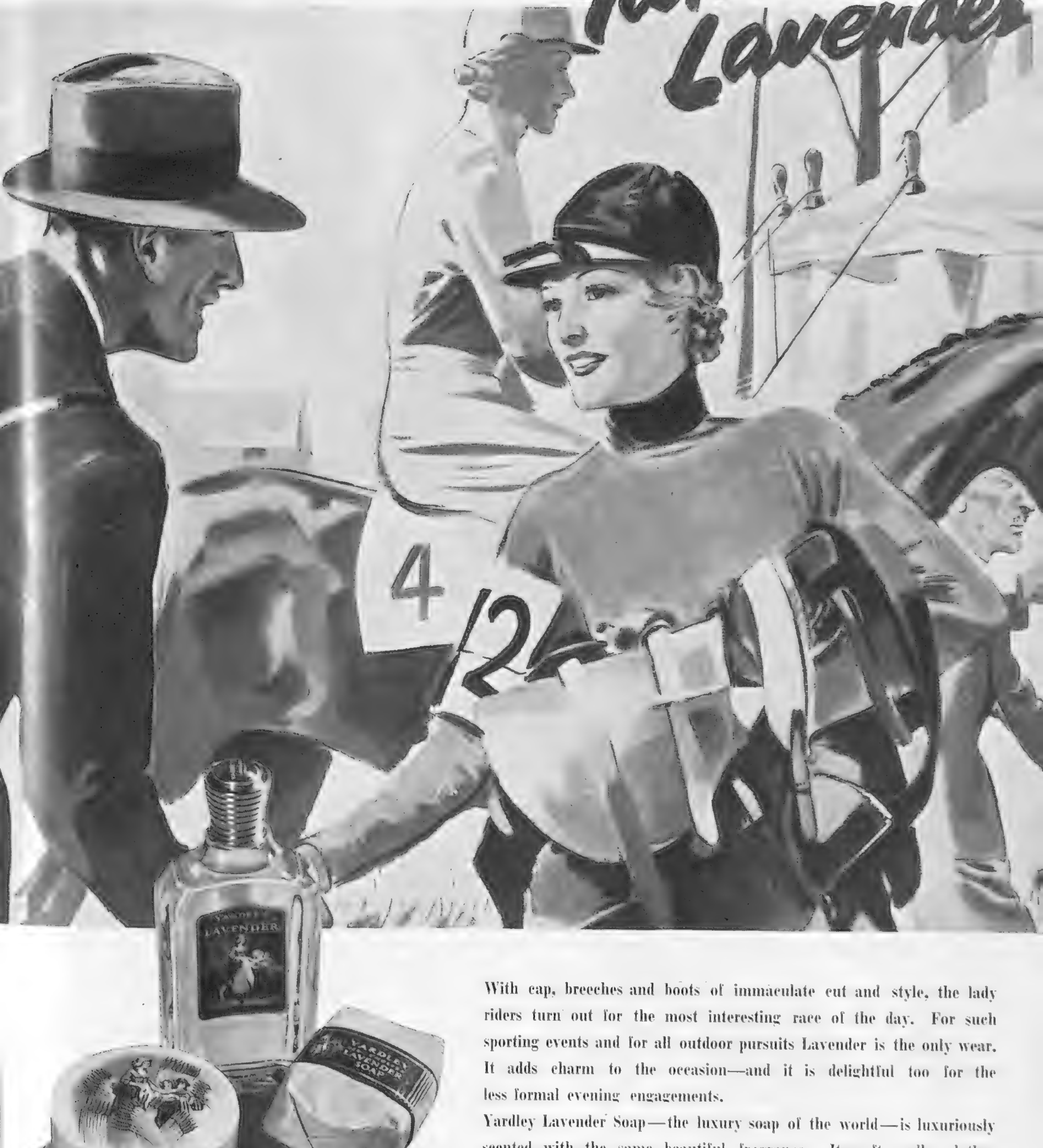

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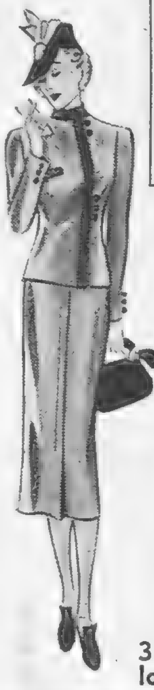

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Science Shapes To-morrow's Bigger World

(*Continued from page 23*)

a ten-year view, most of them are already out of date, in both size and surface.

The roads to carry to-morrow's traffic streams will be top-surfaced with synthetic rubber in any case, through city zones; a rubber which will be an improvement on natural rubber, and, made from petroleum, coal, vegetable matter, acetylene, salt, and water, will sell for no more than twopence a pound. They will be straight, thrice as wide as the widest of to-day's highways, divided down the centre by a curbed grass strip, and graded to carry over intersecting roads. On those roads we shall not have to-day's appalling casualty figures—7,000 a year killed in Britain, 30,000 in America. At night you will drive without lights: the great motor highways will be illuminated by "cold" light spread evenly by electric light tubes let in the road side at curb level. You will drive along a shining ribbon of non-dazzle light.

The influence of the third invention, the film, on contemporary life, is gigantic and growing. Two hundred million people pay to see films every week. Approximately £1,500,000,000 is sunk in this industry which centres upon the transfer of synthetic emotions on to celluloid strips and their re-transfer to a screen watched by crowds of romance-starved and laughter-hungry people.

These factory-made dreams in celluloid were silent, impacting on the eye only, until, in the research laboratories of a great electrical equipment enterprise, a team of scientists found out how to turn sound into light, and light back into sound again, through mechanisms and a pattern of slots in a film strip. Thus was the sound film born.

The colour film and the three-dimensional films have taken the movies another great step forward. To-morrow we shall have a perfect synthesis between beauty and sound, a hoarse-voiced Garbo will appear on the screen and sing with the voice of a Melba. To-morrow also we shall have an intensification of the influence of the films in setting standards of beauty and adornment, and the fashion note, from Hollywood to Honolulu, and from Athens to Los Angeles.

Our fourth invention has contracted the time distance between England and Australia to forty-eight hours, and made possible the spanning of the broad Atlantic between breakfast and dinner. In to-morrow's world all long-distance passenger transportation will be by air. That trail has been blazed by the British Empire mail. First-class mail inside the Empire is now air-borne, and will soon be on a schedule of one-machine-in-and-one-machine-out every day.

The spur of the first world war speeded up evolution of the aeroplane; and the spur of a second world war-in-the-making is accelerating technological progress and thus forcing the pace in the ground organisation needed to service the trans-oceanic and inter-continental air lines of to-morrow. Men who are middle-aged to-day will, before they are old, be moving about the world, on business and pleasure, as to-day they move between points in their own countries, or between their country and the capitals and pleasure resorts of some nearby foreign state. There will be immense seasonal migrations, and we shall see Americans and Europeans making fashionable winter sports grounds of choice spots in the Polar zone, while people who normally seek a week or two of sun and bathing in Brighton, Bournemouth, or Blackpool, will play around on Pacific coasts and South Sea islands which to-day are as remote from their lives as the moon.

The cutting of time distances, and the cheapening of travel through volume of traffic, will work this apparent miracle. The transportation vehicle will be a high-flying sea-boat, with the passenger-carrying capacity of the smaller ocean liners, and equal facilities, with the possible exception of the bathing pool, moving at a steady 300–400 m.p.h. with "boosted" engines through the lower stratosphere (later speeds as high as 600 and 800 m.p.h. will be achieved on the stratosphere lines by express mail and passenger planes) the air liners of to-morrow will cover between seven and ten thousand miles between dawn and dawn.

Such machines, and such travel organisation and opportunities may seem far-fetched to those unacquainted with the long-term plans of the men back of the leading air line enterprises, and not in touch with the thought of the machine-designers and makers. The whole idea may appear to belong to the remoter future which their great-grandchildren may possibly see as old men. But these things belong to to-morrow's world. They may not be twenty years off—and it helps to a proper perspective view of these things to note that it was only in 1903 that the renowned scientist, Simon Newcomb, surveying all the difficulties, announced that "man can never hope to cope with the problem of aerial flight!"

But if one projects the mental eye into the farther future one sees something coming, something born out of the terrific pace and impetus of invention in the air realm, which may influence mankind's future more profoundly than any other discovery that comes into the immediate orbit of contemporary speculative thought. They are the electric gun and synthetic lightning.

Scientific minds, in this country especially, are concentrating on these two fields of research and inquiry owing to the new menace of raiding air fleets weaponed with high explosive and incendiary bombs, and poison gas projectors and sprayers.

The riddle of the atom has enticed and baffled two generations of scientists. Their probe into the mystery of the structure of the atom has become almost a music-hall joke. Until five years ago they were held up on the frontier of further knowledge by defences of Nature which seemed impregnable. Then the English scientist, Dr. Chadwick, discovered the neutron. The neutron is an electrically-neutral particle. Scientists now use electrical guns to shoot broadsides of neutrons against substances, and so generate a new and more powerfully penetrating ray than X-rays. In time this ray may be developed into a protective ray to defend cities from raiding aircraft.

The drive to make lightning yield its secret is another approach to the same goal. There is an idea that lightning represents an explosion of electrical energy beyond human power to reproduce artificially. But in fact synthetic flashes have been produced which exceed in both amperage and voltage (the units of measure of electrical energy and volume) the natural flash.

The secret of the terrifying power of lightning lies in its velocity. You scatter cordite over the ground, and put a match to it, and all you get is a bonfire. But pack it in back of a shell, and detonate it in the breach of a steel gun, and you get a blast which will project a ton shell twenty miles at a velocity too high for the naked eye to record its passage.

It is like that with lightning. It takes a two-ampere discharge to operate the ¼-h.p. motor of your refrigerator. This discharge is spread over a second of time when it animates your miniature domestic robot. But pack that discharge into thirty one-millionths of a second, and you get a lightning flash travelling at 50,000 miles a second.

Men have found out how to pack into small metal containers enough chemical substance to shatter huge buildings and kill hundreds of human beings at a single blast. In time, they will also learn how to produce artificially the equivalent of the "leader" (the slow-moving dart which leaves the thunder cloud and opens up the path for the real lightning flash) which Nature uses to explode an accumulation of electricity into lightning. They will be able to direct those lightning

(*Continued on page 116*)

"I love your once-a-day make-up, Jane Seymour"

"I can't get powder to stay on," said a woman who came to my Salon, "I'm always having to patch up my face, and of course it means that I never look really decent. I wonder if there's something wrong with my skin?"

"No," I said smiling, "beyond the fact that it badly needs a little regular care with Cleansing Cream, Juniper Skin Tonic and Orange Skin Food, your skin is perfectly all right. Your trouble is that you're careless about your foundation."

"I'm afraid that's true," she said. "But I've never found one I really like. They seem to dry my skin so."

"I make Petal Cream specially to overcome that difficulty," I said. "It keeps the skin beautifully soft and supple. Smooth on a thin film in the morning, add your touch of Paste Rouge, and *press* in plenty of Dryskin Powder. You'll find you won't have to touch your face again until the evening."

Well, that was some weeks ago, and she's terribly pleased with the tip. She says she loves my once-a-day make-up!

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Science Shapes To-morrow's Bigger World

flashes; and when they can do that they will not need to enlarge existing electricity generating stations in order to make air raids, and perhaps war itself, impossible, by creating a weapon beside which guns and gas fade to the dimensions of Neolithic man's throwing flint.

Four great inventions, each one spawning directly and indirectly further new inventions, fertilising the brain fields for the production of new and unfamiliar crops!

And now come a round dozen new inventions, any one of which promises changes almost if not quite as extensive as any one of those four which have changed human life in the average citizen's lifetime, and made our contemporary world.

Man's first primitive economy, his original civilisation, began with his discovery of agriculture. Agriculture is still the basis of our civilisation. Sixty-five per cent of the human family are engaged in it. Part of this field production of food comes to us direct as vegetables and bread; part is fed to animals and comes to us as meat, butter, cheese, milk.

But all of it represents the chief industry of our age. It is an industry based on utilising sunlight to convert carbon dioxide and water into food through plant life. The fields are our food factories. And how inefficient, wasteful, and primitive they are! Henry Ford has put the efficiency of the average farm at about five per cent of potential capacity—no more than that. With all our marvellous progress and new controls over Nature, we can still only guess how our great food crops will vary from year to year. Two bumper wheat crops or three bad ones in succession, are liable to jerk a spanner into the delicate mechanism of our whole world economy, through the influence of a high or low price for the world's biggest crop.

All most clumsy and cumbersome. Think of the herds of animals bred and fed for food—the vast expanses of earth given over to plant growing for food—the transporting and handling involved: and then reflect upon the revolution in human life if men found out how to substitute for these elaborate natural processes nutritious foods made from chemicals drawn from the earth and transformed by synthetic sun-rays.

One comes uneasily close to the idea that we have built our civilisation on the base of producing for ourselves, by the slowest and most inefficient processes, bulky food items which we would not need if science discovered Nature's closest secret—the basic secret of plant processes.

Professor Bayly of Liverpool University, has for years been working on that basic secret; and two years ago he reached a point in his experiments which promised that in a war emergency we might be able to dispense with meat and vegetables and manufacture in tablet form in factories vital food ingredients.

We might not take kindly to the food tablets of the future, the mastication and intake of food being probably the most enduring and deep-rooted of all pleasurable sensations. But the invention of soil-less agriculture does not cut across this human passion for enjoying food; it only promises to produce "bigger and better" foodstuffs, and to rationalise our food-producing processes.

Aqua-culture is the new way. In hundreds of research centres in the British Empire, America and Europe, men are growing vegetables without soil in trays of water fertilised by new chemical compounds. In one of the new gardens of the scientists in France you will see fat green vines thirty feet high and bearing "loveapples," otherwise tomatoes, all along their length. A tomato farm yields per season about five tons to the acre. This astonishing scientific garden yields 200 tons to the acre.

In western America is a field which is attracting scientists interested in agriculture from all parts of the world. In it, under the supervision of a university professor, are growing potato tubers which multiply themselves to the extent of a bushel each. The normal potato crop averages 120 bushels to an acre. This scientific potato field yields 2,500 to the acre. This experimental farm has already passed the "laboratory" stage. Six big market gardens in California have installed the special apparatus for turning agriculture into aqua-culture.

Air conditioning, an invention blossoming in the dynamic young American civilisation, has in three years grown from a £3,000,000 to a £25,000,000 industry. It has given copper its biggest fillip since the discovery of electricity. Air conditioning of workshops saves thousands of lives through air purification and dust extraction. It is a feature of the new stream-lined long-distance railway express trains, and trans-continental aeroplanes—compared with it the heating and ventilation of an electric train. In the last two years of his life King George V had an air conditioning apparatus installed at a cost of £2,000 in his personal suite in Buckingham Palace.

Air conditioning is really artificial climate making. It promises big-city escape from the noise and dirt which are slowly engulfing us. Windows can be kept shut, and still the air is fresh and pure. One can do without windows if necessary—and in the cities of the future it will be necessary.

In the cities of to-morrow's world no car will park in the street. Cars will be housed in underground garages while the owner shops or goes to his office. These subterranean cavities under the great building blocks will be air conditioned. In time it may be that all big cities will be glass enclosed, the climate within the human ant nest being kept at equable temperature and correct humidity through all seasons, while in sun-less periods synthetic sun-rays will be switched on exactly as to-day the streets are lighted after dark.

The steep-flight aeroplane, able to rise and descend in a space no larger than the average suburban back garden, will in time challenge the popular make family car.

In the United States, the motor-trailer is already affecting house building (the premier industry in all industrial states) to such an extent that one of the leading economists prophesies that within two decades a third of the population will be living on wheels.

To the scientific mind, house building as currently conducted is a bad joke. There are about 65,000 employers in the building industry in this island; although building should be a big-scale rationalised business, and one thinker in this realm has opined that less than half a dozen great enterprises, each with its own research department, should be handling the construction of dwelling houses and buildings of all sorts, and that an average family's house should cost no more than £250.

Pre-fabrication is the epoch-making invention in this field. The houses made of pre-fabricated materials, standardised, have not been very successful yet: the public is "funny that way" about its homes, and has a prejudice in favour of building brick by brick and tile by tile. But in time the cheapness and speed and convenience of the pre-fabricated house, manufactured and erected by the big integrated enterprise, will win the day.

Synthetic cotton, wool, oil, rubber, and sundry other raw materials promise to compete with, if not disrupt, great existing trades and industries. It sounds most menacing. But we advance by destroying old industries and creating new ones. The carriage and wagon manufacturing industries were killed by the new motor car industry. The Indian indigo industry was wiped out by the invention of the synthetic dye. Steel and cement prosper at the expense of timber and brick. Cotton textiles are hit by rayon. These industries, too, will pass as we devise new methods and machines, and learn how to make and use superior materials.

The perfection of synthetic rubber will his the natural rubber industry, but on its ruint will arise a vast new industry more easily controlled by man.

(*Continued on page* 118)

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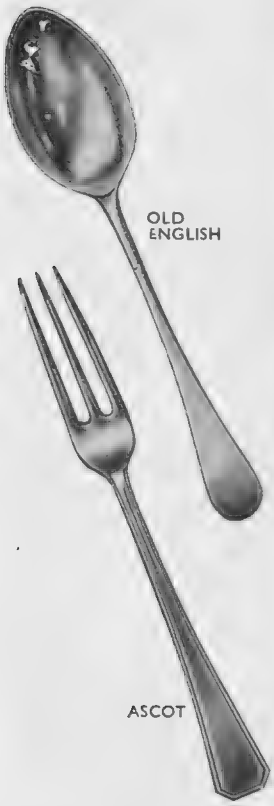

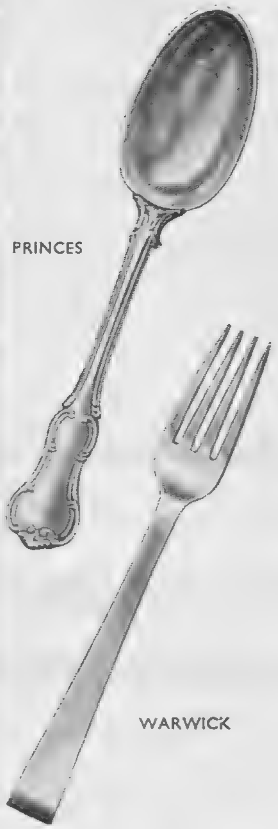

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Science Shapes To-morrow's Bigger World

Chemists have been on the track of the secret of Nature's manufacture of rubber for fifty years. The first crude synthetic rubber was made in England in 1909 by Strange and Graham. But it is only latterly that teams of government-subsidised scientists in Germany and Russia have been able to produce good synthetic rubber. These late triumphs are mainly explained by the fact that chemists now are helped by ultra-modern tools—in particular high-power cathode ray tubes, by which many types of materials can be transformed into other types by electronic bombardment. These high-velocity cathode rays will convert waste of oil stills and coke ovens into substances rapidly and cheaply convertible into synthetic rubber.

Television, and the photo-electric cell, are babies which will grow into giants. Glance at aspects of the last two. Our old friend, the watchman, is being ousted by a tenuous beam of light—the ray projected by the photo-electric cell. The ray establishes an electrical contact. Anything passing the beam breaks contact and throws a switch. You can fire a battery of guns, set off a dozen alarms in as many centres, or stop a clock on a split second, by merely passing one of your fingers across the photo-electric beam.

Television we regard as entertainment now. But when its range is extended, and sets are improved and cheapened by the solution of current technical difficulties, the horizons of its practical utility in everyday life are boundless. It will even be possible for a specialist surgeon to supervise a difficult operation in an operating theatre on the other side of the earth.

We have moved from the steam age into the electrical age; and now we are rolling into the chemical age.

Take the case of coal, of which the world used 1,054,200,000 tons in 1932 and around 1,300,000,000 tons in 1937—an all-time record. Scientific research has already cut the quantities of coal needed to drive steam engines, produce gas, and generate electricity, from a tenth to one half of what was needed fifteen and twenty years ago.

The coal-from-oil miracle is due to a catalyst. Catalysis is a newcomer in chemistry. During the last two decades it has been of greater economic value than a dozen Edisons—and Edison's economic value has been estimated at £3,000,000,000. Catalysis is enriching the world with new products, and accelerating and cheapening processes by which old products are made. It is the agent which "marries" two chemicals to produce—by the release of powerful atomic forces—another compound.

A brace of French chemists ushered in the era of industrial catalysis. They discovered how to convert low-grade vegetable and fish oils into high-grade fats and soaps. A whole new industry has been built out of this original discovery, which turned cotton-seed oil from a little-used commodity into a valuable raw material. Every country has its factories working the process.

Catalysis has transformed many other industries and will transform many more. Great as are its achievements to-day, its potentialities, as a liberator of atomic forces, in to-morrow's world are illimitable.

It is often said that it would be dangerous if not impossible for man to try to build a bigger and faster-moving world. The idea is that the raw materials of industry will be exhausted too rapidly and man will have no oil, coal, copper, tin, bauxite, iron, sulphur, lead, spelter, etcetera, left to carry on his enormously elaborate synthetic life. But when fuels are exhausted we can always turn to sun, wind and tides, and harness their power through gigantic machines, and we can tap the interior heat of the earth through shafts. As for minerals there is always the unexploited sea.

A cubic mile of sea water may not sound imposing. But extract it, and survey it, and you find it contains nearly 150,000,000,000 cubic feet, 1,125,000,000,000 gallons, weighs 2,250,000,000 tons, and is impregnated with mineral wealth.

Chemistry and engineering have solved the technical problem of extracting from sea water the minerals washed into it through the ages by the river systems. One cubic mile of sea water is estimated to contain 135 tons of silver, 1,250 tons of iron, 800 tons of copper, 11,000 tons of aluminium, 4,200,000 tons of magnesium (they build the gondolas of the stratosphere exploring machines out of this light metal); more radium than has been extracted from the rocks since it was discovered twenty-six years ago; five and a quarter million tons of potassium chloride (it could be made into fertiliser); 275 tons of iodine, 10,000,000 tons of calcium chloride, 45,500,000 tons of magnesium sulphate, 108,000,000 tons of sodium chloride (salt), and, at current price of 140 shillings an ounce, about a million pounds' worth of gold.

In other words, there are in a cubic mile of ocean minerals in suspension worth, at current prices, around £1,200,000,000. They are not extracted now because the process would be uneconomic. Gold, for instance, actually has been recovered experimentally by the men operating the biggest bromide-extracting plant; even as a by-product, the cost of recovery was twice the market value of the gold. That is the trouble about even the salt.

And in any case if the miracle of extraction of all this mineral wealth were achieved to-day, the money value would shrink, because all market values would be destroyed by the tremendous gluts. But in to-morrow's world men will need this store, and then the oceans will be raided by giant extraction plants, as the land is now being gutted.

In those days, though, we shall have an ordered economic life. Men are only now scratching the surface of the problem of "ironing out" boom and slump. The trade cycle remains a riddle, but clues to it are being laboriously gathered.

A to-morrow's world without slump and boom and the political disorders caused thereby, a to-morrow's world in which war is impossible owing to weapons of defence outranging and outmeasuring weapons of offence—this looks to-day like the golden millennium of man's dreams. But scientists and inventors have reached out and brought it within our reach. Whether we take hold of it and make the dream come true, or whether we prefer to go on along the old tracks, time will show.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

Again he had dramatic escapes, this time swimming across a wide river on a wild horse. Again a successful passage to Europe, uniting him again with his gypsies. And like this he carried on until he, in his turn, abdicated, and spent his last years amidst his numerous grandchildren.

How keen they were on sitting around to listen to the thrilling stories that grandpa could tell them. Equally happy was the old man to go through the undying memories of his long and adventurous past.

There is no doubt that Bampfylde-Moore Carew was an eccentric who had wasted undeniable talents. But he begged for sport, not for laziness. He delighted in helping the humble as much as he delighted in fooling the rich.

Generous in every circumstance, he clearly showed that throughout his life he pursued, in his own way of course, that ideal which in every sphere of life can never be achieved without a fight—Freedom.

END

4 in the 'Regulo' triangle and I can bake cakes like Mother's !

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" So, one day when Mother was out, I baked a cake, which we had for tea : and Father said, in that deep pompous voice of his, ' This is a lovely cake, m'dear ! '

" Mother helped herself to a piece and said, ' 'um, yes, but I don't remember baking it.' Father said, ' Well, well, fancy forgetting a thing like that ! But it doesn't matter, m'dear, it's easily the best you've made ! '

" Of course, I didn't say a word; and I had to kick young Winnie to stop her from giggling. "

In addition to giving you the best of cakes and pastries, precision cooking is the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits, so necessary for the building-up of a healthy nation. And the key to precision cooking is the number in the little triangle on the ' Regulo '

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'HALO' Regd
P·3 SLEEPING CAP

Sequel

(Continued from page 21)

"Nonsense!" the K.C. protested.

"It's a nuisance our rooms are adjoining! And there's that stupid balcony."

"But . . ."

"Don't keep saying 'But,'" she snapped. "Why should he be watching us? It's nothing to do with me. I'm not even married."

"It's your fancy," he said, uneasily.

"He put the most impertinent questions to the maids and he's taken several of their names and addresses."

"This is intolerable!"

"Lucky you're a lawyer. You understand these things, of course."

"We shall hear nothing more about it."

"He saw you kissing me on the top of that hill, you know. And I'm told that he copied my name and address down from the visitor's book. It must be your wife who has sent him down here."

"She wouldn't dare!" he said, but in a different tone.

"Anyway, I don't like it," Meriel Sinclair said. "I came down here because I love the pines, not to run into all this bother."

"Pines?"

"Yes. The pine trees."

And suddenly he remembered.

He was watching her, his face grim.

"Mrs. Jevons . . ." he said.

"Yes. She's my sister," Meriel Sinclair replied. "I may not be even as good a witness as she was. I am so easily confused. I feel certain I shall break down when I'm cross-examined about the balcony, for example. That wretched man saw us out there in the moonlight, I'm afraid."

"This is a trap. You're working with my wife!" he snapped.

"I don't even know your wife; but I'm sorry for her. It'll cramp your style rather—in court. When you begin to bully some unfortunate woman she can retort: 'Anyway, there wasn't a balcony there.' It would give rise to what is known as 'laughter in court.'"

"A very pretty plot!" he said angrily.

"Ever since that day in court when you made those legal louts laugh at my sister I have meant to get my own back," she said with a sudden coldness in her voice. "And I've done it, Mr. Willit Meredith. I've got you like that!"

She made a most expressive gesture with her thumb on the table. "All I have to do is to become confused in the court, to break down, or to refuse to answer. I'm afraid it will be very awkward for you. The best thing you can do is to go to San Remo and explain everything to your wife. I'm afraid she won't believe your story—especially about that romantic episode on the hilltop—but women are strangely forgiving."

"But there's nothing in it!" he protested.

"Nor was there in my sister's," she retorted. "Good-bye."

THE following evening Meriel Sinclair was sitting in her sister's flat when she was called to the phone.

"Is that Miss Sinclair?" She recognised Willit Meredith's voice.

"Yes."

"Willit Meredith speaking. They told me at your studio where you were. I must see you. May I come round to the flat? It is of the utmost importance."

"I don't mind what you do," she said

"Then I'll come at once."

"He's coming here . . . now," Meriel explained to her sister. "*You've* got to see him. It will give you a wonderful chance of getting your own back. You can simply rub it in. Think of the scores of women he's trapped as he did you. Tell him I'm so upset over the affair that I can't see him, after all."

"I'll do my best," said Mrs. Jevons uneasily.

And a little later Meredith was ushered into her dainty sitting-room.

The last time he had seen Mary Jevons was in court—when he had landed his fish.

"Er . . . how do you do?" he asked nervously. "I . . . I rather expected to see Miss Sinclair." It was a different Willit Meredith from the famous K.C.

"I'm afraid she is too unwell to see you. This business is most upsetting, Mr. Meredith. We've had enough unnecessary scandal already without this."

"But . . ." he wiped his perspiring forehead and sat down.

"I'm very sorry for you," Mrs. Jevons said. "You see, I've been through it—as you know."

"But the whole thing is absurd! Your sister has no doubt told you there isn't anything in it at all."

"She is rather resentful, I'm afraid, Mr. Meredith. You see, there was nothing in my case; she knows that, too."

"I know that, now; your sister's bitterness showed me. I was talking to your husband this afternoon at the club, Mrs. Jevons."

"To John? How is he?" she asked with an attempt at casualness.

"I told him the truth . . . as I see it now. I told him exactly what I believe happened."

"That was kind of you, but it is rather too late, I'm afraid. However, you, too, shall know the truth, even if my telling you annoys Meriel. The young man supposed to be watching you in Devon is one of her artist friends."

"Then the whole affair . . ."

"Was Meriel's idea of getting her own back. And mine."

"Phew!" he wiped his forehead again. "I was leaving for San Remo to-night, to explain things to my wife."

The maid tapped at the door. Something had obviously startled her. "There's a gentleman to see you, Mum," she stammered. "It's . . . it's the master . . . Mr. Jevons."

"Show him into the dining-room, Mary," Mrs. Jevons said.

"I . . . I'll go," said the K.C. rising.

"I wonder what my sister will say when she knows that John is here," Mrs. Jevons said and suddenly smiled as she added: "I'm certain that she had no part in *that*."

END

The Second Three Months in a Garden

(Continued from page 39)

magnificent lily is as easy to raise from seed as turnips. In May draw shallow drills, an inch deep and sow thinly. For the rest of the season keep rows clear of weeds. Plant out next spring. They may flower next year. In any case, the following year you will have a show of them.

In June pipings of pinks and cuttings of rock plants such as aubrietias will be given you in abundance. They are very easy to strike. If you have no cold frame, put the pipings in very sandy soil in part shade and place over them a bottomless box with a sheet of glass laid over it.

In a month to six weeks' time the pipings will probably have rooted. Remove the glass and in autumn plant out. It is a good tip to split open the bottom of each piping with a very sharp knife and put in a pebble to prevent the sides closing. Pipings treated thus root more quickly.

While they are striking do not remove the glass. Do not give water unless the leaves wilt and then only very little. It is essential for them to have a warm close atmosphere to encourage rooting.

All through summer, keep all flowers well picked, never allowing them to run to seed. This will prolong their flowering season right into October, whereas if they seed, they cease flowering in August. Clarkia flowers are a pretty addition to potpourri, for they provide the pink colour usually lacking in the average mixture. Dry them by spreading on sieves, not in the sun but in part shade.

END

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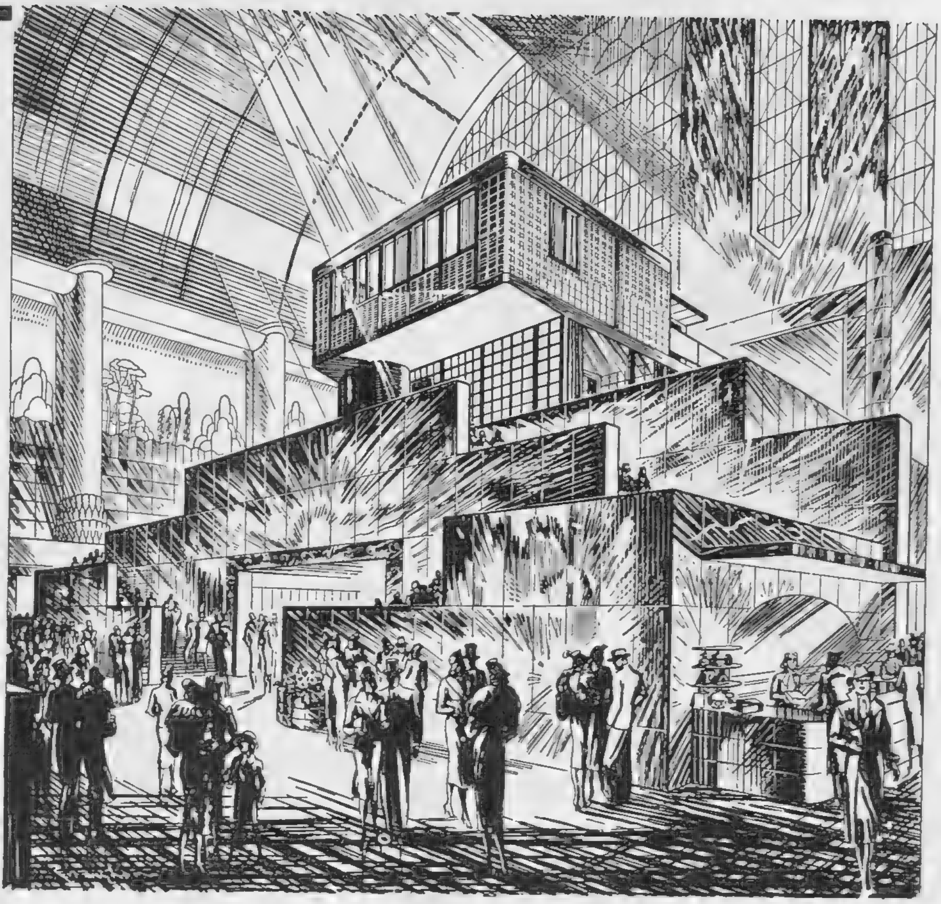

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"DON'T GIVE IT AWAY!" SAID JANE

. . . Not a secret—a frock. I'd bought it hurriedly and now hated its matronly collar and dowdy sleeves. I said I'd cut my loss and discard it. "*I'll* cut your loss," said Jane, slicing the collar off. "We'll neaten this edge, then gathers by the elbow will make shorter, ruckled sleeves. There!"—she suited actions to words. "I still won't wear it," I grumbled. "I hate that grey!" Jane opened her handbag and produced a swatch of patterns. "From Clark's," she explained. "Look—this deep blue will suit you." She pinned the pattern to my frock and said, "Post it to Clark's now. It'll come back like a new frock—Vita-Cleaned as well as Plus-Dyed. Wear your green scarf and Tyrolean belt with it. And if you still hate that frock—I'll eat it!" . . . Well, it's my pet frock now, thanks to Clark's and Jane.

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Lady's Costume (*Skirt and Jacket*), Plain Frock or Long Coat, from 6/–
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Reporter at Large

(*Continued from page 9*).

Waking up the next morning at Bourg Madame I was surprised to see that the upper floor of the garage flanking my hotel was packed with French *Gardes Mobiles*, making a hasty morning toilet. I was even more astonished when about half of them packed themselves into the rickety bus that was going to take me over the snow-white mountains to Andorra's capital.

We never got there. The snow-storm which blinded us in the highest pass turned into a torrent of rain on the Andorran slopes. High up in the mountains we came to a gap where the road had been washed away. Attempting to turn back, we saw the road we had just come over sag, and then slide down the mountain side. Shouldering our bags, the *Gardes Mobiles* and I walked wearily and wetly down into Andorra until we found a hut.

The inside of the hut was as black as the ace of spades; it had no window; the only illumination came from a guttering candle that could hardly burn in the foul air. Seated beside the candle was a crisp-moustached gentleman reading carefully, in sequence of dates, a week's issue of *La Depêche de Toulouse*. On his head was the gold-braided hat, with crescent, of an officer in the French African Army. On his breast were four rows of coloured ribbons, headed by the medal itself of a very high rank in the *Legion d'Honneur*. He moved aside considerately to allow me a place by the warmth of the iron stove. Then I saw him smiling as he watched my eyes orient themselves to this darkness—and see that the foul hut was also full of the *Gardes Mobiles*.

"When I was in Andorra before," I said politely, "there were no French soldiers or police. They were not allowed. How come you here now?"

"*Pour protéger la Patrie, M'sieur,*" he replied equally politely. "To protect the country."

I smiled: "*protegé*" seemed such a fit word for what was going on. So, while Franco and Madrid were flying at each other's throats, the little "independent" Republic of Andorra was becoming a *protegé* of France . . . ?

I had a good newspaper story. He who holds Andorra—this Switzerland of the Pyrenees—holds one of the strongest passes looking down into Spain. So I resisted the offer of the press agencies to give me free publicity for a gratis interview—and here it is.

If there *is* a row coming over Andorra's status—well, you have the first eye-witness account of how it began. You will perhaps remember that Franco aviators dropped some bombs—accidentally—on Bourg Madame in January . . . ? And that the French immediately hurried up heavy anti-aircraft batteries to that town on the Andorran frontier . . . ? Andorra might make the front page yet.

The ship scene was an accident; but the Andorran story was my good luck from following a conviction. That conviction is that if you don't want your ideas muddied about a country you are investigating—keep as far away from its politicians, diplomats and statesmen as you can. It was an apparently casual motor drive up to the west coast of Ireland, gabbing in pubs and cattle fairs, that allowed me to drive east to Dublin, face the belligerent General O'Duffy—who was yelling at me how he was going to hurl De Valera out—and tell that surprised Blueshirt that from what I had seen he had not even a frog's chance.

When De Valera was land-slided back into office—as was Roosevelt at the last elections—I went round to General O'Duffy the next morning and asked him how, after all he had said to me, such a thing could have happened?

"Ah, all the dead voted in Ireland before nine o'clock . . . they had the inmates of all the insane asylums votin' before ten. . . ."

It was a pity, I reflected, that there were so few people left alive or sane in Ireland. Only the handful that voted for General O'Duffy and his gang.

And it was the six solid weeks I spent with the steel workers, the striking auto workers, the coal miners and the distressed farmers in the great drought, and the wave of strikes that swept the United States in the summer of 1934, that allowed me to write in a London newspaper the day before the last land-slide American elections precisely the words the above American citizens had frequently said to me:

"*Roosevelt will have to drop dead not to get in.*"

That is some of the fun of "covering" a story in a journalist's life. If you believe, as I do, that not one in a hundred of the pretentious interviews with statesmen in office is ever worth the cable tolls—then you will get some of the exhilaration that I have from following this conviction. Never listen to the office-holders if you can help it. Here is an example of what might happen if you do—even when the office-holder believes he is speaking the whole truth to you.

"*I can understand the England of John Galsworthy, but I cannot understand the England of Aldous Huxley!*"

This was said to me by a former Austrian (now Yugoslavian) (*Continued on page* 124)

A beautiful view of Norway; where sanity still survives, in the opinion of the author

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MODEL

37

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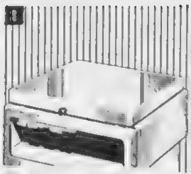
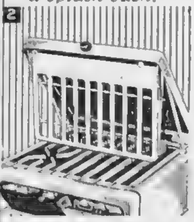
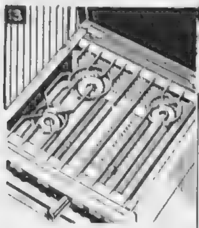


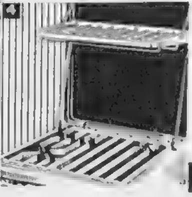
1. Closed top forms extra table.



2. Raised it forms a splash back.



3. And reveals extra size hot-plate.



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who began his long career in his country's diplomatic service when Slatin Pasha was in the Sudan. We were sitting on the veranda of a little hotel, "The Holy Ghost," in the mountains of Slovenia, only a few hundred yards from Prince Paul's hunting lodge. He was in the Regent's suite.

"Don't trust England!" he said. "Either England cannot fight or she will not fight. In either case her promises as to what she would do as an ally are therefore useless. Therefore I say: Don't trust England."

I told him that he would be likely to stub his toe if he mistook the genuinely pacifist sentiment in England for something else. He laughed at me.

"We should be the last people in the world," he pointed out, "to want Mussolini to come out on top in this Abyssinian affair—and, as it happens, I love England. But have you troubled yourself lately about distances in the Mediterranean . . . the strength of Mussolini's air-bombing fleet . . . the 'Squadron of Death'. . . ?"

I had just come down from a four-days' climb, from ski-hut to ski-hut, in the snows of the Dinaric Alps along the Italian frontier; and I must confess that, dragging luncheon from the rucksack, sprawled in the warm sun, my wife and I had once or twice thrown our orange peels derisively down into the blue depths of the Italian side. The Italian flag, fluttering in the passes, had seemed so bombastic. . . .

But back in London I repeated this conversation to a man who was certainly in a position to know what he was talking about. "Your prestige," I said, "seems pretty low in the Balkans and Central Europe . . . ?" He nodded: "But . . ." In the longest and most interesting luncheon I ever had with this brilliant official he explained what England would do if Mussolini persisted in the Abyssinian affair. The next day I sailed for New York.

In New York the N.B.C. asked me to take their political hour, and talk for fifteen minutes on a coast-to-coast hook-up on England's foreign policy—say, this Ethiopian business.

I did. For fifteen minutes I talked dispassionately, precisely, and—so it sounded to me—most convincingly. The gist of it was that if England couldn't save a man who didn't want to be saved (i.e., the Duce) then he was going to get it—and get it good. . . .

Then I took the lift down from the fiftieth odd story to the street, saw the newsboys running wildly among the stream of traffic along Fifth Avenue, shouting: "Extra! Extra! DIVIDE ETHIOPIA!" . . . bought a paper—and read the Hoare-Laval proposal.

"Ha-ha!" laughed my publisher the next morning: "England let you down, didn't she?"

But I thought of that farewell luncheon in London; of a man who had never once given me a false lead in all the five years that my work had brought me into close contact with him, and I knew that he himself believed in every word he had said to me that day. But who, who could have been the Brass Hats that he and his department had been listening to so uncritically . . . ?

The next summer, when I got lost in a snow fog after climbing Mount Triglav, I found myself once again looking down into Italy. First warning was the sudden arrogant snapping of that red-white-and-green flag in a snowy pass. . . . It looked now not bombastic, merely sinister.

Triglav, 9,000 feet, is on the Yugoslav frontier and has one of its faces in Italian territory. We had spent the night at the Alexander Hut, about 1,000 feet below its tip. In the morning we were looking up at Triglav, bathed in clouds, wondering where it would be best to begin attacking it. And as we stood there looking up—singing came down from the clouds.

"The Heavenly Choir . . ?" laughed my wife.

"No," she added, "it is the *Alpinisti* . . . they are singing a marching song. . . . Look!"

There was a momentary break in the cloud, and there—high up on a sheer grey face for which even an experienced mountaineer would want a rope—was a zig-zag procession no bigger than ants. We heard the clatter of their unassembled mountain guns; a bugler at their head blew a curling little peal. The Italians were *marching* up it. I had never seen such arrogance. . . .

"Look at them!" howled the Slovenian who ran the hut. He shook his fist at them: "You want to come over here, don't you . . . and get our nice rich forests . . . you want wood, don't you . . . ? Eh? Well . . . come on, then! But, by all the Saints, we'll make you fight for it . . . !"

We half expected as we climbed those slippery rocks through the three enemies, rain, sleet and snow (to say nothing of the frightening wind), that we would find the *Alpinisti* sitting on the top. But the old wartime steel observation kiosk, anchored with cables to the tip, stood empty and alone among its eternal snows.

FOURTEEN years of journalism have taught me not to think that the voice of the people often counts. On the other hand they have taught me not to be too cynical: sometimes *Vox Populi* does have its say. Before Franklin Roosevelt, the American people might as well have been mutes as far as their voices mattered in governmental affairs; the big political machines ran the country, the Big Business, with its Washington "lobby," ran them. But it was the angry roar of *Vox Populi* that hurled Hoover out and put Roosevelt into office. It was the same voice that wrecked all political "machines" and roared him into office again. I was nearly deafened one night by the rumpus I aroused at a big dinner party of rich Die-hards, both Republican and Democrat, but the noise these people made at election time could not be dignified by even the term bleat.

The rumpus arose over a trip I had just made. Taking advantage of the fact that I had a nice new Ford V8—and strictly avoiding Washington—I had driven from New York south, through the factory districts, the cotton belt, then west through the coal mines of West Virginia, the steel towns and the Middle West farms, until I reached Chicago.

"And what was your general impression?" asked the wealthiest, and therefore the most important person at the table.

"Hate," I replied. "Just plain hate."

"Of course they hate him! Glad you saw it."

"No," I said. "*You.*"

I think the only reason they let me remain at the party was because they thought I was a bit weak in the head. Between them they employed thousands of workmen—but they had never heard their voices. . . .

BUT there is one place in the world where I think "the voice of the people" really does count—counts until it has burned certain traditional wishes deep into the country's system of government; and that place is Scandinavia—in particular, Norway.

I should like to write a book on that part of this distracting world, and call it "Where Sanity still Survives." One hundred years without a war. . . . Wherever you see an international commission the Swede, Dane or Norwegian on it is almost invariably an unshakable, clear-headed neutral—usually the only one on it who has not traded his common sense for rabid partisanship. Travelling through these countries, far from the capitals, you see the roots of this respect for liberty.

In a chaotic year that opened by my witnessing, and writhing, at the peonage, serfdom or slavery of the Indians in Peru and Ecuador, I lived for months first in Blum's France, then in Hitler's Germany, and finally came face to face with the most arrogantly independent human being alive—the small Norwegian farmer.

Too damned independent in some cases to suit me. High up in central Norway I found that the local peasantry had been netting my trout stream every morning. They had a net about 100 yards long. (*Continued on page 126*)

William

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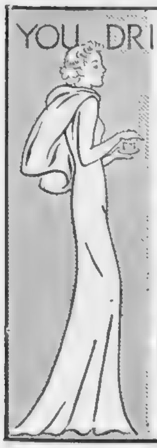

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CLEAR and stays CLEAR

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Two lakes high up in the mountains that I had been told were stiff with trout I never got a single rise on. When I came down at sunset, out of breath and bewildered, from the highest lake, a Norwegian diplomat staying at the little hotel near my log cabin laughed at me:

"But there are no trout there. Ab-solutely none! The peasants netted both those lakes last autumn."

"But why don't you *stop* them?"

"We can't. In Norway, the local farmers own the fishing rights of the rivers and streams that run through their property. They can do what they like—up to a certain point."

That point, he explained, was if a farmer wanted to *sell* his river rights. He could rent them to whoever he wanted; but when it came to selling them to some outsider—then the "Community" must have its say.

"If the Community likes the outsider," he said, quite unconscious of how strange it all sounded, "then it is all right. If they think he is a scamp—then he may not buy the fishing rights. In any case the 'Community' must give its permission."

The "Community" is made up of the local farmers.

It is not the new Labour Government, but half a century of tradition which is responsible for the laws which now maintain and preserve the independence of the small Norwegian farmer. Water-power companies used to buy river rights for a paltry sum from the unsuspecting farmer—then they turned his water-fall into a power station; now the law has it that before a sale is made the Community must be consulted, and, in addition to the flat sum paid down, the water power company must pay a yearly sum to the peasant. If a peasant sells his farm now it is usually obligatory for the buyer, in addition to the initial sum, to pay him a certain sum yearly.

"You know what farmers are," said this diplomat. "In the old days, when they'd sold their farm, they came into Oslo or Bergen, lived high for a time and then either drank it all up or squandered it. They were not used to such a big lump-sum of money. So we think it better now to protect them from themselves."

"Yes, but these fishing rights," I insisted "Can't you make them see that they are cutting off their own noses by exercising their netting rights. They could *buy* more fish with the rental money than they net!"

"Ah—but that would not be independence."

Whatever their slogan, I pointed out testily, the Norwegian peasantry, by netting their rivers, are killing the most profitable goose that ever laid a golden egg—the sporting Englishman.

I drove forty miles up a forest trail to reach a place they didn't net. A foaming stretch full of waterfalls, rapids and sharp boulders.

"If you step into one of the pockets between those boulders," said a sporting young Englishman who owned the log cabin across the river from me: "Well . . . you'll probably keep right on going a hundred miles or so to the Atlantic. I never move a foot without this stiff pole."

I had pulled up a two pound trout against the stiff current when I did fall. So did the trout—through a hole in my wretched net. In my excitement I let go my pole, slipped, and fetched up against a boulder. The trout was still on, driving insanely against the line that was now through my net. At that moment I realised that I had £80 in Travellers' Cheques in my trousers back-pocket. *This water would cancel my signature!* I saw that the Englishman and several Norwegians were watching me from the river bank. By a superhuman effort I got that trout and more or less on my hands and knees crawled out of the river.

Then I think they must have thought me crazy. From the opposite bank they watched me running up and down, seizing small stones and stuffing a £5 Traveller's Cheque under each one—to let the sun dry my now watery signature. A beautiful stretch at the head of the river, where it came down from the lake, should have been stiff with trout. But that was where the peasants worked that 100 yard net every dawn.

"Don't talk to me about the independence of the small Norwegian farmer," I said to the ex-Mayor of Bergen, when I was staying at his home outside that fine old Hanseatic city. "I've suffered enough from it."

IN France I fished with the best short-line fisherman I have ever seen. Wading up those swift streams that race down from the snows of Haute Savoie, he took fish from where it seemed there were only two inches of water, or with beautiful sure casts that just dropped the fly on the far side of raging pools.

He had been shot through the shoulders on the Somme and was hunchbacked for life as a consequence. In the city he was a misshapen thing; on the golden streams of those pine forests he was a tortured-faced god. For lunch we ate the raw, smoked ham and cheese of the district—with small sips of white wine. It was glorious liberty, sprawled on the bank, watching the shadows of the clouds move across the grey mountains. So peaceful. Then one day he exploded.

"I could kill them!" he said suddenly. "Kill them all!"

"Good Heavens—who?"

"These Communists. One day . . . I *shall* kill some of them . . . I hope."

Then he told me that his brother was in jail—serving thirty-two days. The police had found twenty-five rifles in his house. This charming disciple of Isaac Walton, this delightful Frenchman of the stream, was, it turned out, one of the "Hooded Men."

But in France, as in Norway, I found democracy could be carried to extremes. Unlike England, where only a *gentleman* is expected to catch trout, the little villages of Haute Savoie each own their stretches of river. The "club" is invariably presided over by the owner of a comfortable pub, from which you can, for a small sum, rent the right to fish. But as soon as the day's work is done all the rest of the village comes out to fish too. Dozens of Frenchmen with long bamboo poles, and boxes of nice, white, fat wood-slugs.

Against such succulent competition the best cast fly is like asking the town toper: "Would you like a glass of water—or a double whisky and soda . . . ?"

Still there were usually enough trout in my bag when I tramped wearily home at night—enough for my wife and me to eat. And the days were good.

In fact I found living last year (with the aid of worms), one of the most independent people I have seen for many a day. He was a young Norwegian tramp-sailor. I found him in a deserted ski-hut in the mountains behind Bergen. His bed was a pile of straw and his hair was the same colour and texture. And when I came on him he was making what he called "Yam" from some red berries he had collected in the mountains in his hat.

"Dere dey go!" he said disgustedly, pointing down into the valley where we saw the comfortable Norwegian farmers trotting to church behind their fat fjord ponies. "De damned hypocrites—what do you tink dey do the other six days of the week? Huh?"

"Well, what?" I said hopefully. "Go on."

"Mister, when you see behind de veil of de Norwegian farmer. . . . Well. . . ."

Here was some pure Ibsen.

"Yes, yes," I said: "Well . . . ?"

"Well . . . it's hell."

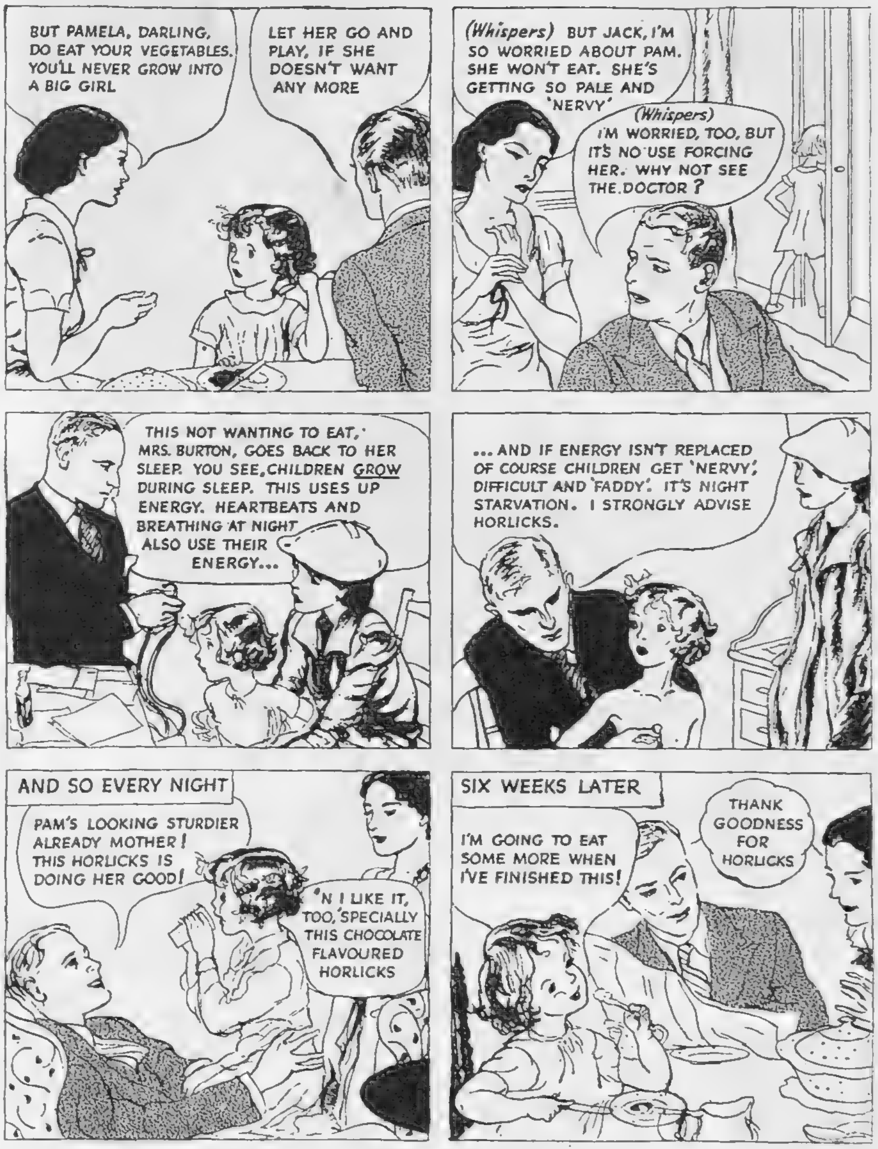
Baffled on that question I turned to his own life and learned that he made quite a good living catching trout—with worms—and selling them to the fly-fishermen who came up from Bergen every Sunday. In winter he worked a day or two on a farm, and, of course, there were odd jobs he could do for the ski-ers. His needs were few.

"But, Mister, I got a mice in dis hut. I set a trap to catch dat mice . . . dat mice sprung dat trap . . . he eat dat cheese . . . but he didn't get caught. Now dat mice won't damn well go *near* dat trap. What do you tink I ought to do?"

"Get another mice" I said.

END

Pamela picked at her food


BUT PAMELA, DARLING, DO EAT YOUR VEGETABLES. YOU'LL NEVER GROW INTO A BIG GIRL
LET HER GO AND PLAY, IF SHE DOESN'T WANT ANY MORE
(Whispers) BUT JACK, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT PAM. SHE WON'T EAT. SHE'S GETTING SO PALE AND 'NERVY'
(Whispers) I'M WORRIED, TOO, BUT IT'S NO USE FORCING HER. WHY NOT SEE THE DOCTOR?
THIS NOT WANTING TO EAT, MRS. BURTON, GOES BACK TO HER SLEEP. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP ENERGY. HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE THEIR ENERGY...
...AND IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED OF COURSE CHILDREN GET 'NERVY', DIFFICULT AND 'FADDY'. IT'S NIGHT STARVATION. I STRONGLY ADVISE HORLICKS.
AND SO EVERY NIGHT
PAM'S LOOKING STURDIER ALREADY MOTHER! THIS HORLICKS IS DOING HER GOOD!
'N I LIKE IT, TOO, 'SPECIALLY THIS CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED HORLICKS
SIX WEEKS LATER
I'M GOING TO EAT SOME MORE WHEN I'VE FINISHED THIS!
THANK GOODNESS FOR HORLICKS

IF your child is pale, 'nervy,' tires easily, if she's fussy over her food, remember what the doctor said. Guard *your* child against Night Starvation — give her Horlicks at bedtime. When making Horlicks, be sure you use the mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes even nicer. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetites, guards children against Night Starvation.

Mother, does baby wake and cry at night?

★ Chafing and Irritation are usually to blame

Cuticura Talcum keeps baby cool and comfortable—ensures healthful sleep

After his evening bath, give baby a dainty all-over dusting with Cuticura Talcum, then you will have no more midnight tantrums. You can tuck him up as snug as can be and rest assured that he will sleep, absolutely free from chafing and irritation.

But don't use Cuticura Talcum only at baby's bath-time, Doctors and 'nannies' all over the world advise mothers to let their babies *enjoy its cooling comfort frequently during the day.* Always use it on baby's return home from his morning and afternoon 'constitutional' and especially after 'playtime' and when changing nappies.

There is nothing like it for preventing chafing and irritation. It absorbs perspiration, imparts a refreshing fragrance, keeping baby delightfully sweet and cool.

Use Cuticura Soap when bathing baby. Its mildly antiseptic action keeps his skin thoroughly clean and healthy. Cuticura Brand Ointment quickly soothes and heals spots and rashes.

Sold by all Chemists & Stores.

Cuticura TALCUM FOR BABY

The Village Hall

(*Continued from page 29*)

irrespective of creed. The result has been a successful hall, which is visited by countrymen for miles round, and the practically moribund condition of the church hall.

Probably one of the most precious possessions of our villages are the old village crafts, and the village hall has done much to foster these, by giving lectures and arranging sales and exhibitions of local products. Since the coming of the petrol engine, the blacksmith has less work to do than before, but many village smiths have turned their hands to ornamental ironwork, with great success. Some villages make baskets and brooms, in Lancashire villages the famous clogs are made, in Wales, trugs, or shallow baskets made of overlapping plywood. In the Highlands, there are, of course the crofter tweed industries, and in some villages there is considerable knowledge of the making of old country wines and cordials. Mead, the drink of our Saxon ancestors, is still made in Kentish villages, and cowslip wine and sloe gin are two country cordials well worth trying.

Eyam, the famous plague village in Derbyshire, arranges an annual exhibition of the year's work done by the villagers. Almost every form of handicraft is represented, and the standard of work is very high. Woodwork is particularly good, and many houses in Eyam are now furnished almost entirely with the fine home-made work of the residents.

Rugs, gloves, pewter work, hand-loom weaving, needlework and water colour pictures are to be found among the exhibits, while stone work for gardens is also a feature.

In Wales there has been a notable revival of the celebrated "Noson Lawen" (literally "Jolly Welsh Evenings"). In old days, the country folk of Caernarvonshire and Denbighshire would gather together in an old house to listen to as many as twelve harps, with about three dozen or more singers. The harps would "sing" the air, while the men and women accompanied them with their voices. People danced to the harps as well, and during intervals, stories would be told, many of them about spirits and ghosts.

And now, with the rebirth of the village movement, the music of the harp echoes again among the wild Welsh mountains.

The village hall is, of course, primarily for purposes of entertainment, and for the activities of local societies, such as the Women's Institute, the Boy Scouts, the Parish Council, the Young Farmers' Club, and so on. But once a hall is in being, it is remarkable what a lot of talent comes to light in a village.

Many villages have their own orchestras, who not only supply the music for dances, but give concerts and provide the incidental music for dramatic performances. The drama is particularly strong in many villages, and most ambitious programmes have been undertaken, including serious plays, musical plays such as the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, village pantomimes, and interesting old revivals, such as the old "Plough Jags'" plays, which, particularly in Lincolnshire and parts of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, were performed on Plough Monday by the Ploughboys or "jags" of the village, who took all the parts, both male and female.

Some of the play is sung to well-known folk tunes; there is much dancing, and at the end a collection is made. The churl who refuses to contribute, sometimes has the ground in front of his house ploughed up!

In some villages, most instructive village museums have been started. The village of Ashwell in Hertfordshire provides an interesting example. The schoolmaster encouraged several boys in the village to become interested in collecting fossils and flints which are found in large numbers in the neighbourhood. Roman coins and pottery found during alterations to cottages gave the boys the idea of a village museum.

A disused barn was commandeered for housing the collection, and the boys spent their pocket money in fitting the barn with shelves and making it as attractive as possible.

So fast did the collection grow that the barn soon became too small, and the boys began to look out for a more suitable building. There were in the village several old cottages which had been condemned. One of these was purchased, and the boys began repairs. It was then discovered that the cottage was a very interesting old timber-framed building, constructed of oak and containing several oak-mullioned windows, hitherto covered with plaster. Expert advice was taken, and a well-wisher had the building expertly repaired and presented to the village.

To-day the village museum is one of the most perfect of its kind in the country.

Many village halls show films, and some of them have proper fireproof projection rooms in which full-size films can be shown.

In Caithness in Scotland, there is a film society which has taken pictures of old country customs which are dying out and of which soon no record will remain. The films are not only of great interest, but will, in the future, be of great historical interest.

Some village halls have been instrumental in having erected attractive village signs; in others gardening competitions have been held, with prizes offered for the best cottage garden, with the result that the village as a whole has been permanently beautified.

In towns, there are so many meeting places. We have restaurants, cinemas, clubs and all sorts of public halls. We seldom think of the isolation and the dullness of village life, especially during the long winter months.

To get a proper view of village life, try living in a cottage all the year round, without a car. Only then can it be realised what an absolute Godsend a village hall can be.

If we want to preserve "England's green and pleasant land," we must foster a healthy countryside. We must bring something else into the countryman's leisure beyond a pint at the "Dog and Duck." We must help him to be a citizen, not only of his village, but of his country and of the world. And nothing can do it so well as an actively and enthusiastically run village hall.

END

(The photographs which accompany this article are reproduced by permission of the National Council of Social Service)

Wise Eyes

(Continued from page 52)

Practise seeing black for ten minutes, then open your eyes. You will be astonished how greatly your sight will have improved, and at the freshness of your eyes. Any colour would do for centralisation, and to set your nerves in a state of balance, but black is by far and away the most restful for the eyes.

This *seeing black* is a panacea for neuralgia, and will help in any eye trouble. If you have a grit in your eye, and yet while you have to keep your eye closed, place yourself in a state of relaxation and see black, you will probably be saved from severe inflammation and alleviate pain while the grit is present.

Eyes respond to the general condition of health more quickly than any other organ of the body, because the eye is such a highly developed nerve centre. When you are ill or feeling below par, try to do as little eye work as possible, or else increase the intervals of seeing black. And always, when doing this, sink your face into your hands.

A last precaution, and this is *important*. Always try to banish worry before you go to sleep. But if you are not wholly successful, worry may return in troubled dreams during the night. In this case, your eyes, although closed, will be focusing under strain during sleep.

Do not imagine that they won't be focusing just because they are closed. Believe me, your eyes will react to your mind during sleep, and in the morning you will wake to a fearful headache.

So, before you settle down to sleep, see black and set your nerves in a state of balance. You will save eye troubles and crows' feet.

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Stephenson's
Furniture Cream
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STEPHENSON BROS LTD BRADFORD

She'd all the housework on her hands

BUT HINDS GOT IT OFF!

OH DEAR! ALL THIS HOUSEWORK IS RUINING MY HANDS
WHAT! DON'T YOU EVER USE A HAND CREAM?
I'VE TRIED THEM —THEY'RE HOPELESS WITH HANDS LIKE MINE
THEN YOU CAN'T HAVE TRIED HINDS
LATER
MY DEAR - YOUR HANDS ARE AS LOVELY AS IF WE HAD A MAID!
AH! I'VE A SPECIAL BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR HARDWORKED HANDS- HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

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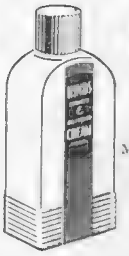

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SEND TO-DAY **NOW!**

The Heel of the Tyrant

(*Continued from page 17*)

He weighed the neat little pistol gravely in his hand. "Was this—for *me*?"

She went on sobbing.

He took one of her wrists gently. "But, Anna, my dear girl, why should you——"

She blazed at him suddenly. "Because one life is better than millions! Because if you must condemn Europe to wars to satisfy the madness of your ambition I can kill you first, and prevent it! Even if I love you! Even if I am your wife!"

He sighed and tossed the pistol beside him on the sofa.

"I see we have to be logical after all," he said. He looked at her sadly for a few moments, then reached out for a cigar, leaned back and lit it. "Another Charlotte Corday. Was it your intention to polish me off immediately?"

"No," she said into her hands.

"At the end of the three days?"

She did not answer.

"Let us talk about this thing, Anna."

"Very well then, yes."

"At the end of the three days?"

"Yes, if I couldn't persuade you."

She had stopped crying but still held her hands before her face. He watched her with a growing kindliness. "Come, Anna," he said at length, "this isn't nearly so bad. I am not anxious to die. Why not persuade me?"

She took down her hands slowly and stared at him.

"*Must* you make war?" she asked

"Not necessarily," he answered. "But the revolution must go forward. You've heard me say that dozens of times."

"Why must it?"

"Because if it doesn't it will go back."

"And why shouldn't it go back?"

"Now, now, Anna, there you go again. When I said 'logical' I meant within reasonable limits. Not even the creator could stand up against a woman."

She stared at him. "I demand an answer," she said.

He squirmed on his sofa.

"Listen, Anna. You see that little box? And that little box? On Monday I shall go to that smaller box and make my dictator face and begin to speak. And through the other box I shall hear their cheers. For ten years I have been doing that. Ten years ago when you and I lived in two rooms I used to go down in the evenings and talk to twenty men round a table. I spoke to them and they cheered. I spoke to thousands and *they* cheered. The revolution came. I was carried forward by something which I had created, but which already was bigger than I, who created it. Pygmalion! I spoke to millions and they cheered. I was swept to power. Could I help myself? I tried to tame this gigantic machine which I rode, but which in reality rode me. I refined it. I perfected it. Ten years ago this country was dirty, beaten, dishevelled, disillusioned, derelict. To-day it is gleaming with efficiency, and all my doing. The trains run. The wheels of industry turn. The machines of government work. Finance hums. I have taken every man in the country and turned him into a disciplined soldier. I have even trained the children, the boys and the girls. I have given them idealism and faith, in me. Our place is high in the race of the nations, and the controls are in my hands. I have only to speak and they cheer. I have only to say 'go on,' and they 'go on.' I have only to say 'fight,' and they fight. I have only to say 'die,' and they die. I am their tyrant. I can do what I like with them—provided I like only one thing. I have complete control of this machine, provided that I let it run away with me. If I attempt to say stop——"

"Well?" she said.

"Then I am no longer their tyrant."

"Does that matter?"

"Not a bit, except that I am the only man who can control the machine even forwards. Remove me and you have a driverless monster, a thing of infinite power and no intelligence. In a week there would be a wreck. You cannot make a machine like this and let it run amok. I tell you there would be death and pestilence and crime."

"So there would in either case."

"Those, my dear Anna, are the terrible alternatives I have to decide before Monday." He smiled at her rather ruefully. "So you see, Anna, if you kill me—" He put the little pistol back in the bag and handed it to her.

"You made the machine," she said. "How do you know you can't drive it? Say 'stop,' and perhaps the people will still cheer!"

He bent down to enfold her. "You would be the ideal wife, Anna, if only you could be a little more unreasonable. You have more faith in your Victor than he has in himself."

She allowed herself, rather reluctantly, to be drawn into a love scene. . . .

BEYOND the gates of the tyrant's retreat where the great world lay, in the cities where men thronged with an anxious eye on the news-sheets, the tension had screwed, if possible, to a still higher pitch. Three whole days had passed, with so much accretion of rumours, appeals, exclamations, defiant utterances, fears, religious exhortations, and patriotic feeling.

Within their retreat the tyrant lived in a vacuum of peace with a certain lady. No messenger had come from the outside world. No telephone had rung. It had been isolated, and rather idyllic. He had worn shorts and she a Romanian peasant dress. They had walked in the woods with the big mastiff, and the tyrant had seen about his roses. They had inhaled the scent of smouldering pine-needles and he had carried her over a stile. One evening she had played on the piano, his favourite Chopin ballades, and another evening she had worked at some tapestry while he fondled the ears of the mastiff and smiled into the fire of baronial logs. He had dug great holes in the ground and she had painted a picture. They had been very bad holes, but the picture, if anything, was even worse.

But as Monday came into the present and slipped with no hesitation into the past the atmosphere of remoteness underwent a subtle change. It was as though some thunderous premonition stole upon the pine-woods and the quietly rising smoke. No air stirred. And as the day wore on the tyrant, who had been such a bronzed, boyish figure, assumed bit by bit the familiar appearance of the dictator. His jaw took on a determined look. His eyes lost their frankness and enjoyment and became impelling and at times hypnotic. His neck seemed to thicken and during the afternoon he went into his bedroom in a ponderous way and came out scowling, and wearing his boots. After that engineers came to test the microphone and to connect it with the broadcasting network. He received them grimly, with his arm at the salute. Then Stakovski had an audience, coming armed with confidential reports from the embassies in London and Paris and Berlin and Rome.

The lady in peasant dress, who had married him secretly and never been acknowledged, watched these things with a growing foreboding, and her face which in three days seemed to have become full and round, took on again that air of nervous and tragic beauty which made her so striking in city streets.

By five minutes to six that evening the house was packed with high officials, and the tyrant, booted, belted, and once again prognathous, was closeted with them in his study. Every five minutes cars arrived from and departed for the capital. At the gate journalists fought and clamoured. Through the wireless came the sound of the national anthem and the roar of crowds and the excited commentary of announcers.

By one minute to six the tyrant stood in his study, alone. A little red light showed on his desk and a little nerve twitched in his chin as he stood in a Napoleonic attitude, one hand clasped behind his back, the other grasping the holster on his leather belt. A confused sound clapped and crackled from the wireless on its stand. The microphones hung above it with mute expectancy. So the tyrant could speak to his millions, and so he could hear the millions cheer. The

(Continued on page 132)

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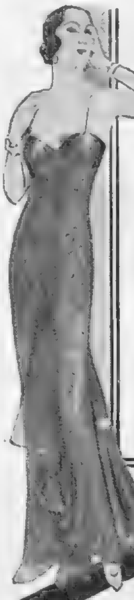

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red light winked and went out. In the speaker a church clock struck.

"*My people!*"

The tyrant strained his neck and bawled the words.

A full-throated roar greeted him in response.

The tyrant raised both his hands and stood on tiptoe. "*Countrymen!*" he shouted. "*Friends!*"

A deafening acclamation burst from the loud speaker.

"*We are attacked! The enemies of our country have ringed us round! Formidable combinations of powers have allied themselves together to destroy us!*"

Howls of execration from forty million throats.

"*We*," yelled the tyrant, "*have threatened no one! All that we have asked is peace, and—*" he hesitated and then screamed the words, "*and equal opportunity!*"

The people of the tyrant rose magnificently in their enthusiasm. The tyrant was aware of it, but he was also aware, in the polished surface of the microphone, that a door had opened behind him. A lady in white evening dress stood there with a little pistol.

"Ten years ago what were we? A small nation, fit only for the 'self-determination of little peoples.' *Where do we stand to-day?*"

Hysterical outburst of exultation.

"*To-day we are afraid of no power on earth, and no power on earth can stop us! Our army is invincible. Our air force is mistress of the air! Are we to be dictated to by the older and jealous powers?*"

Forty million voices roared as one. In Paris and Warsaw and New York and Budapest men heard them in more than vague alarm. They also heard a crackle that might have been some electrical discharge, or might, on the other hand, have been a pistol shot.

The tyrant looked down at the figure of a lady in white who had been his wife. He had been too quick for her. Her little pistol lay on the floor where it had fallen from her hand. His own smoked gently in his grip. He looked at it in a sort of astonishment and then back to her, while the room filled with the sound of cheers. A whimper escaped him. The cheering thundered dutifully on.

END

Tattenham Corner

(*Continued from page 51*)

the risks we're taking, young fellow. With that note in your possession, you could blackmail us to kingdom come. But remember this, we've got your receipt for a thousand pounds. As sure as you try to break us, we'll break you. On the other hand, play fairly with us and we all profit."

It sounded reasonable to Johnny Cann. He had no intention of resorting to blackmail. That possibility had never entered his head. The price for pulling Arrowburn, as named by Mr. Moreton, was far more than he had ever dreamed one could get for riding a crooked race. He was content with it. It would assure his future. And, as Mr. Moreton had pointed out several times, only bad luck could make anyone the wiser. . . .

So Johnny Cann stood and watched as Tors fondled the black nose of Arrowburn, and thought of his thousand pounds safely stowed away, and of the seven thousand he would yet receive, and of Mr. Moreton, and of the horses bunched at Tattenham Corner on the morrow. And once, just once, there came to him a vision of a shabby little old man in brass-buttoned, blue jacket who capered and played a flute. But he brushed a hand over his eyes and dismissed the picture.

DERBY DAY came up in a flash of blue and gold. Early in the morning the London-to-Epsom road crawled with traffic. The legions of great, red-sided buses lumbered along in an endless chain. In and out between them, mice whizzing around the feet of elephants, ran the little cars, sputtering, gasping, tooting. The stately motors of the wealthier bowled easily over the highway, lending a touch of dignity to the ceaseless procession. And all morning people poured in upon the Downs, people representative of all England. For this was the race that everyone, high or low, rich or poor, could see and enjoy. Here was no grey-toppered Ascot. No exclusive Goodwood. This was everybody's race—the Derby.

The gypsies did a brisk business in fortune-telling, in tipping the winners. Mobs milled in front of the betting-stalls and the bookies, shirt-sleeved and perspiring, kept up their indefatigable chatter; their peppery, hair-trigger replies to the sallies of the crowd. The Downs were a carnival of colour, a riot of excitement.

Just before the horses were saddled for the Derby, Tors Talbot laid a hand on Johnny Cann's shoulder. He spoke of the only thing that he had on his mind—Arrowburn. He spoke of him as though he were a human being.

"Let him size up his field for the first furlong," he said. "Then give him his head. He knows the way home all right. And there's only two other horses you've got to think about. Apollyon's the most dangerous. And the Rajah of Montenore's horse, that Bey-Selim, he's got an outside chance. But that's all—there's nothing else in this race."

Johnny was in the maroon and white colours of Lord Melchester. His shiny black boots flashed in the bright afternoon light. Under his little peaked hat his eyes were an inscrutable blue.

"Righty-o," he said. "Don't worry, Tors. I'll bring him in."

Best to appear on the level; to make Tors think that his heart and soul were behind Arrowburn. Then, in the event of investigation afterwards or of an unforeseen slip-up of some kind, his before-the-race attitude would have seemed proper. Also, he wanted to make Tors Talbot feel good for as long as possible. He was sorry for Tors. For months Tors had been counting on Arrowburn winning the Derby. It would have been the greatest triumph of his life. He had never trained a Derby winner before.

But hell! Johnny Cann couldn't afford sentiment now. He had an eight thousand pound stake in this race. A stake far, far greater than he would have been paid for giving Arrowburn an honest ride. Far more than he could have made in a year of honest riding. And he couldn't throw it over his shoulder for the sake of a man or a horse. Under his peaked cap his eyes were an inscrutable blue. But they didn't look at Tors Talbot.

Then—it was time to go to the post.

Arrowburn came out stepping nervously—a great black engine endowed with a brain, with fire, with passion. He reared once at the barrier. Sun sparks shook from his dark mane. Johnny Cann's firm, practised hands quieted him. And out of the corner of his eye, Johnny looked the starters over. On the very outside, the sun tinting his bay sides to fiery copper, was Apollyon, with Joe Bentnor up. Joe wore the green and yellow colours of Mr. Cathcart-Griscom's stable. And over there was the Rajah of Montenore's Bey-Selim, whom Tors had conceded an outside chance. Well, unless Apollyon had an off-day, Bey-Selim would be nowhere. And as for Arrowburn—Johnny Cann smiled a hard, calculating smile—Arrowburn would have an off-day right enough. An off-day worth eight thousand pounds to his rider.

The gate went up.

Like multi-coloured bombs of light, exploded by the Roman candle of a giant, the field got away. Sunlight danced on bright silks, on visored caps, flashed off the straining flanks of the horses. Lincoln Green, a rank outsider, took the lead. Next to him came Bey-Selim. Apollyon was lying back. Arrowburn was in the middle of the moving, pounding kaleidoscope of colour.

For a moment, Arrowburn seemed content to run with the herd. Then, his long dark body flowed rhythmically forward, and he settled into his stride, running now with the easy, oiled precision of a perfect machine.

Ahead of him, Bey-Selim drew up to Lincoln Green,

(*Continued on page* 134)

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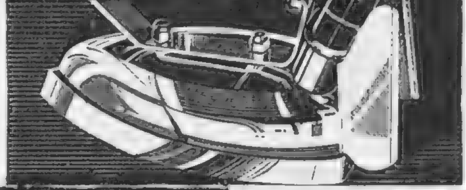

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pushed his nose in front. Arrowburn drew out from the bunched horses, hounded the heaving flanks of Lincoln Green.

Going towards the corner, Johnny Cann pulled Arrowburn slightly, tentatively. It was hardly more than a firming of his hands, an imperceptible yet definite tightening of the bit. But it was something foreign to Arrowburn. Always, he had been given his head, allowed to run as he chose. The unaccustomed checking put him off his stride momentarily. He faltered a little, and Johnny Cann was aware of the fiery head of Apollyon, of the green and yellow of Joe Bentnor, coming up on his right.

So it was that easy, was it, to halt the march of the great Arrowburn? That easy to bank eight thousand pounds? Well, thank God for the sensitiveness of the big black; for his precarious, hair-trigger disposition. The pull at the corner would do the trick—and no doubt they would put it down to temperament, as the bearded Mr. Moreton had suggested.

Carefully he relaxed his hands on the bridle. Arrowburn flowed beneath him again, like an easy black river. Apollyon fell away. They surged up to Lincoln Green, passed him. There was a length between Arrowburn and Bey-Selim—and the race was half over.

Fifty yards further on, Johnny Cann again applied a tightening hand to the bridle. Arrowburn slugged up his head; his mouth tore at the bit. His beautiful, rhythmic stride broke. Once more Apollyon drew up to his flank.

They were approaching Tattenham Corner now. Johnny kept the bit cutting into Arrowburn's mouth. But his muscles ached as the big black, enraged and puzzled, fought against the restraining grip. And Johnny dared not increase the pressure. It would have been too obvious. The best he could do was slow the horse slyly and hope that Apollyon would be able to pass. The field swept towards the corner, like a flashing, colourful pinwheel.

The time was at hand. Leaning far over Arrowburn's neck, Johnny Cann gave the impression of urging him on furiously. Actually, in the most covert fashion possible, he was pulling the bridle back, exerting all the strength of his small arms to check the horse's headlong rush. On the rails the crowd was roaring. Clods of turf flew up from the thundering hoofs. The mouths of the horses foamed with white lather.

Arrowburn was slowing. Johnny could feel the great body under him slackening its pace—ever so slightly, but enough. Enough to draw him back among the bunched horses. To give the straining Apollyon, a length behind, the chance to pass. Enough to make sure of eight thousand pounds.

And then, out of the corner of one eye, Johnny Cann saw him.

It was nothing but the briefest flash, as one sees an object from a rushing train. But it registered a starkly clear picture on the mind of Johnny Cann. An old man in a faded blue jacket with brass buttons; an old man wedged in between the crowd at the rail; an old man who had capered and played a flute last night to the derision of gypsy boys. But he wasn't capering now. His weak old eyes were fixed upon the speeding horses, and upon his face was an expression of wistful hopelessness, a suggestion that the dimmed eyes were searching for something—for something that even they knew was irretrievably lost, that would never come again.

And, suddenly, Johnny Cann felt that he knew what was going on in that weakened, senile mind. It was as if the little old man were re-living a part of his life, the most splendid part, casting back pitifully to the year when he too had swung around Tattenham Corner, riding a winner, the Derby winner. Groping back into the dim past to recall some glorious, forgotten day before. . . .

Had it been worth it? The question buzzed like a trapped insect within Johnny Cann's head. Worth it to pull some magnificent horse, if the final reward was a tinny flute, a grotesque dance, the jeers and

(*Continued on page* 136)

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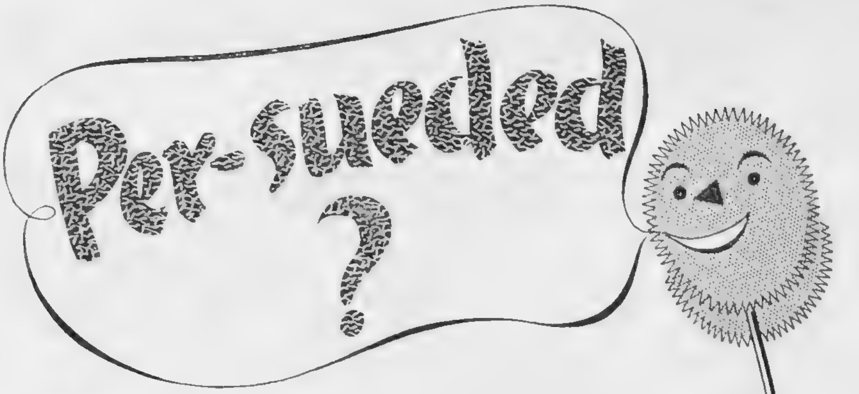

Per-sueded — to wear suede shoes this year? Well — almost! But you wonder if they'll keep that rich, velvet-napped smoothness right through the mud of an English Spring! Yes, they will — if you use Meltonian Suede Cleaner at least once a week. It's been specially made for the job: brings up the suede fresh and lustrous every time. These are my three simple rules for per-sueding suede shoes to look like new!

1. Brush with Meltonian rubber brush.
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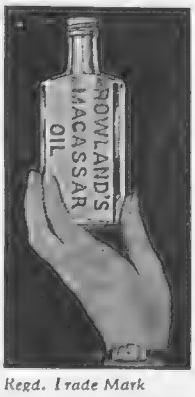

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ribaldry of crowds? No matter what the old chap might have been paid long ago. . . . Very suddenly something seemed to explode in Johnny Cann's brain, explode burstingly like a shell. And after that, everything was clear. There on the rails, but for the grace of God, might go a hideous mockery of himself.

And all at once Johnny Cann knew that nothing in the world, not eight thousand pounds or eight times it, could compensate a man for the loss of his job and his self-respect for ever.

Something roared on his right—a long, fiery streak shot by him, Apollyon. Past, going into the straight. A mighty roar droned from the crowd.

Tears, tears of rage and frustration, welled up in Johnny Cann's eyes. Perhaps he was too late—too late to square himself with this splendid, protesting black thing beneath him! Too late, perhaps, to square himself with himself! But . . . his teeth clicked. He wasn't beaten yet. There was a short stretch of green turf left, in which to right a wrong.

The next instant he was flat over Arrowburn's neck, and for the first time the big black was given his head properly.

No cutting restraint of the bit now. The hands on the bridle had the old familiar urging touch. The faltering stride picked up, blended into swift, easy motion. And Johnny Cann felt the big body flowing again like black lightning stitching a pattern across a great cloth of green. And Arrowburn was running now, eating up the track in huge, thundering bounds.

Horses fell away on the right, on the left. A length and a half ahead moved the fire-coloured flanks of Apollyon. Between Apollyon and Arrowburn ran Bey-Selim, not yet out of it.

Johnny Cann's heels dug into Arrowburn's sides. They rocketed past Bey-Selim like a cloud of whirling, dark smoke. And now they were well into the straight, with Arrowburn's nose hard on Apollyon's flank. And to Johnny Cann's ears came the dull, thundering boom of the stands.

Ahead of him, Joe Bentnor's green and yellow bounced crazily. Johnny, alternately cursing and praying, cut Arrowburn once with the whip.

It was as though the final insult had been heaped upon a thwarted, outraged being. With an angry snort, the great horse surged forward. His head came abreast of Joe Bentnor. Then, in a flash, they were neck and neck. And for one blinding moment they raced down the stretch, with Johnny Cann clinging to Arrowburn's neck like a white bird riding a mad, black comber of the sea. . . .

The winning post loomed. Johnny Cann's lips, loose and ashen, babbled a prayer. And then his hands, strong and freckle-dotted, seemed to lift Arrowburn, lift him over the line, a neck ahead.

"HONEST to Gawd," said Cocky Mitchell, "me 'eart was down in me boots."

For a moment, Talbot didn't reply.

"Where's Johnny?" he said at last.

"Dunno. Ain't seen much of 'im since the race."

"No?" Tors's eyes clouded. "I haven't, either. But"—he drew a breath—"I'm going out to find that bloke now"

It was late afternoon. Tors went round a corner of the stables—and suddenly he stopped short.

Twenty yards away a small chap, hardly more than a boy, was struggling in the grip of a man with a black beard.

Tors was too far off to hear Johnny Cann babbling, "There's a cheque for your damn thousand, and that receipt for seven. And you can keep your dirty money."

"Why, you blasted, double-crossing little rat!" began the bearded man, shaking his collar.

He didn't finish. Tors Talbot's great fist sent him sprawling. After a moment he got up and reeled away, shouting curses back at them. Tors fixed his eyes on Johnny Cann.

"Before I find (*Continued on page* 138)

The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!

AUGUST

SUNRISE 5·22 AM
SUNSET 8·49 PM

SUNRISE 6·8 AM
SUNSET 7·53 PM

	7	14	21	28
1	8	15	22	29
				30
				31

JUNE

SUNRISE 4·49 AM
SUNSET 9·6 PM

SUNRISE 4·46 AM
SUNSET 9·21 PM

	5	12	19	26
	6	13	20	27
	7	14	21	28
1	8	15	22	29
2	9	16	23	30
3	10	17	24	
4	11	18	25	

JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUGUST 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET—438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

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- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
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- And early travel is comfortable travel!

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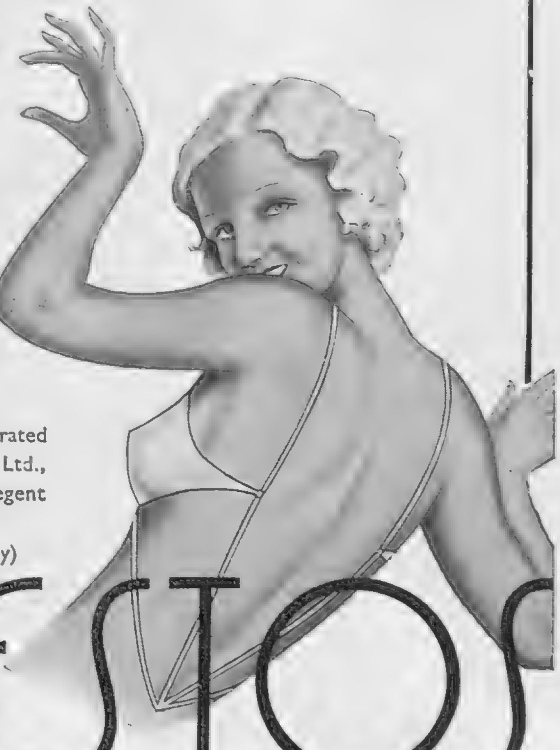

Write for illustrated leaflet to Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent Street, W.1.
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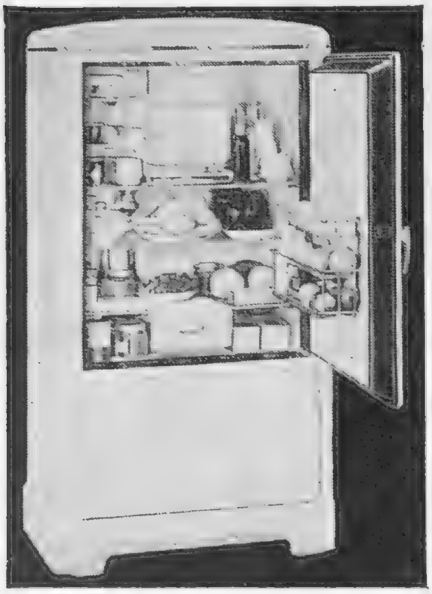

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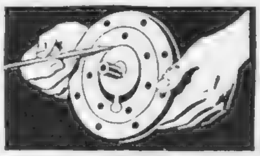

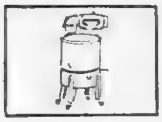

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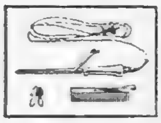

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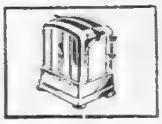

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out what you're doing with Black Jack Phelps, the lowest swine that ever set foot on a racecourse," he said, "I'll find out something else. What was the reason for that rotten ride?"

Johnny Cann kicked turf.

"Temperamental horse," he said, looking away. "But"—his eyes met Talbot's, then—"I brought him home, didn't I?"

Tors Talbot looked at him keenly. He knew jockeys. And he was putting two and two together. He felt pretty certain that from now on he would have no doubts of Johnny Cann.

"Listen, youngster," he said, "let me give you a tip. I don't know what Jack Phelps wanted of you, and I'm not going to ask. But keep away from the likes of him and you'll be better off. Understand me?"

Johnny breathed a silent breath of relief. Again, he kicked turf.

"Cripes," he said, "I'll keep away from him, no fear. Why, the damned crook wanted me to pull a horse. Fancy that!"

END

These Men are Maroons

A Race of Hunted, Runaway Slaves Celebrate their Freedom

By William J. Makin

MY mule climbed slowly but surely along the boulder-strewn path. Around me, little conical-shaped hills arose out of deep ravines that seemed to hold whirlpools of greenery. Huge rocks overhung the stony path. The road could only lead to a camp of brigands. And, in fact, it was to a race descended from black brigands that I was journeying.

As stones rattled and plunged into the green ravines below, I appreciated how rightly the people of Jamaica called this region "The Cockpit Country." Among these boulders, penetrating this same scrub, toiling under a similar blistering sun a small army of British soldiers had once attempted to quell the black marauders who lived in these fastnesses.

Again and again the British soldiers were thwarted. Men hid in ambush and waged ruthless warfare on stragglers. The sound of a horn echoing among those wooded hills was the signal for the black brigands to come swarming down with machettes, spears and ancient rifles. They wrought terrible havoc among the white soldiers. So omnipresent was death in the Cockpit Country that the soldiers themselves gave it the name of "The Land of Look Behind." It is still so marked on the maps of Jamaica, although the killer lurking in the scrub is no longer there.

All this is an eighteenth-century tale, but with a twentieth-century sequel. On March 1, 1938, the descendants of these black brigands celebrate two hundred years of freedom and independence. Two hundred years ago they forced the British to grant them extensive lands and complete independence. The descendants still possess the Cockpit Country, and no tax collector, policeman or agent of the Crown can enforce entrance to this region. Although the Union Jack flies over the country, it is the one area of the British Empire which can claim complete independence.

My mule stopped, abruptly. From out of the rocks rose a grinning black face. He was one of the Maroons, as these people still proudly call themselves. His black paw held a gleaming machette, but it was waved in a gesture of welcome.

"You come to see the Colonel?" he shouted in English.

Even as the hills were echoing his shout, I replied:

"Yes, I come to (*Continued on page 140*)

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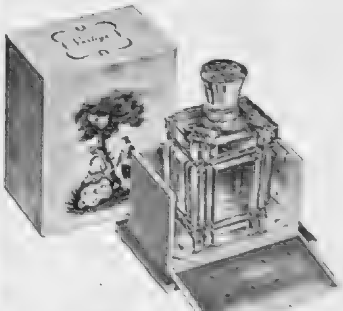

The other woman will remember every detail of your frock, every strand of your hair, every stone, buckle and pearl, but he will remember only your eyes, and *Le Vertige* which you wore that evening.

Coty
2 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON

visit Colonel Rowe, Chief of the Maroons."

And my hand slid to my pocket where a bottle of whisky was visible. It was a peace-offering to the unquestioned ruler of the Maroons. The black sentry observed the gesture. He nodded and grinned.

"The Colonel, he waiting. He be glad to meet you."

And he urged my mule along with another wave of the machette.

Soon, a few huts could be glimpsed topping the horizon of the hills. These huts represented Accompong, the capital of the independent Maroons. Here they have lived for three centuries, the first century of which was spent in ruthless warfare.

These Maroons were runaway slaves from the plantations when Jamaica was ruled by the Spaniards. They were all Africans who had come to the West Indies in slave ships. The term "Maroon" comes from the French *nègre marron*, meaning runaway slave. There is nothing maroon about their complexions; they are as black or brown as other Jamaican negroes.

The runaway slaves formed themselves into a black brotherhood. They fled to the Cockpit Country because it was inaccessible and the holes in the hills provided some sort of desperate shelter. Moreover, the country erupted out of the jungle heart of Jamaica, and even to-day the journey to Accompong is an adventure.

These runaway slaves were joined by hundreds of others when the British swept the Spaniards out of Jamaica in 1655. In the years that followed they lived by hunting the wild pigs that roved these scrubby hills, and where hundreds of wild pigs still rustle in the bush. But even roast pork could not satisfy this hungry black brotherhood. Many began to raid the neighbouring settlements. They descended at night in fierce marauding parties, killing and looting in real African fashion.

The British decided to hunt out these black brigands. What began as a week-end campaign lasted for forty-two years. Successive expeditions were ambushed and almost decimated. Every desperate ruse of warfare was tried and failed. Man-hunting dogs were used, Indian trackers were tried, forts were built overlooking the Cockpit Country as to-day forts overlook the north-west frontier of India. There were times when the armies got to close grips. For the most part troops were fighting an invisible enemy, black men who stripped themselves naked for combat in the darkness.

Of the bravery and desperation of these runaway slaves there was no question. Most serious of all was the looting of plantations, massacre among the sugar canes, and the fear of all Jamaicans, white and black, when the horn of the Maroons sounded among the hills. Only towards the end of this weary campaign did a revelation come to the British commander, Colonel Guthrie. In an island where religious doctrines spread with the rapidity of jungle growth, Colonel Guthrie declared openly his belief that "preventing effusion of blood is agreeable to God Almighty."

The sequel was the offer of a treaty to these Maroon desperadoes. And Colonel Guthrie himself walked under flag of truce into the wild Cockpit Country to deliver the document to the black bandits. It was the forerunner of a similar adventure in the Empire—the walk of Cecil Rhodes into the camp of the Matabele and the signing of a treaty that brought Rhodesia into existence.

The treaty with the Maroons was an astounding document. The original is still preserved in the Jamaica Institute, Kingston. It gave to the Maroons complete independence within the Empire and stipulated only that they should lay down their arms, cease roaming the country and sniping at redcoats, enticing slaves away from the cane fields and setting fire to the plantations. They would have 1,500 acres of land in the Cockpit Country which they could call their own. They would help defend the island in case of invasion, and for the (*Continued on page 142*)

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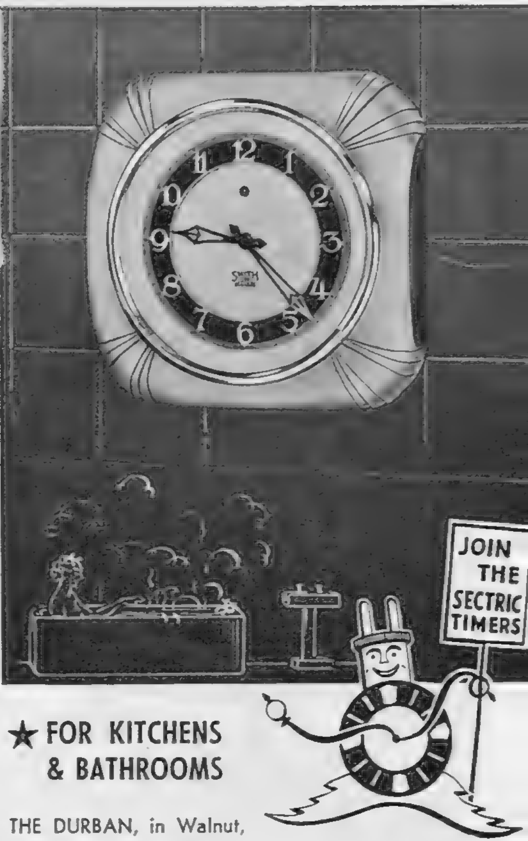

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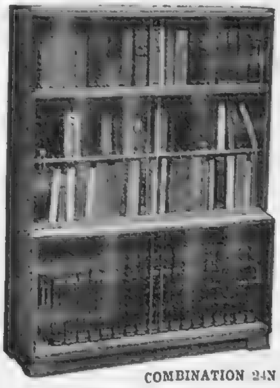

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The Chairman

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crime of murder, and only murder, they would hand over the criminal to British justice.

The Maroons were suspicious. The rendezvous with Colonel Guthrie was in a narrow rocky pass in the heart of the boulder-strewn fastness. Every shrub and thicket concealed Maroons. Rifles were primed, and the machettes were at hand. Colonel Guthrie stood in the blazing sunshine and looked about him. Only the big black crows hung expectant of carrion in the blue stillness above.

There was the scrape of feet against stone, and a black, woolly head appeared. It was Captain Cudjoe, Chief of the Maroons. Slowly, his powerful torso materialised. He advanced, followed at a discreet distance by his officers—Captain Accompong, Captain Johnny, Captain Coffee and Captain Quacco. The parchment was unrolled and read aloud by the British soldier. The black bandits nodded, suspiciously. They understood the terms; they were amazed that so much was granted to them.

At the same time, they in their turn respected the British. They had fought the redcoats and knew the mettle of the men. In the sincerity of Colonel Guthrie they also believed. Cudjoe, the Maroon chief, agreed to sign the treaty.

The compact was solemnly sealed on both sides according to the tradition of the black bandits. A gourd was held under the forearm of the British commander, a small incision made in the flesh and a few drops of blood collected in the gourd. The same ceremony was repeated with the Maroon leader, whose blood mingled with Colonel Guthrie's in the gourd. A measure of rum was then poured in, and the mixture offered to both leaders to drink. When it was empty, the black bandit and the white man had each drunk the other's blood and one of the strangest and certainly the best observed treaties in British colonial history, duly ratified by George II, March 1, 1738, had entered upon its unbroken existence.

Through the same rocky pass where the treaty had been signed, my mule now carried me on the last mile to Accompong. Soon the huts were about me. I noticed a powerful black man in white suit and battered sun-helmet walking with the ease of a hillman. As the mule came alongside, I bid him good day.

"Good day to you," he called back, loudly. "I am told you have come here to see me. I am Colonel Rowe, Chief of the Maroons."

Despite the obvious store-clothes, he looked the part. As I dismounted and shook hands I looked into a sun-furrowed black face which smiled with friendliness and yet possessed dignity. Colonel Rowe is now seventy years of age. But he still talks and acts as a young negro.

"I am calling my men together to meet you," he said, as we walked up a stony path together. "That bell you hear is the signal to them."

A church bell was clanging and echoing among the conical hills. I even glimpsed a powerful negro tugging at a bell rope. For a moment he ceased. The Colonel whipped round at him.

"Why fo' you stop ringing that bell?" he shouted. "Get on with it."

The powerful negro bent to his task again.

A retinue of officers appeared—a major, a group of captains, a number of lieutenants. Nearly all were in white drill suits, although a few wore semi-military khaki. At moments the Colonel addressed them in an African dialect, Coromanty, which also preserved a few old Spanish words. For the most part, however, they all spoke excellent English.

Colonel Rowe was telling me of his people and his country.

"We number more than eight hundred, but are increasing rapidly every day," he added with a grin. "We are a contented people, too, and you will not find any criminals among us. But I want you to see my own home."

(Continued on page 144)

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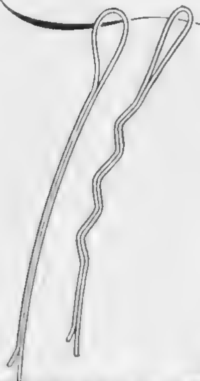

Easy as A.B.C.

for FASHION'S LINE
WITH SUPREME COMFORT
AND PERFECT CONTROL
WEAR "LE GANT" ALPHABET BRA'S

"Le Gant" Alphabet Bra, of checkered satin incorporating "Lastex Yarn" and Lace. Maximum control with minimum weight.

1068 *Illustrated*—A
A. Small Fitting
32-38 .. 16/11
B. Average
32-38 .. 16/11
C. Full Average
32-40 .. 16/11

Obtainable at all the best Stores and leading Corsetieres. Write for brochure "B.E," illustrating some of the newest "Le Gant" creations

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD., 40/41 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Wholesale only)

HEAPS OF FUN - BUT LOTS OF MUD

Thank goodness! I have a hot bath ready for him—

"Scored a try—have you? Splendid!" says mother. "Now off with you into a nice hot bath." The rest is a cloud of steam and shouts of joy from sonnie as he washes away all the mud and chill and stiffness after his game. And it's so easy to have constant hot water—if it's electric! No constructional alterations needed. Just have an automatic electric water heater popped into your existing hot water tank—and there you are. It is by far the most inexpensive hot water system to install and absolutely safe. Wouldn't it be rather fun to put on your hat this minute and let the up-to-date folk at your nearest electrical showrooms explain how cheaply and quickly electric hot water can be installed in *your* home?

The Cheapest System is to install an ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

EASY TO ADD TO ANY HOT WATER TANK

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION,
2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

Treasure youth's own beauty in your skin with PALMOLIVE

Preserve that youthful bloom in your skin and you'll be lovely always. And it's not only your complexion that matters nowadays—your skin must be silky soft and smooth "all over." It will be, if you use Palmolive in your bath. For the gentle, creamy olive oil lather of Palmolive brings skin loveliness from top to toe.

THIS IS THE ADVICE OF 20,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS

INTO EVERY TABLET OF PALMOLIVE GOES A GENEROUS SUPPLY OF SOOTHING OLIVE OIL

ROMANCE AWAITS A LOVELY COMPLEXION—PALMOLIVE POINTS THE WAY

3d per tablet

TRUST PALMOLIVE TO GIVE YOUR SKIN THE OLIVE OIL IT NEEDS SO MUCH TO KEEP IT YOUNG AND FRESH
IT WAS THAT WONDERFUL COMPLEXION OF YOURS THAT GOT ME. AND I DON'T MEAN EVER TO LET YOU GO!
PALMOLIVE

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

HAPPY CHILDREN make CONTENTED MEN and WOMEN

8,200 children in Barnardo's are receiving happiness

PLEASE HELP THIS WORK

10/- feeds one child for a fortnight

Cheques, etc., payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes and crossed: addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

He led me into a long, low bungalow where many children scuttered and cried. Out of the medley emerged a black woman in print dress and with straw hat perched jauntily on her head. I was introduced to Mrs. Rowe.

I presented the bottle of whisky, while Mrs. Rowe dusted a chair in housewifely fashion and hurried to prepare a cup of tea. The bungalow was furnished in Victoria fashion, with papered walls on which biblical texts sternly exhorted to the dutiful paths of life. Colonel Rowe eyed the bottle of whisky with approval, and put it away on the sideboard.

While afternoon tea was being prepared, I was taken for a stroll by the Colonel through Accompong. Each hut had its own little garden, and women and children were busy drying fruits or preparing foods. Down below among the hills were the little plantations. The Maroons grow bananas, coffee, pimento, yams—the usual crops in Jamaica. A good deal of their produce is marketed outside their domains.

THE life of the Maroons to-day is almost communistic. When a young man comes of age, he appears before Colonel Rowe and asks the right to farm land for himself and his relatives. The Colonel makes him a grant.

We topped a hill and came upon a level stretch of ground, grass covered, which gave a superb panorama of the tumbled hills that made up the Cockpit Country.

"This is the Parade," explained Colonel Rowe. "It is here that our community gathers when I have anything of importance to tell them. At the far end of the Parade you can see the Council Chamber. There I sit and dispense justice."

The Council Chamber was merely a little hut, carefully shuttered. I was told that crime is practically non-existent among the Maroons. There have been three cases of theft in about ten years.

"And what is the punishment?" I asked.

"The thief repays the full value of the property stolen," said the Colonel. "He also receives a flogging."

"Do you yourself flog the criminals?"

Again the genial grin.

"I have a very powerful man for the job," he said. "But I am pleased to say that he is very rarely occupied."

We walked to the Maroon-built church which, on week-days, serves as schoolroom. There, sitting at a desk beneath a toy Union Jack, was a black girl, the schoolmistress.

From the church I was taken to a little local store where the Colonel introduced me to a buxom black girl behind the counter as his daughter. The opportunity of buying a bottle of beer was tempting. The Colonel accepted the offer of a drink, and so did the majors, the captains and the lieutenants who crowded into the store with alacrity.

It was almost sunset when I again mounted my mule to ride back along the stony path that led from the country of the Maroons to the civilisation of Kingston. I had talked long with Colonel Rowe. Sitting on his veranda I had heard the history of this strange race of runaway slaves, a history of bloody events talked of as though it had happened only yesterday.

The Maroons are happy in the celebration of the treaty that has given them independence within the Empire. They remain intensely loyal to the Throne. They proved themselves during the Great War, when several of the race served with the West Indies Regiment in France. Not all those Maroons who fought in Britain returned to their beloved Cockpit Country. They found a more terrifying Cockpit in Europe. Yet, should the Empire have the misfortune to be at war again, the youthful Maroons will once more march down from the hills and offer themselves as soldiers of the cause.

"Come again !" shouted the Colonel to me, as he waved his sun-helmet in farewell. "White folks are always welcome here."

It was with real regret that I allowed the mule to slither me down the path into the swiftly approaching darkness.

END

Contemporary Camera Art

OUR newspapers, our books, our private lives—how different they would be without photography. Yet this invention, that has been so simplified in use, so universalised in appeal that we take it for granted, is less than a hundred years old; the half-tone process, which made possible such publications as *The Photography Year Book*, is less than fifty years old. For centuries, the only implements of pictorial record were the pencil and the brush; and then Daguerre invented a method of recording latent images on a metal plate covered with iodide of silver which could afterwards be developed by suitable chemical action—and photography was born.

For many years, photography remained exclusively a vehicle of portraiture for those who could not afford the services of the painter. Then it began to be used for landscape. With the invention of the half-tone process in the 'nineties of last century came the news photograph. Events that had previously been depicted by means of wood engravings worked up in the office from rough sketches made on the spot by artists of more or less merit were now faithfully reproduced by the half-tone block-maker from the record of the camera's lens. Very flat those early reproductions look, too, after the spirited inaccuracies of the wood engraving.

SINCE those pioneer days, both photography and the half-tone reproduction process have improved out of recognition, until to-day these flat representations of three dimensional appearances have a colour and a stereoscopic quality that give them a real likeness to life.

We are nowadays so familiar with good photography and its excellent reproduction through constant contact with it in our daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals that we seldom give a thought to the recentness of its development; but the appearance of such a record as this year book inevitably leads one's mind backward along the path photography has covered. Here in the pages of this well-produced book is a collection of the most interesting, stimulating, and striking photographs that have been taken during the last twelve months. The United States, Japan, Austria, Germany, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary, India, Sweden, Hawaii—the names of these far-flung lands leap out of the index; nor do they exhaust the contributing countries.

The styles of the photographers are as varied as their countries. There is the simple, direct appeal of the countryman presented simply and directly by Messrs. Cooper McDougall and Robertson, Ltd. (Page 18) contrasted with the sophisticated naïveté of a young society woman photographed by Mr. Cecil Beaton (page 22); there is drama in the picture of an old peasant woman at her prayers, by Mr. J. Winton Lemen of New York (page 21), and innocent, enquiring wonder in the wide-eyed, open-mouthed baby from Messrs. Parke, Davis & Co. (page 55); pattern and movement in a fascinating study of penguins under water by Hannes Betzler (page 33) and the peace of evening in the slack canvas of Mr. James Justice's sailing ships (page 39).

PERHAPS the most pleasing section is that devoted to babies and children. The spontaneous, natural response to the camera of the very young is very appealing. Next to them come the animals, the still lifes, the architecture and construction, work, some of the human types and some of the nudes. The sophisticated young women, whether clothed or naked, are dull—there is such a sameness about sophistication.

For those whose interest in photography lies in its adaptation to the uses of advertisement are lavish sections on Printed Salesmanship, Photo-Posters and Display Material, Advertising and Press Promotion—material that has been successfully exploited by firms in this country and abroad. Some of this material has artistic merit; some of it has none. But it is thereby all the more truly representative of to-day's advertising, which, since it is intended to appeal to persons of all tastes and of none, has to cater for all tastes and none.

The Photography Year Book for 1938 is a rich guinea's worth of pictorial interest and illumination.

An illustration from "The Photography Year Book"

Sunset on the lake; by W. J. Oliver (Canada)

'ATLANTIS' ahoy!

Photo: Leslie Burch

FOR CRUISING AT ITS BEST

SPRING CRUISES

April 23. The Adriatic and Venice 23 days from 39 gns.
May 20. The Mediterranean 18 days from 31 gns.
June 10. The Atlantic Islands 15 days from 26 gns.
July 2. Scotland and Norwegian Fjords 12 days from 21 gns.
July 15. The Norwegian Fjords 7 days from 12 gns.
Also JULY 23. AUG. 12. SEPT. 2, 30. OCT. 21 & CHRISTMAS CRUISE DEC. 23
June 3. Whitsun Week-End Cruise by 'ALCANTARA' for Empire Exhibition, Glasgow. 5 days from 9 gns.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD. America House, Cockspur St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 9646). Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522), and at Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents

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" Britannia & Eve "

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland and Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

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To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE

Monthly for...............months commencing with the.....................issue

for which I enclose.......................

Name...

Address...

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April Fools

(*Continued from page* 66)

But . . . the syrup must be a thick one so whether you are using fresh fruit or tinned fruit you should always cook the syrup after the fruit has been removed, adding extra sugar and boiling until the syrup is fairly when cold.

Mousse de Framboises

A tin or bottle of raspberries.
Cream, sugar.

Pass the contents of the tin through a sieve, putting the juice in a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bring to the boil and cook until the syrup thickens as it does in jam-making. Let it get cold.

Mash the fruit to a pulp and mix well with the cold syrup. Take about the same quantity of cream as you have of fruit preparation, whip the cream and fold it well into the fruit mixture, beating lightly until all is well mixed. Turn into a *soufflé* dish or mould and stand in ice or in the refrigerator until thoroughly cold.

This same formula can be applied to almost any fruits. If the fruits are fresh, you cook them in cold water with sugar until quite soft and then treat them exactly as you would tinned fruit.

Junket Mousse

Fruit pulp and syrup.
One pint of milk, sugar, rennet.
Whipped cream.

First make your fruit pulp and syrup and when cold, mix them well, keeping back a little syrup.

Put this mixture at the bottom of a glass serving dish and pour over it a junket made in the ordinary way. Let this get cold. Just before serving add a covering, or a few blobs of whipped cream, flavoured with the fruit syrup.

END

When You feel like a Meal without Meat

(*Continued from page* 67)

Bananos à la Grecque

Two small bananas.
Two rashers of streaky bacon.
Butter, salt, pepper, grated cheese, paprika.

Have the rashers well trimmed and fry them, not too much, in the pan. Remove and keep hot. Add a little butter to the pan, put in the bananas and sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a pinch of paprika. Cook the bananas very gently until they are soft, turning them several times to brown them all over.

Have ready a buttered fireproof dish, put the rashers flat in it with a banana on each. Sprinkle with grated cheese, add a tiny piece of butter here and there on top and brown quickly in the oven or under the grill.

END

LET "RANEE"
read your Character
from your Handwriting.

See Announcement on page 99

Table-cloths that last twice as long

The finest, pure linen damask table-cloths and they last twice as long! Old Bleach have a new process which gives to all their household linens greatly added wearing power. Ask your shop for Old Bleach "Longer Life Linens"—and replenish your store cupboard in the most economical way. Send to Randalstown for explanatory leaflet and a list of stockists.
The Old Bleach Linen Co. Ltd., (Dept. L7)
Randalstown, Northern Ireland.

OLD BLEACH

LONGER **L**IFE **L**INENS

NO wool is more modernly styled than Templeton's "Ayr" Wools, yet nowhere will you find the old traditions of fine quality more truly maintained. That's why so many fashionable women choose "Ayr" Wools for their knitwear.

The 'Ayr' line of beauty

Templeton's
AYR WOOLS

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON LTD., Worsted Spinners, (Dept. BG.6), AYR, Scotland

N° I PLATFORM

Smartness down
to the ground

'Nugget' supplies everything that shoes need to keep them smart. 'Nugget' gives such a deep, brilliant gloss, makes the leather soft and keeps it in a well-preserved condition that ensures months of extra wear.

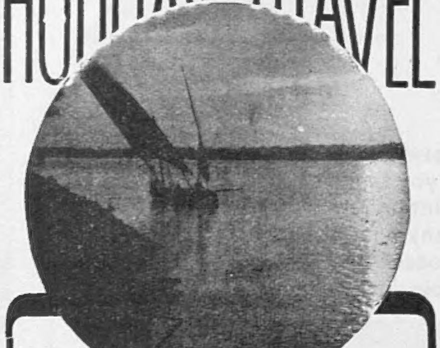
In Black, various shades of Brown and White.
'Nugget' White does not mark silk silkings
Tins 3d. & 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

'NUGGET'

THE POLISH OF SUPREME QUALITY

N/AM/29

HOLIDAY TRAVEL



Have you considered a holiday voyage in the Mediterranean by one of the well-known "City" liners bound for the East? Spacious social rooms and decks provide every facility for sport and recreation. The cuisine is faultless, the fares inexpensive and the service under the direction of experts.

Fares:—

to Marseilles from £16 return

to Port Said from £32 return

(Return tickets interchangeable with other lines)

ELLERMAN'S
CITY & HALL LINES

104-6, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3
Tower Building, Liverpool. 75, Bothwell St., Glasgow

Paris Fashions

(Continued from page 58)

usual tulles, organzas, organdies, chiffons of summer. Quite a lot of embroiderie anglaise, and white, fine cambric tucked and worked like an old-style pocket handkerchief.

Short evening capes in taffeta and satin look new again. Over the crinoline dresses, there are long taffeta coats, with wide sleeves.

White is tremendously in favour, then black, white and black allied, hydrangea shades, yellows, limes, blues, jades, every tone of pink.

The corset theme is played throughout the collections. Thus, in a pleated dress the pleats will be stitched down tightly from bust to thigh, and then hang loose. If it is a draped dress in crêpe or jersey it will have a high neckline, and drapery which passes through a plain corset area, and appears again as sashlike drapery or fullness centre front of the skirt. If it is a plain and print dress or a two or three colour dress or coat, the print or contrast colour will break at the corset line. Dressier suits have tight svelte sweater blouses. Maggy Rouff does bias shirring from bosom to thigh on day and evening frocks.

* * *

A lot of couturiers actually put corsets or something that suggests a corset outside dresses, in a Moulin Rouge, naughty nineties way, this idea linking up with the prevalent Victorianism. Heim puts a bold as brass pink satin boned corset on a black tulle dress. Lelong actually laces a pink satin corselette outside a full-skirted white lace. Creed has a red corselet belt on a pale blue evening dress.

* * *

Again and again, coloured and plain, print and plain, mix together in one dress or coat. Print will go across the top of a plain dress, and form a full or pleated panel down the skirt back, or a front neck to hem panel. Plain dresses will have flower printed silk or chiffon sleeves, with appliquéd flowers of the print joining the bodice at a net yoke. A slim plain-fronted dress will have a full pleated, printed back. Misty blue crêpe forms a shirred front to a navy woollen dressy, long coat. There is simply nothing you cannot put together. Renovators are going to have the time of their lives.

* * *

The conservative colours were never more popular for day wear, black, navy-grey. Navy and white is all over the place, black and white, too.

Dregs of wine and aubergine, usually autumn shades, are raging, usually allied to pale pinks, blues, yellows. There is a lot of pink and cyclamen, a lot of jade.

Molyneux has brought back plain dark crêpe or wool dresses with gaily printed high-waisted tops, worn with a smart fitting, cut-away jacket.

There are enough stripes and spot fabrics to drive you mad. Heim quite successfully mixes a spot dress with a striped long coat. Generally spots are used as trims for an outfit, rather than making an outfit, revers say, or a scarf, with matching gloves.

There have never been so many patterned and decorated gloves matching dresses; never so many pleated skirts; never, surely, so many bows appearing all over dress and person, so much surah and spot tie silk for blouses; so many frou-frou lingerie blouses.

* * *

For hats, take your pick of flat sailors, small and large, bonnet hats, boat-shaped toques, Watteau disc hats tied on with a ribbon at the back, and heavily-flowered on top; Foreign Legion hats, peaked with a swathed sash of contrast chiffon flowing behind.

* * *

Et maintenant, as they say in Paris, knowing all this, you can rush right out and buy your new spring clothes. Good shopping to you. . . . END

The Cost of Having a Baby

(Continued from page 68)

down should never be used for a baby's bed. A flannel blanket laid over the chaff bed with the further protection of a small piece of rubber sheeting between this and the drawer sheet makes the healthiest and most comfortable nest.

One pair of cellular blankets will cost 12s. 6d. Cotton under-blankets are 2s. 6d. pair. Pillow cases, trifling things, can be hand-made for a few pence apiece.

Down quilts cost from 8s. 11d. to 27s. 6d. for super quality down and the baby's basket can be simple or elaborate, and in both cases, attractive.

A square stand of split cane with a tray underneath, untrimmed, costs 33s. 6d. A simple fancy straw and cane table basket, untrimmed, costs 9s. 6d. Between these two prices there is a light and practical raffia basket in brightly coloured designs, with a lid for 23s. 9d. Plain, the basket costs 19s. 6d.

A papier maché bath, blue or pink outside, coloured inside and very light to lift, costs 10s. 6d. An iron folding stand for it is 12s. 6d. Extras such as cotton wool swabs, vaseline, curd soap, baby powder and mackintosh aprons for the mother will cost around ten shillings.

Choosing the least expensive of the items named, this list of accessories adds up to £4 10s. 5d.

Naturally, all prices named are subject to variation in individual cases. In certain circumstances you can have a baby for as little as two pounds. But a conservative estimate of the cost to the woman of average means (say, five to six hundred a year) is around forty pounds. And how well worth it.

END

Treasure Hunt

(Continued from page 41)

For garden meals the wagon will be completely set indoors and wheeled out. The under trays are removable.

The china tea set pictured caught my eye while I was choosing the wagon. Mathematical gymnastics refused to make a place for it in my budget, so I gave it to myself as a birthday present. Silver sparkles from the rims of the cups, the inside is creamy white. The tea-pot, designed like a kettle with a basket-work handle is of sensible size. This, like the sugar bowl and milk jug, are silvered outside. Practical yet magnificent. Quite sanely priced, too.

There was a pound left from my twenty-five pounds (not counting the tea set) I remembered the step-ladder. Waring & Gillow produced one which turns into a kitchen stool whenever you want a kitchen stool. It was 22s. 6d. A good investment.

I went home content. I was one and sixpence overspent—not counting the tea set. The kitchen blind will have to wait.

END

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Address ....

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48 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1.

MODERN FLUE EQUIPMENT IS IMPORTANT

Make sure that your Bath Heater is fitted complete with the new easily-fixed **MAIN FLUE EQUIPMENT** in Enamel finish with Chromium connections and thus ensure a harmonious and satisfactory hot water installation.

THERE are MAIN Gas Water Heaters for every hot water requirement — little instantaneous types for sink or wash basin purposes only . . . larger instantaneous and storage types for sink, basin or bath . . . and the large capacity storage heater which will supply simultaneously the sink, the wash basin and the bath. Each type is fitted with reliable automatic gas and water control to ensure low running cost and trouble-free service. The finish is attractive durable enamel and chromium. For satisfaction select a "MAIN."

Ask to see the MAIN Water Heaters at your local Gas Showrooms

MAIN

Write today for booklet describing the various types of MAIN Heaters

WATER HEATERS

Made by the manufacturers of the MAINSTAT Controlled Gas Cookers

Tops with every woman who's as smart as she's lovely— that's Tattoo Lipstick!

Here's this year's fashion note about lips... Tattoo's to be seen in all the smartest places, on all the loveliest faces! Beauty's best friend —Tattoo's your lipstick love! Rapturous, romantic, heart-throbbing shades . . . the *newest* ones. Transparent dawn-dewiness that stays on and on and on *definitely*... exotic stain instead of greasy coating . . . Tattoo brings you the South Sea maiden's own secret. Tattoo, the smash hit in lipstick... fashion's own darling find . . . tops with every woman who's as smart as she's lovely. *Yes —your lipstick!*

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4/6 (*refills* 3/6)